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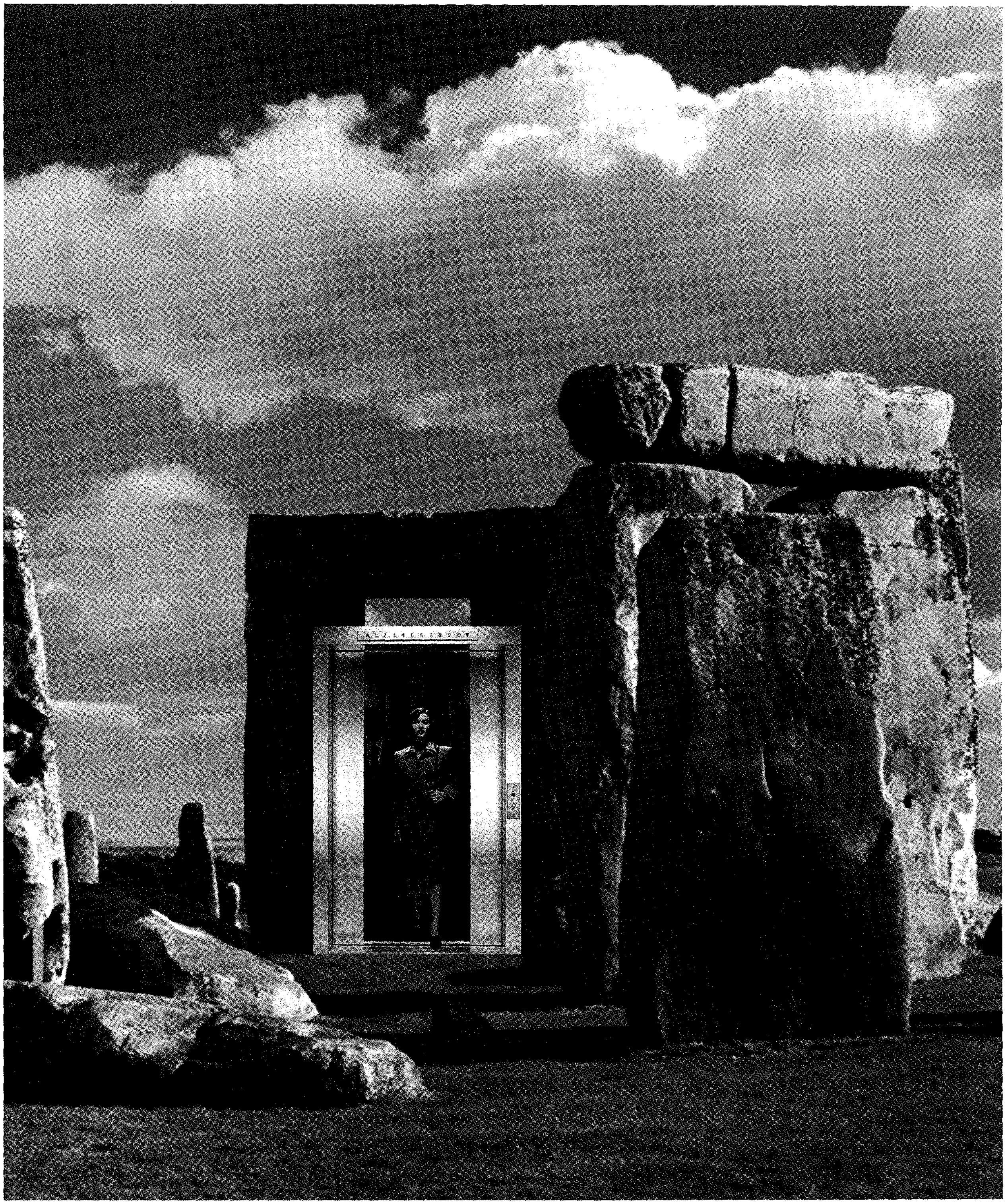

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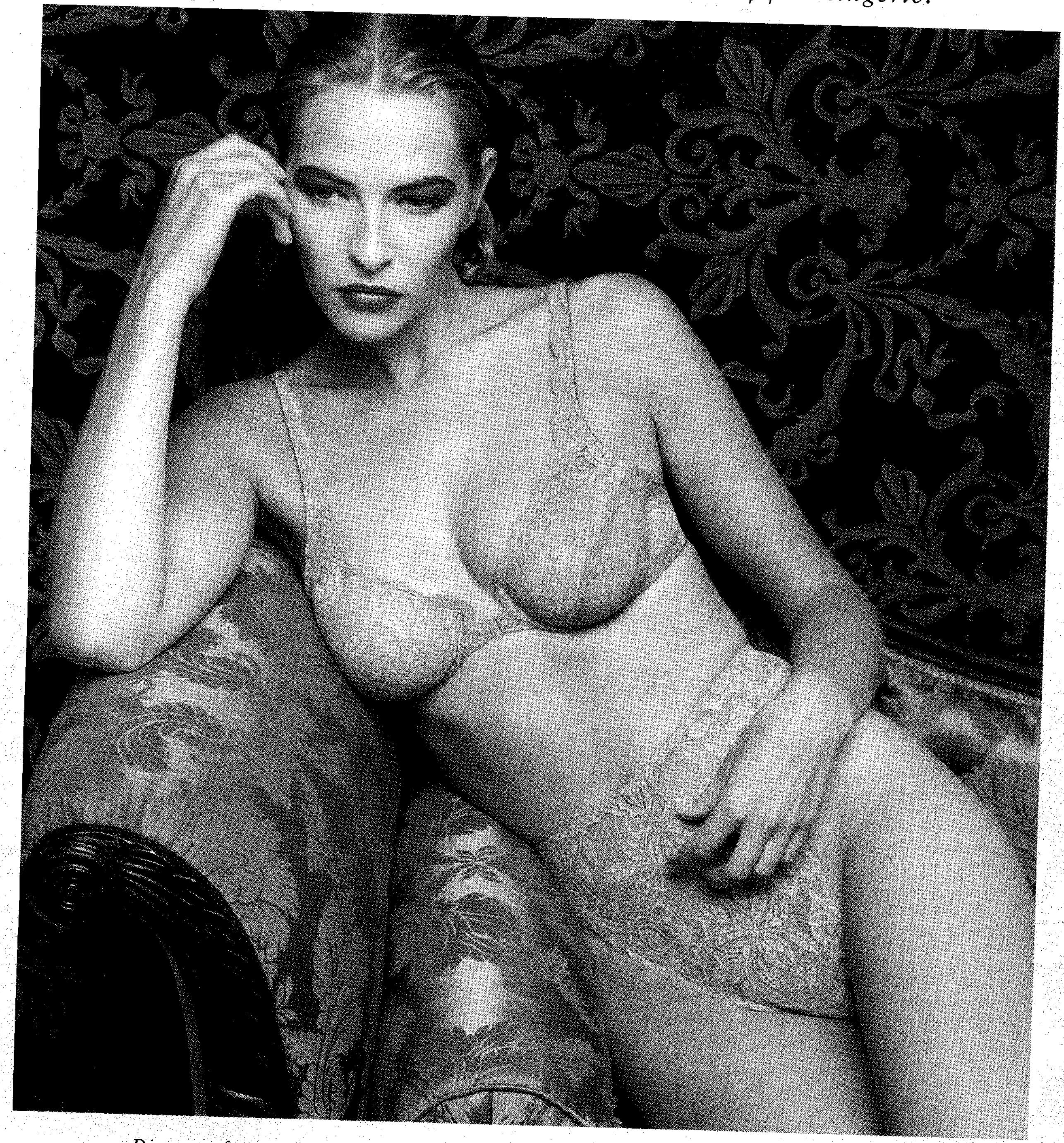

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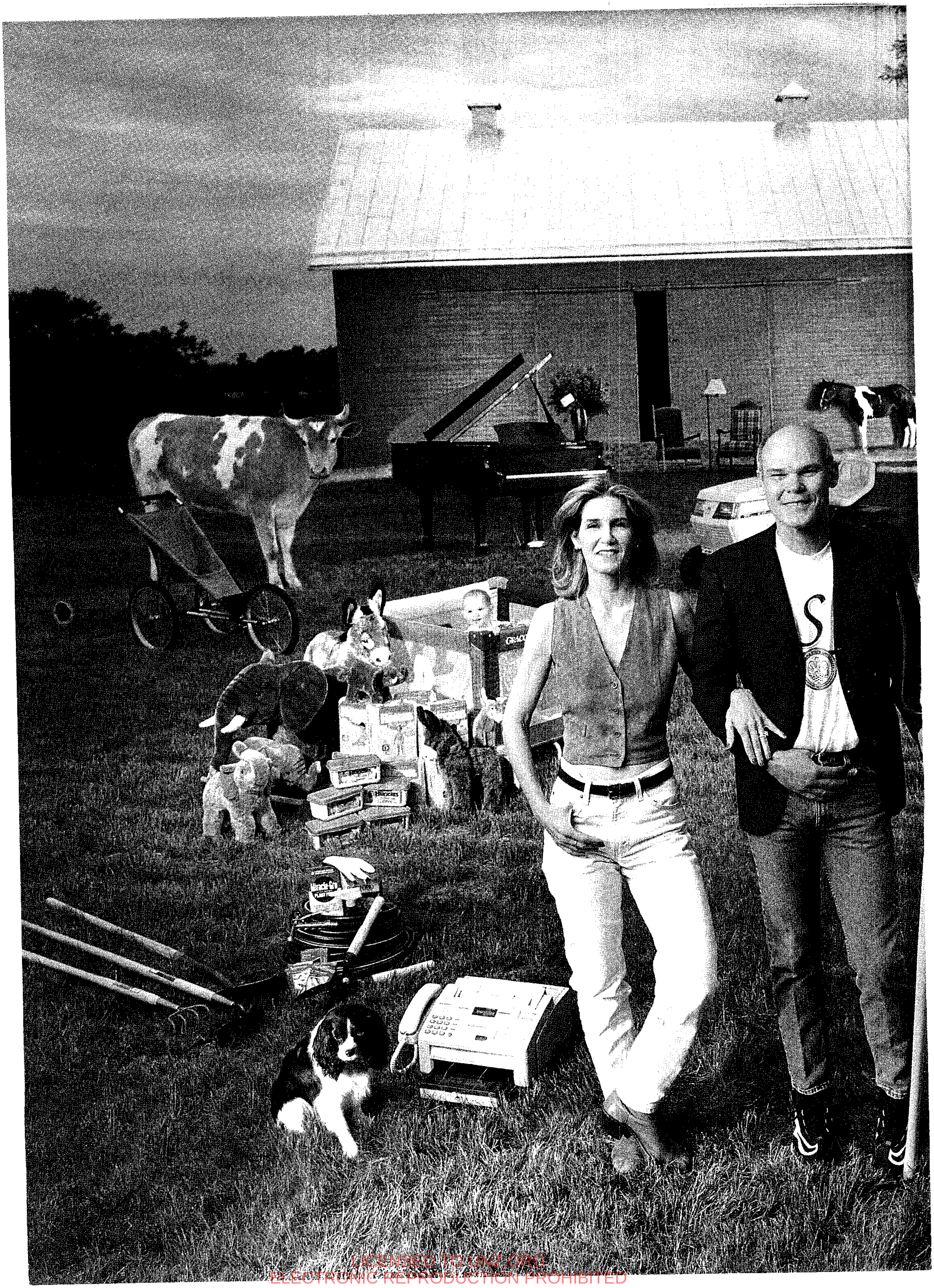
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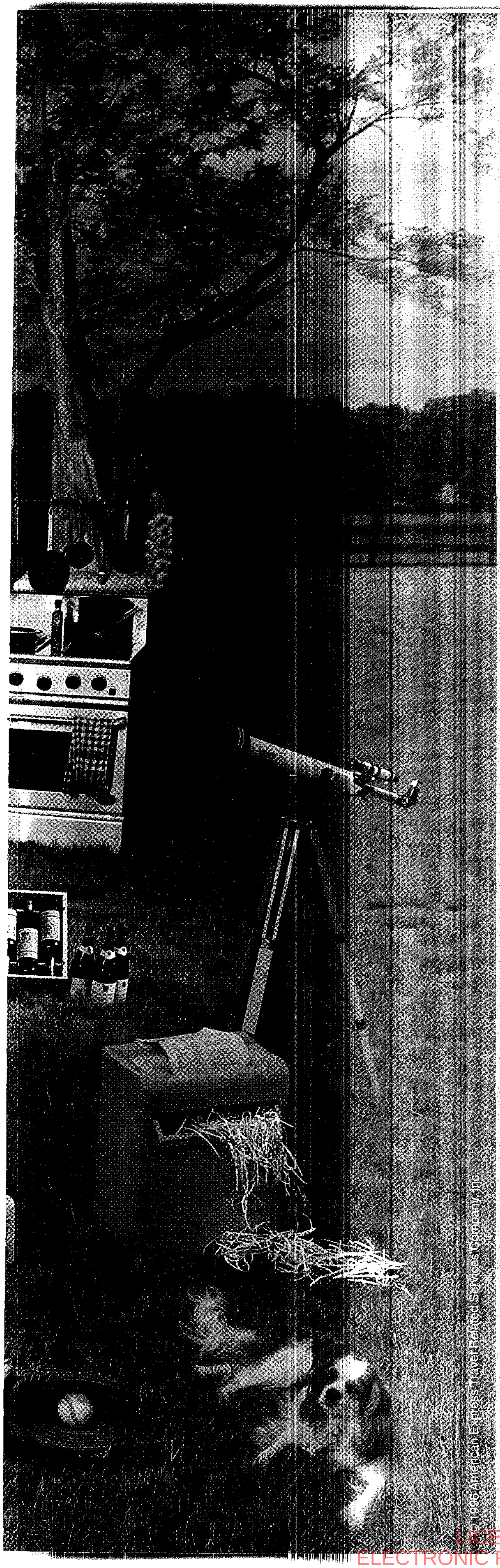

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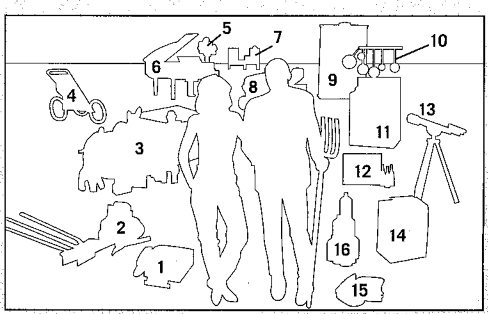

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MARY MATALIN

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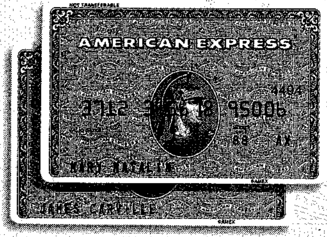

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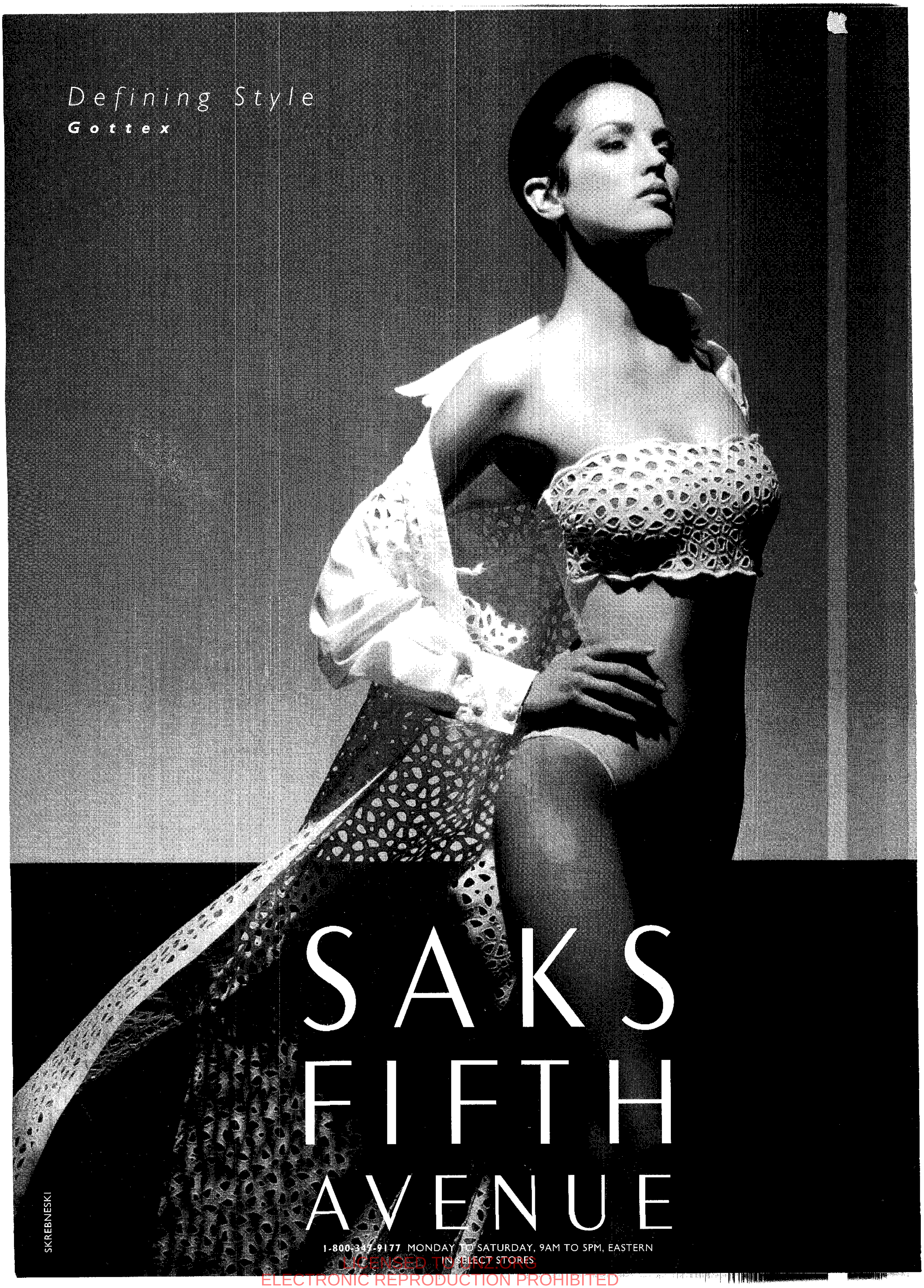
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> *"There's 30 million square feet of vacant space downtown. . . .*
> *Anywhere else in the world, that would be a whole city."*
>
> DEVELOPER TOM ELGHANAYAN, PAGE 32

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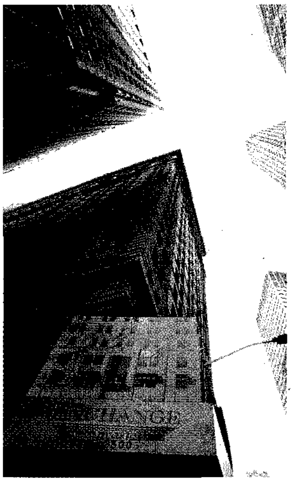
By Alex Williams

Living in Gordon Gekko's old office? Developers, buyers, and city planners are jumping at the chance to recycle the downtown skyline—gentrifying not a tenement district but pre-crash capitalism's beating heart. And home offices, super-duper Internet wiring, and other high-end amenities mean financial-district residents will barely ever have to leave their apartments. A report on the remarkable small-town future of some very big buildings.



40 Coupla Queens

By Maer Roshan

Unstoppable force meets immovable object: *New York* brought together, over lunch, larger-than-life gossips George Wayne of *Vanity Fair* and Cindy Adams of the New York *Post.* Topics of discussion included Kennedys, getting sued, and the Shah's deathbed confessions. Do we need to say it was *fabulous*?

44 Women on Film

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Thanks to a New York Public Library exhibit, the women who helped create the art of twentieth-century photography , virtually without credit, are finally getting their due. On a recent afternoon, the greatest living lenswomen met for their own photo opportunity.

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The guy who came from Flint, Michigan, with a sharp-edged documentary about how General Motors destroyed his hometown is now a millionaire celebrity with a best-seller who lives in Manhattan and mistreats employees of his very own. Is Michael Moore a Naderish activist or just a marketable "personality"?

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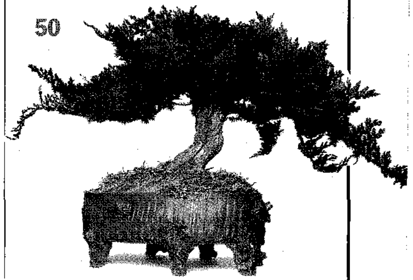

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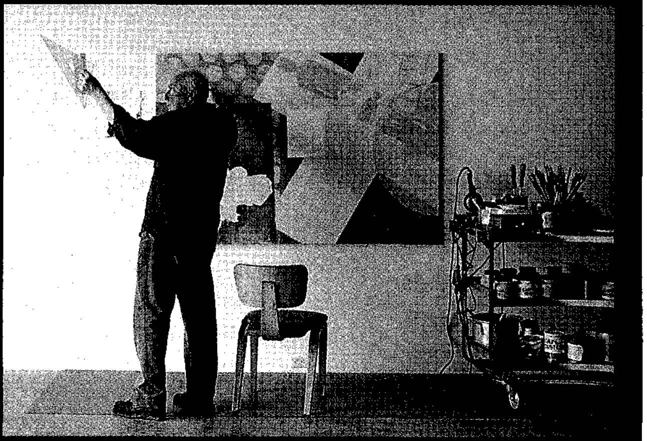
Cover: Photograph by Kristine Larsen.

"I believe that painting is a language." —Jasper Johns

His life's work tells the story. Don't miss this show of more than 225 paintings, prints and sculptures, spanning 40 years of a career that continues to surprise. And see for yourself why Jasper Johns has had such a profound influence on contemporary American art.



Jasper Johns with a work in progress in his Connecticut studio, 1996. Photographed by David Seidner. Courtesy of *Harper's Bazaar*.

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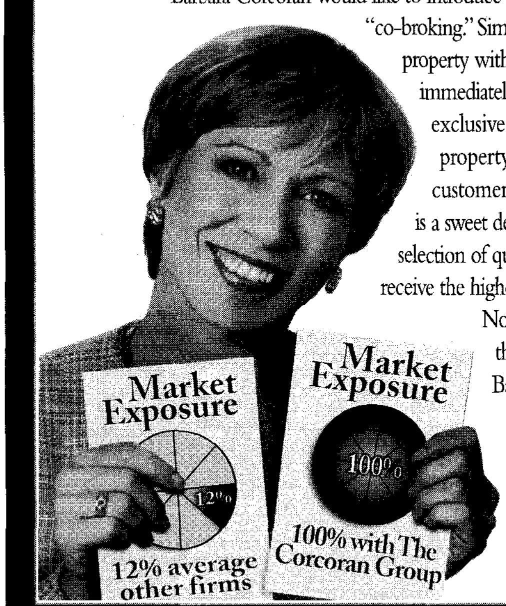

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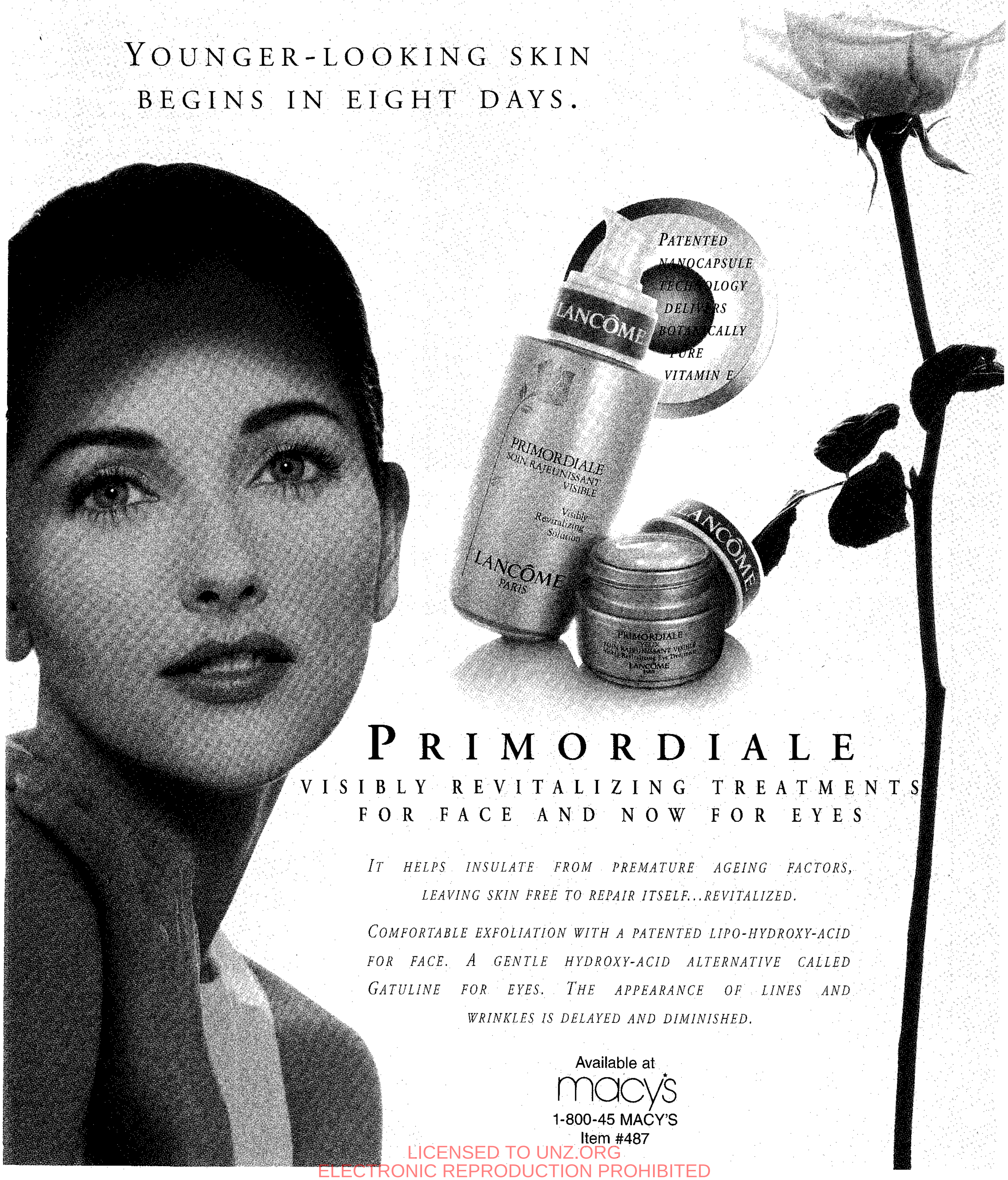
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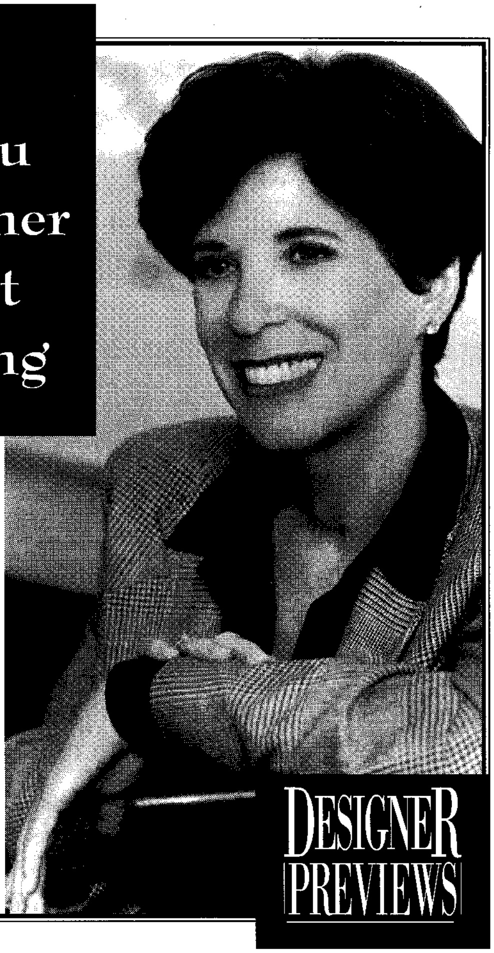

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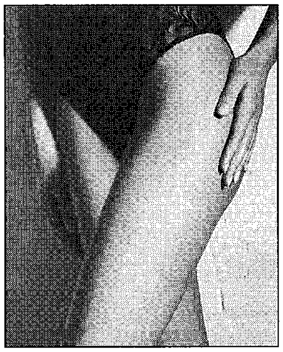

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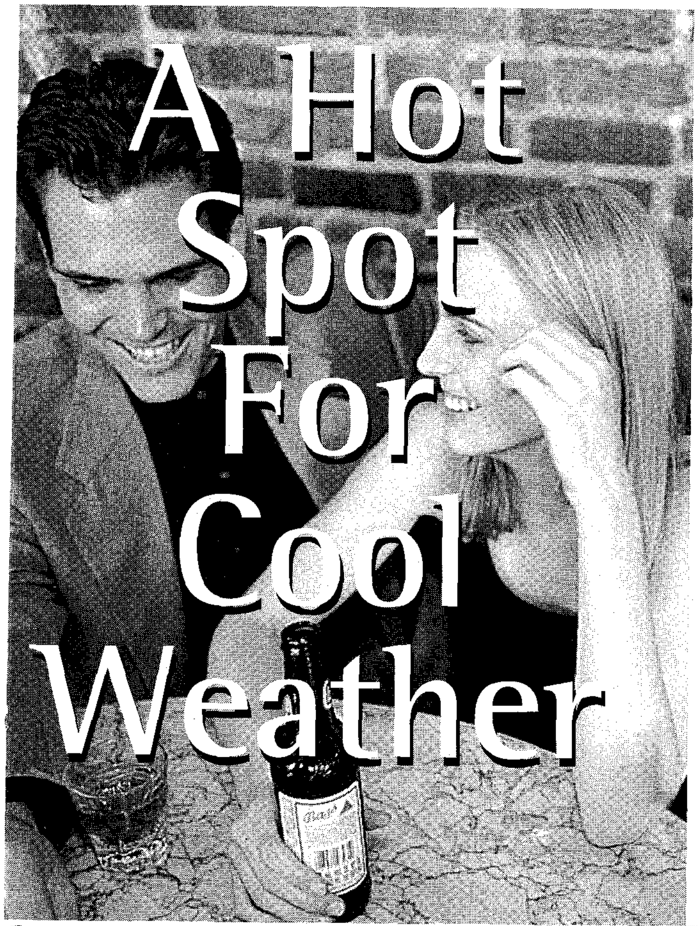

A Hot Spot For Cool Weather

By Rachel Adams

Like many New Yorkers, I have a particular problem ith the cold weather. I want to stay inside my warm apart- ent, rather than getting all bundled up to face the bitter inds, but 300 square feet of space gets very boring very ickly. That's why I am so glad I have found the Greenwich fe!

Located on Greenwich Avenue, just off Seventh Avenue uth, The Greenwich Cafe has everything I need. A comfort- le overstuffed chair better than anything in my humble flat, autiful marble-topped tables that are not only great to look , but perfect to put my lap-top on, a friendly waitstaff always ady to get me another cup of coffee, and a full bar (and what bar, too!) with plenty of spirits to take off that winter chill. etter yet, the Greenwich Cafe is open 24 hours a day (yes!), I can get out of my house whenever a little cabin fever starts hit. Another bonus is that I've made some great new friends ere—especially at the always-hopping jazz weekend runch—and even seen a few celebrities. (But I don't want to ame drop.)

What about the food, you might be wondering. It's won- erful, of course. Gorgeously presented, carefully prepared, nd so reasonably priced I did a double take the first time I ame here. Thanks to one of the most eclectic menus in town, can order something new for practically every meal, which is lso a great cure for those winter blahs. When I am feeling adventurous at dinner time, I opt for one of the chef's newer specialties, such as crisp shrimp toast, an intriguing fried haloumi cheese and tomato salad, lovely seared yellowfin tuna with braised leeks flan, and a wasabi drizzle, or the always satisfying crab salad on crisp noodles. Other times, one of the chef's sure-fire pastas or perfectly-done burgers does the trick for me.

In some ways, however, I am happiest here during the late evening, when my fellow downtowners come by, and the atmosphere is thoroughly relaxed. I also adore the chef's delectable late night menu. Who can resist grilled cajun tuna burger with a zesty pineapple-avocado chutney, luscious lemon-pepper fettuccine with sliced duck breast, asparagus, french beans, and sundried tomato in a port wine sauce, or a grilled pork chop with a fennel-potato gallette, wilted spinach, and apple chutney? Not me, that's for sure!

And no matter when you come, you are sure to be thrilled by the superb breads and absolutely amazing desserts, which are baked right on the premises. No wonder they are always unbelievably fresh! At every table, someone is pigging out on something fattening, like the addictive chocolate-amaretto roll, the heavenly banana cheesecake, or the truly sinful coffee toffee pie.

Here's some more good news. The Greenwich Cafe is now doing custom catering, bringing all their great food to wherever you might be. That's especially helpful come holiday time. If I had a bigger apartment, I'd want them to do my Christmas party. Instead, I'll probably just invite all my friends to join me at the Greenwich Cafe.

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Another Planet

Sly strongly defends his investment; foreign policy does matter; Scaasi swims against a wave of anti-fur sentiment; let stainless steel be your mirror.

CORIE BROWN'S OCTOBER 21 STORY "Planet Hollywood Babylon" makes interesting reading, but like most things written about Hollywood, it is mostly fiction.

Ms. Brown obviously does not understand that all of the Planet Hollywood so-called celebrity shareholders truly enjoy the excitement of the openings as well as visiting the restaurants. It is becoming a great meeting place for many "stars," shareholders and non-shareholders, to gather in a relaxing environment, as well as a venue to meet and interact with many fans.

To imply that I am going to "cash out" my Planet Hollywood stock is absolutely false. Robert Earl and Keith Barish are building a great brand, and we all see enormous upside potential. I am in it for the long haul, as I believe are my celebrity shareholder friends. As far as I am concerned, Planet Hollywood has just scratched the surface.

Sylvester Stallone
MIAMI, FLA.

Stern Council

THE PERCEIVED DILEMMA FACING THE Council on Foreign Relations, laid out in Eric Konigsberg's October 7 article "The Park Avenue State Department"—making the field of foreign policy compelling—is not really a dilemma at all. People involved in international relations, schooled in Cold War rhetoric, are in need of a paradigm shift in terms of the issues defined as relevant.

Foreign policy today is not driven by diplomats discussing détente. The issues driving foreign policy are rather mundane in comparison but are more connected with our everyday lives. The engines of this era are trade, economics, and cultural, social, and religious issues.

There are few opportunities for citizens to engage in public dialogue and debate. I am privileged to work for an organization that strives vigorously to begin a truly national dialogue. I can tell you, it's an uphill battle, and we welcome the council in joining us in the fight.

Joy Schaefer
Director, Programming & Public Affairs
Foreign Policy Association
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

ERIC KONIGSBERG'S ARTICLE GETS MY views wrong. For the record, far from being suspicious of the democratization of foreign policy, I have written many times in many places that democracy, on the whole, produces good foreign policy because it opens up the policy-making process to outside criticism and evaluation. Closed circles of elites, outside of their restrictive nature, usually make bad policy over the long run—as in the Soviet Union.

Fareed Zakaria
Managing Editor, Foreign Affairs
MANHATTAN

The Fur Flies

PLEASE LET ARNOLD SCAASI KNOW THAT I (a woman) still have fur as an issue on my mind ["Intelligencer: Scaasi's Moore-Bid Surprise," October 7]. Why anyone would want to appear so callously cruel as to wear a luxury garment that involves unnecessary killing is beyond me. This is not just my personal viewpoint. You know that a "status symbol" has turned into a "sadist symbol" when evil movie characters wear fur, such as Rosie Perez's character in *It Could Happen to You*. Fur is an issue that's no longer the territory of a radical few. It has moved into the mainstream, which means it is here to stay.

Johanna Coxeter
BROOKLYN

ALLOW ME TO RESPOND TO DESIGNER Arnold Scaasi's claim that "PETA people wear leather shoes and eat meat." They don't, and for his information this includes his client Mary Tyler Moore, who is not only fur-free but also leather-free and a vegetarian.

Carla Bennett
Senior Writer, PETA
NORFOLK, VA.

Marrying Up

ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT OUT OF THE MASS OF coy, manipulative women, Carolyn Bessette shone because she was straightforward ["Instant Princess," by Rebecca Mead, October 7]? Rather than being perceived as having played by *The Rules*, might she be seen as a woman of spirit who wanted to exercise choice in a man? Might not she have been the one whose true independence set her apart, the one who resisted kowtowing to the Kennedy mystique, who was careful about commitment and let John understand that?

Solipsistic conclusions, such as that Carolyn "knows what she's doing" or "played her cards close to her chest," set not only women back but world affairs in general.

Katharine Fehl
WAUPACA, WISC.

CAROLYN BESSETTE EVOKES IMAGES OF Jackie Kennedy? You must be joking! This self-styled "creature of the night" has neither Jackie's education (St. Mary's High School and Boston University are hardly Miss Porter's and Vassar) nor looks (the bleached-platinum hair is more Marilyn than Jackie) nor breeding (it's hard to imagine a young Jackie Bouvier having had the bad manners to refer to her male employer as "charging around on her broom"). As for Ms. Bessette's being "predestined for Kennedydom," I would have thought her college activities might have been more community-oriented (e.g., voter registration, soup kitchens) than posing for the Girls of B.U. Calendar.

JFK Jr. could do a lot better. That prenup may come in handy in the future.

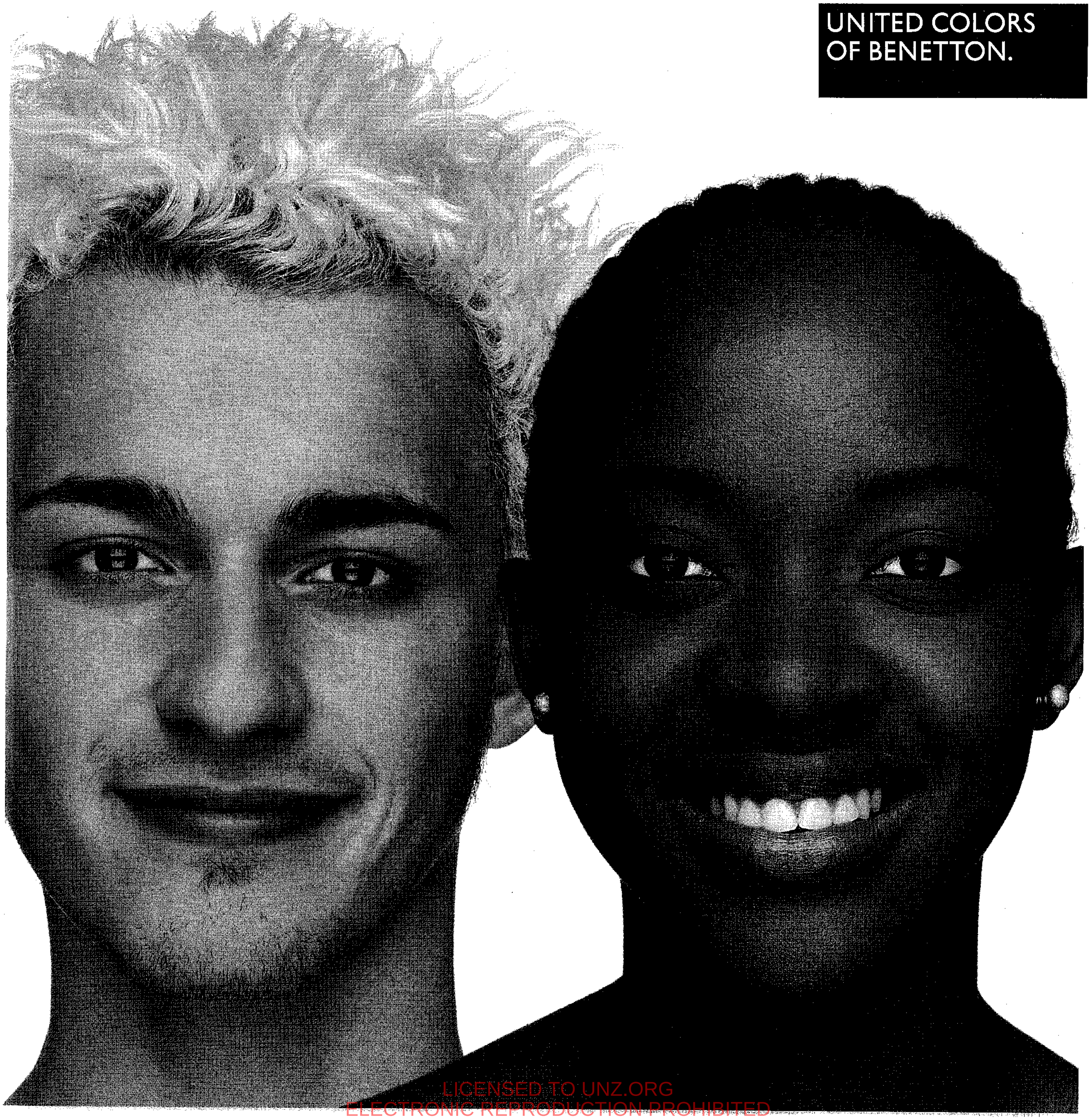
Deborah J. Storz
OMAHA, NEB.

Correction In the photo accompanying Peter G. Davis's October 21 column, "The Horror, The Horror," Christine Abraham, as Miss Jessel, appears with Lauren Flanigan.

The October 21 "Intelligencer" item "VH1's Fashion Faux Pas" stated that VH1 did not return calls. In fact, a producer did call to respond and her comments were inadvertently omitted. *New York* regrets the error.

ONE WORLD ONE STORE
597 FIFTH AVENUE
AT 48TH NEW YORK

UNITED COLORS
OF BENETTON.



BILL PULLMAN

Where justice ends
and the truth begins

MISTRIAL

AN HBO ORIGINAL MOVIE

HBO NYC PRESENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE FORGE BILL PULLMAN ROBERT LOGGIA MISTRIAL BLAIR UNDERWOOD
COSTUME DESIGNER DENISE CRONENBERG PRODUCTION DESIGNER DAVID CHAPMAN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY PAUL SAROSSY, CSC EDITED BY JON POLL
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RENNY HARLIN GEENA DAVIS PRODUCED BY BRUCE COHEN WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY HEYWOOD GOULD

Premieres Saturday HBO® November 2, 8 PM ET/PT

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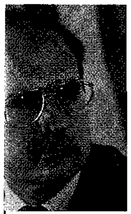
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

THE NOT-SO-SUBTLE ART OF DIPLOMACY



Talbott: Calling

With a second Clinton administration all but assured, the jockeying has intensified at the State Department as Democratic fat cats scramble for top diplomatic posts. Sources say Deputy Secretary of State **Strobe Talbott** last week began calling America's ambassadors around the world, asking them what their preferred posts would be for the next four years. Several high-profile ambassadors are expected to retire, including France's **Pamela Harriman,** 76, Britain's **William Crowe,** 71, and Russia's **Thomas Pickering,** 64, although Pickering has been talked about as a possible successor to Secretary of State **Warren Christopher**. (Other contenders for the top job at State: U.N. ambassador **Madeleine Albright;** Clinton's emissary to Northern Ireland, former senator **George Mitchell;** former assistant secretary of State **Richard Holbrooke;** national-security adviser **Tony Lake;** and senators **Sam Nunn** and **Chris Dodd.**) Meanwhile, several well-connected New Yorkers have been pushing financier **Felix Rohatyn** as ambassador to either London or Paris. But those plum positions are eagerly being eyed by the current ambassador to Austria, the Texas oil heiress **Swanee Hunt.** "She's actively asserted claims to London, Paris, Bonn, and New Delhi," gasps one source. During a recent visit to India, Hunt even measured the windows at the American embassy in New Delhi for drapes, according to one insider—not a terribly diplomatic move. "[Swanee] claims to be very close to Hillary," says one State Department spy. "She's telling people she wants London or Paris." Hunt, still in India, could not be reached, but a source close to her dismisses the drapes story as "total nonsense" and claims there have been no discussions about a future post. Rohatyn did not return calls. A spokesman for Talbott had no comment, except to say that he calls ambassadors "all the time, about a variety of things."

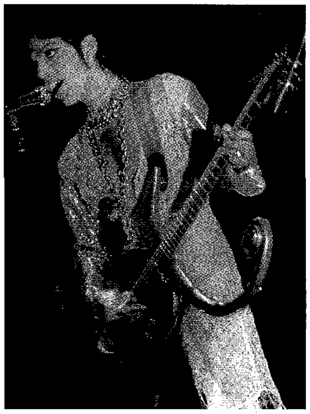
KATHLEEN TURNER'S MISSION OF MERCY

Can the star of *Serial Mom* succeed in healing a bloody, centuries-old ethnic rift? She can certainly try. Bubbly **Kathleen Turner** is taking celebrity activism to new heights. The actress is embarking on a peace mission to strife-torn Israel later this month with her musician-Realtor husband, **Jay Weiss.** "They have arranged a number of meetings with Israeli leaders to advocate the peace process," says a spokesman for Weiss. The conscientious power couple is heading to the Holy Land for twelve days at the request of **Uriel Savir,** longtime friend and former Director General of the Israeli foreign ministry. Their bold goal: to unite Israelis and Palestinians, starting at the teenage level. Says Weiss: "Kathleen spoke at the Rabin memorial. Israeli and Palestinian teenagers listen to the same music and watch the same films. [Uri] felt that if she came to speak, it would show that Americans care. She is honored to have been asked to help."

Kathleen Turner: Back to the future

NAME'S NOT PRINCE, BUT HE IS FUNKY

Not since Edward VIII abandoned the throne has a man thrust off a title as eagerly as **Prince** is now attempting to. The rocker, long with the Warner Bros. label, just signed a distribution deal with EMI-Capitol records, and according to industry insiders, it was a most unorthodox document. Not only did the purple performer insist that no one call him by his dreaded former moniker, but sources say he requested that his contract stipulate that any employee who calls him *Prince* be fined for the transgression. Those in the know don't seem at all surprised at the artiste's quirky demand. He did, after all, insist on being named a vice-president of A&R at Warner Bros. when he began his unhappy stint there. Says one music exec, "The more brilliant an artist is, the more individual the understanding of how business is conducted." Londell McMillan, an attorney for the controversial star, says, "*Prince* was signed to Warner Bros. The unpronounceable symbol is signed to EMI. It's one of those artistic, aesthetic things I respect. I deny that there's [any fine levied] in the contract, but we do have a respectful acknowledgment."



The Un-Prince: Under contract

DIANA LEAVES A BAD IMPRESSION

Princess Diana's staff is clearly not practiced at improvisation. When the former royal attended the Nina Hyde Center's fashion benefit in Washington, D.C., recently, she was given a conference room at the venerable National Building Museum to use as a dressing room. Ever meticulous, the princess and her helpers apparently turned a valuable wooden table into a makeshift ironing board and pressed out the wrinkles in her gown. Unfortunately, the

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Robert Nickelsberg/Gamma-Liaison; Jim Spellman/LGI; Mick Hutson/Redferns/Retna.

Princess Diana:
Scorched-earth policy

GIVE AN INCH, THEY TAKE A FOOT

Not all decrees come down from the top at the New York *Times*. Some of the standards and practices at the paper of record work their way up the corporate ladder, from the toes to the head, so to speak. At least, that's what happened when science reporter **Gina Kolata,** in the wake of the **Dick Morris** scandal, was researching a story on toe sucking for the "Week in Review" section. Kolata, who has covered such weighty topics as AIDS and the abortion pill, was going to look at the sociology of the psychosexual phenomenon, according to several sources. Exactly what went awry is a matter of some dispute. One source insists that executive editor **Joe Lelyveld** got wind of the piece and killed it, on the grounds that toe sucking has no place in the *Times* in any iteration. Another source reports that Lelyveld never got the chance to even contemplate the issue, because "Week in Review" editors killed the story themselves "upon sober reflection." Lelyveld did not return calls.

grooming scorched the table and destroyed its finish. "This is one of the most revered places in Washington," says **Karen Feld,** a D.C. writer who discovered the damaged piece. "It was a beautiful dark-wood table with inlay." According to Feld, the table is now being refinished, but "if the museum *really* wants to raise money, they should probably chop it up and sell pieces of the iron imprint." A spokesman for the princess knew nothing of the mishap and said only that this "is an awfully odd story indeed, and one that I am not familiar with."

FREE PRESS MINTS MONEY FOR TYRRELL

It had all the earmarks of an Oedipal drama: A hungry young whippersnapper lands a big deal, besting his aging mentor in the process. *American Spectator* pit bull **David Brock's** *The Seduction of Hillary* was signed up by **Adam Bellow's** Free Press, a division of Simon & Schuster, *after* the publisher had commissioned a Bill Clinton book by Brock's mentor and early champion, *Spectator* editor **R. Emmett Tyrrell.** But Bellow summarily rejected Tyrrell's book after seeing an early manuscript. "They dumped it," admits Tyrrell: "This moron, Adam Bellow, told me it was a book of fragments." But Tyrrell seems to be having the last laugh. His book, *Boy Clinton,* was quickly snatched up by the far-right Regnery Press and hit the best-seller lists. Brock's quasi-sympathetic Hillary bio, meanwhile, has languished. Crows Tyrrell: "I've never been so happily abused in my life. . . . The money's still rolling in." Brock, for his part, is currently working on another piece for Tyrrell at the *Spectator* ("It's not going to be about the Clintons, I'll tell you that much," he says). A Free Press spokesman insists that the company "fully intended to publish *both* books . . . but [Bellow and Tyrrell] couldn't agree on the content."

ALIG'S HONEY TRAP; DOWNIE'S SWEETIE

***POST*-ING THE NEWS:** Leave it to Washington *Post* executive editor **Len Downie** to want to put the proper spin on things. Downie doesn't even vote because he doesn't want to be partisan. So when he decided to leave his wife, **Geraldine Rebach,** for a friend of hers, the editor called in senior staff members to personally tell them the news. "This has been a very difficult time for me," Downey says. "I have friends on the staff of long standing, whom I've worked with for many years. I spoke to them individually about this, as it is a personal matter." **ALIG OF HIS OWN: Michael Alig** doesn't let hard times get him down. The twisted scene-maker—former right-hand man to indicted club king **Peter Gatien** and suspect in the murder of drug dealer Angel Melendez—has an eerie new gimmick. Inspired by U.S. Attorney **Zachary Carter's** allegation that drugs were a "honey trap" used to attract kids to his clubs, the high-spirited Alig has named his latest party, yes, *Honey Trap.* VIPs were sent pots of honey last week with the invitation on the label.

Dickinson's
Dickinson's
Michael Alig's
Honey Trap
GRAND OPENING
Friday Oct.
610 W. 5
NYC
DJ KEO

Honey Trap invite: Unhappy Alig-ory

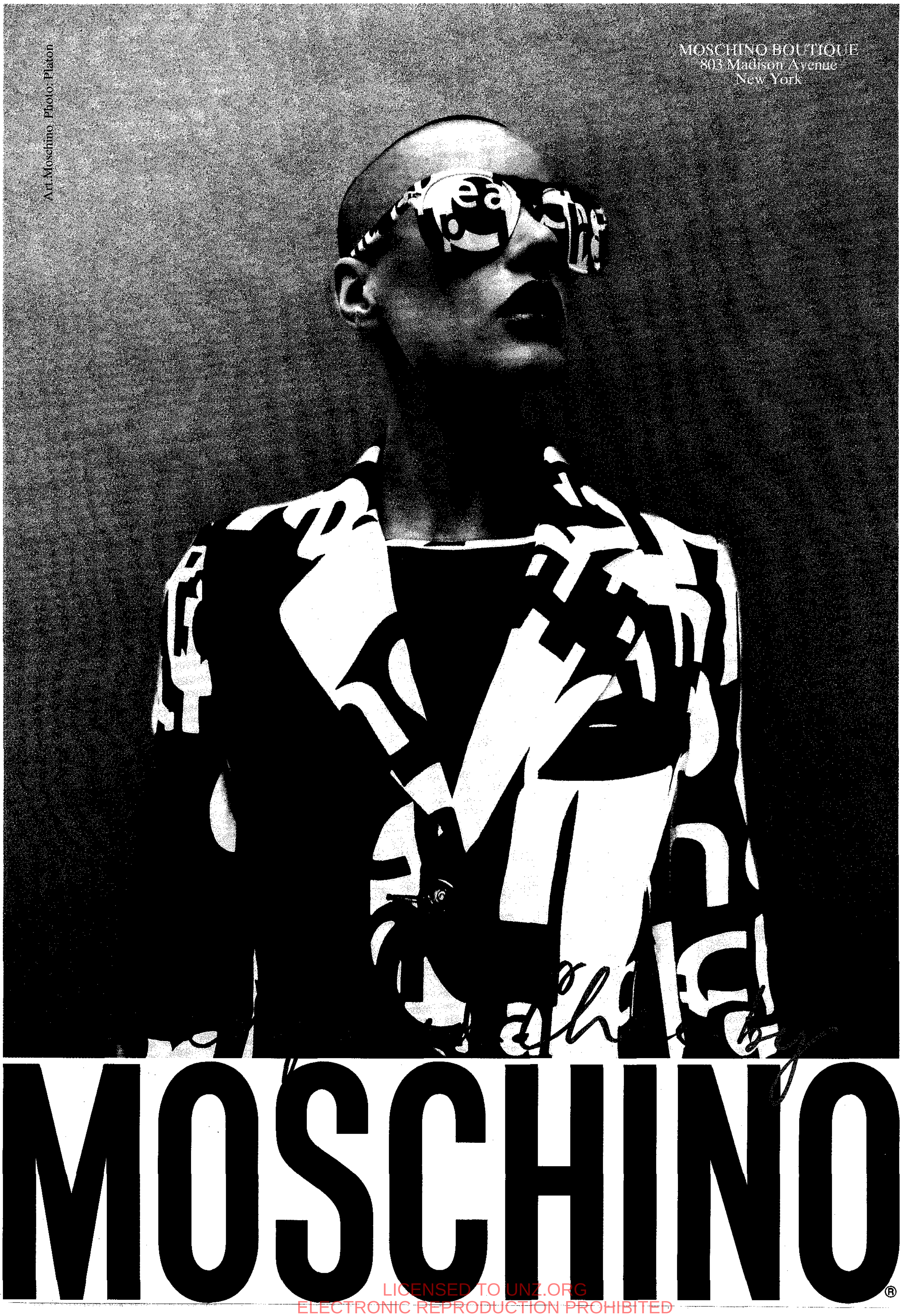
MORE DISH: Tony "21" has ended its long search for a chef to replace the well-regarded **Michael Lomonaco. Erik Blauberg,** former chef at American Renaissance, will be at the stove there by Christmas. Lomonaco, meanwhile, is on the prowl for a site for his own restaurant. . . . Republic, a hip, downscale offshoot of Indochine, is opening a second branch—on Broadway, between 82nd and 83rd Streets.

Additional reporting by Ariel Levy.

SOHOTELS RUN AMOK

Yet another hotel in SoHo? Not if the SoHo Alliance has anything to say about it. With the SoHo Grand now open and **Andre Balazs's** long-awaited Mercer Hotel finally under construction, a third hotel is being planned, for 454 West Broadway, a site that now houses the Rizzoli bookstore. The building's co-owner **Michael Barclay** already has blueprints for a seven-story hotel above the store. But citing concerns about increased traffic and "the architectural integrity of the area," the SoHo Alliance is planning a fierce counterattack. The neighborhood group says it will halt construction by drawing attention to zoning laws specifying that the building—formerly a machine shop—is licensed solely for manufacturing, a charge Barclay denies. "I have a problem with the hotel, sighs Councilwoman **Kathryn Freed,** an active alliance member. "It's one more step in taking a residential artist community and turning it into a tourist trap." But Freed isn't as inflexible as you might think. After loudly leading the battle against **Keith McNally's** hot spot Pravda, she is quietly holding a fund-raiser at the club this week. "Keith has been very considerate," she explains. "I haven't had any complaints about Pravda. If I had, I wouldn't hold the fund-raiser there."

Photographs: left, Mark Cuthbert/Retna; right, Wayne Simpson.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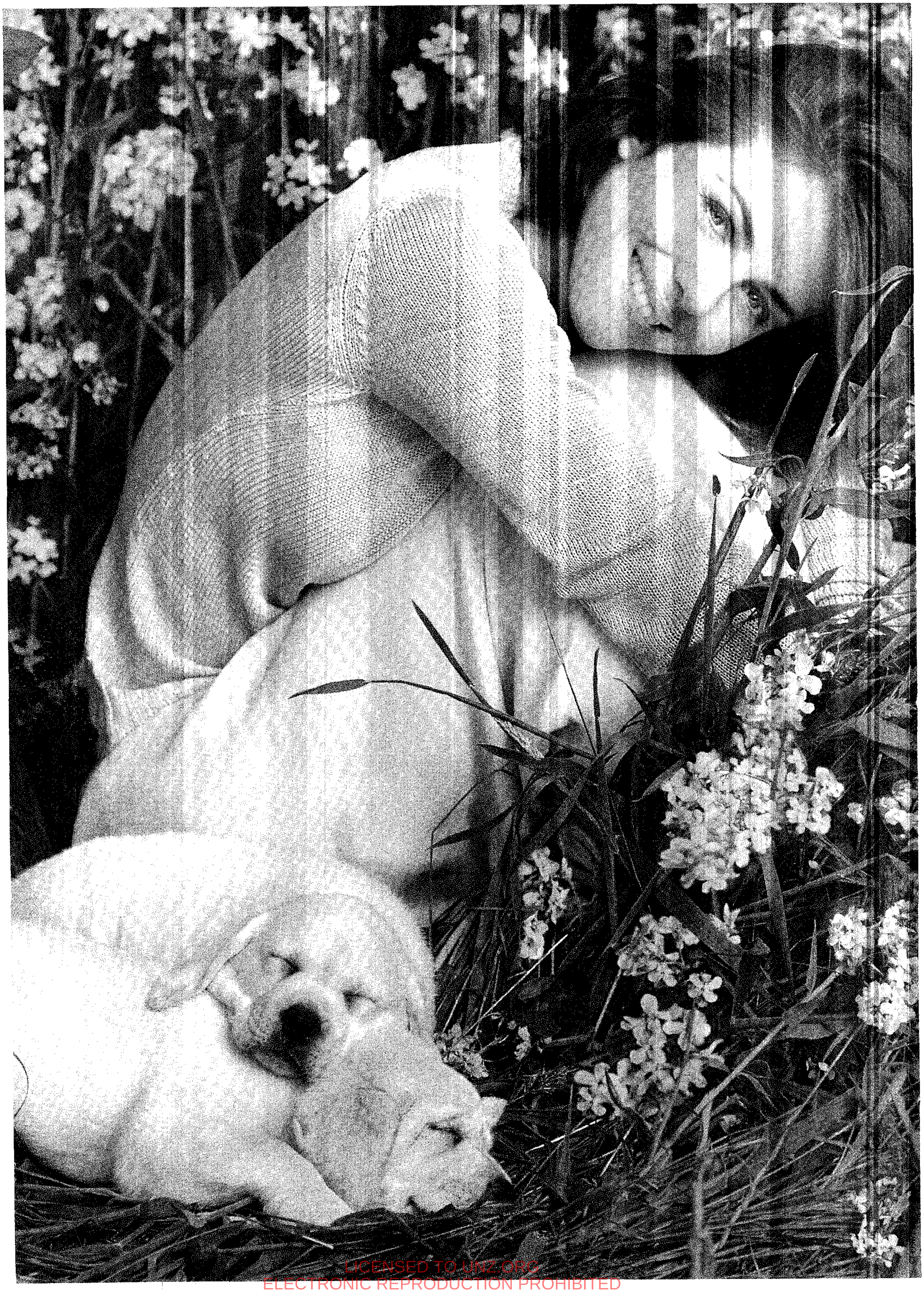
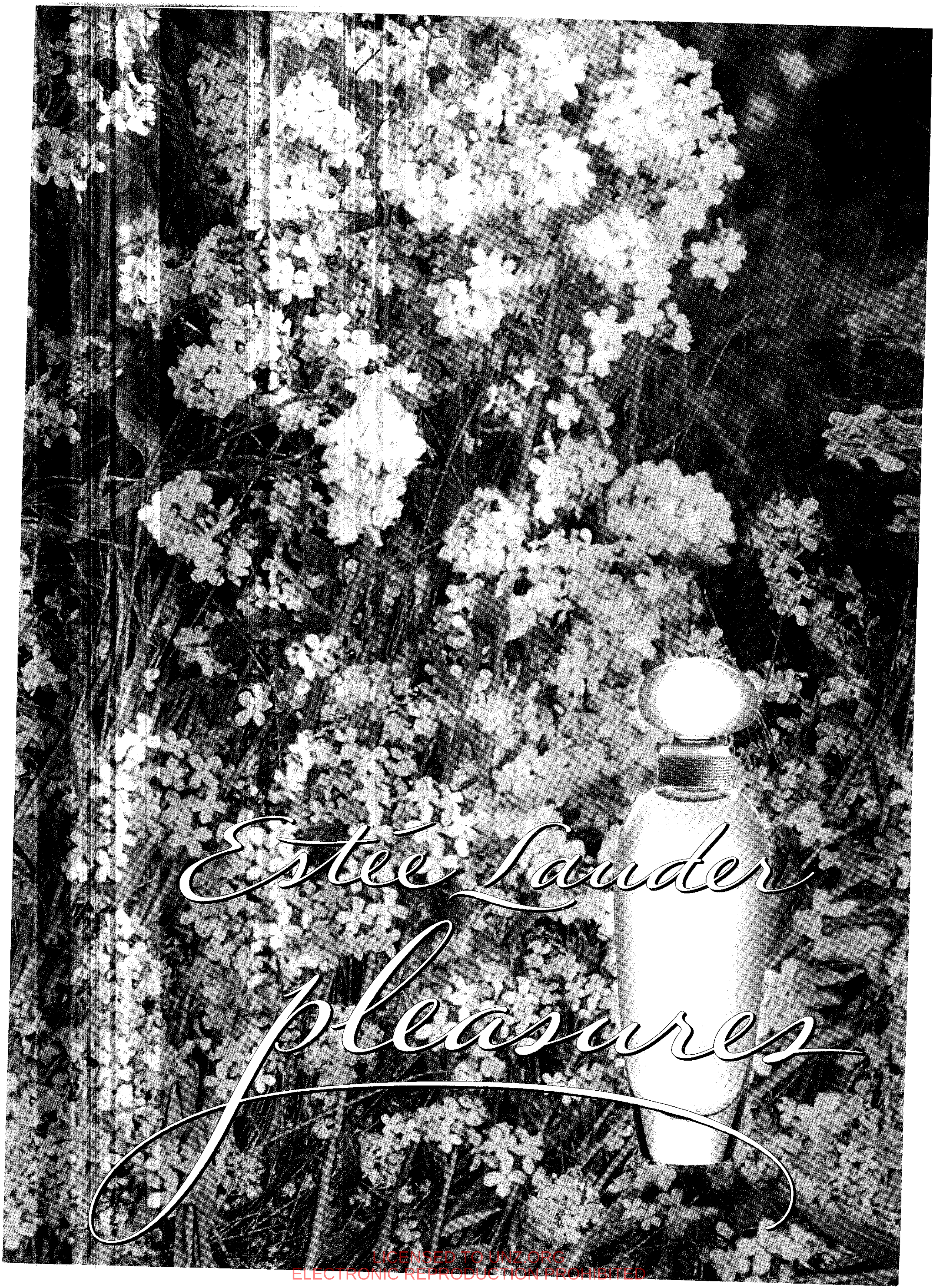



Estée Lauder
pleasures

GEOFFREY BEENE

SPRING 1997 GEOFFREY BEENE ON THE PLAZA NEW YORK

GOTHAM

A drafty wench, her temperature up and down—*E.B. White*

THE FRONT PAGE

Chuck the Vote

Democracy is pulled from the national schedule.

DEMOCRACY WAS CANCELED LAST week. It had been limping along on anemic ratings and poor word of mouth for the last several elections, but this season it just tanked. The conventions, despite unprecedentedly slick production values and big musical numbers, were watched by fewer voters than ever; the last presidential debate, it seems, did worse in key demographics than *Homeboys in Outer Space.* "So maybe there's no interest in politics," Bob Dole, the election's official play-by-play announcer, observed last week. "Maybe nobody cares."

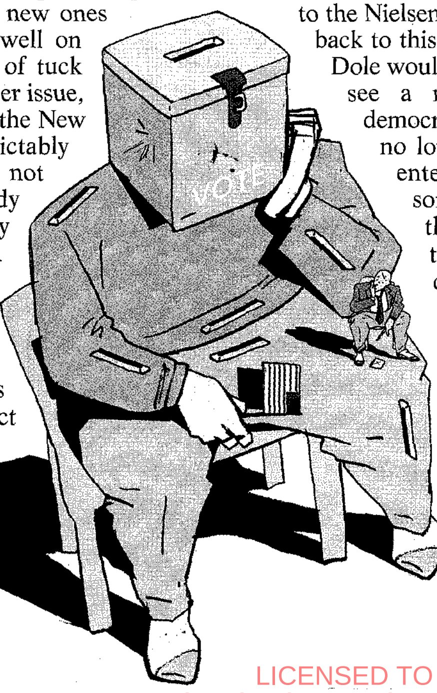
The Pundit Industry, which derives nearly all of its income from ancillary democracy merchandise, struggled to understand how a 200-year-old franchise that had once been the hottest thing going could simply fold. "Who's to blame for this implosion of apathy?" Jeff Greenfield asked in *Time,* answering: outdated packaging. "It's the metaphors, stupid," he wrote, deploying a trope from four years ago and going on to suggest, probably tongue-in-cheek, that commentators drop tired sports analogies in favor of tired new ones ("Dole got off the board well on Filegate, but he came out of tuck way too soon on the character issue, Felicia.") Jack Newfield, in the New York *Post,* more predictably blamed politicians for not putting on a show anybody wanted to watch. "Nobody should feel guilty," Newfield wrote, "for being bored."

Whatever the underlying cause, the chief factor in democracy's being put on indefinite hiatus appears to have been failure to attract those all-important young-adult voters. Despite MTV-driven graphics and the young-people patois of Rock the Vote, the eighteen-to-thirty-foursomethings just weren't tuning in. As a 19-year-old data-entry clerk from Beverly Hills told a reporter, "I have a lot of things going on to be worrying about politics, quite frankly." Or as Seventeen Dowdell, a 26-year-old male model from Brooklyn, rather more bluntly told *Details,* "I'm not partaking in the bullshit."

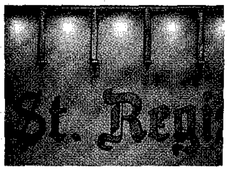
There are a few more episodes of this election the media is obligated to run, though they will most likely burn them off in late fringe, or opposite new episodes of *ER.* Then it will be interesting to see what happens to democracy. Will it be retooled, somehow recast and hepped up, and given another shot at prime time? Or will it develop cult status and end up being carried by the outer channels, C-SPAN and Comedy Central, and watched only by true fans who can appreciate all its intricacies and spout endless trivia from the history books?

Perhaps the mistake democracy made was ever thinking it would work in the mass market. It wasn't designed that way. Our Founding Fathers conceived it as a niche program primarily directed at the white-male demographic, which was also the only group with access to the Nielsen boxes. It's too late to go back to this system, as much as Bob Dole would like to. But we may yet see a new, more narrowcast democracy, in which politics will no longer be a form of mass entertainment but act as a sort of education program that demands participation from its viewers, and consequently only the people who really, really, really care will vote. These people tend to be nuts, but Americans may be willing to live with that.

Though, here's a scary thought: What if those same people got to choose our television programs?



KEEPING UP WITH THE JOHNS Last week a security guard testified that the luxurious St. Regis Hotel regularly allowed high-priced prostitutes to work on the premises. "I don't think it will go down," says Allan Ripp, spokesman for Zagat's ***U.S. Hotel, Resort, and Spa Survey,*** on the St. Regis's current high rating. "Those hookers—given the clientele that passes through the St. Regis—are the sort that most hotels would be happy to have walking through their lobby. In other words, they are not sashaying, ten-foot-hairdo, six-inch-heel hookers; they are respectable hookers who could have worked for Sydney Biddle Barrows."



OVERHEARD "Jesus. He could be reading from Wittgenstein's ***Tractatus,*** and he'd still pull a huge crowd." —a guest at a jam-packed reading last week by Ethan Hawke of his much-hyped but poorly reviewed debut novel, ***The Hottest State,*** at Rizzoli Books in SoHo

SAVE THE WAILS "My intention was to raise awareness about cruelty to animals," says Claude Matthews, who last month began giving away ***Dog Pound Found Sound,*** a two-CD recording of dogs howling pitifully in New York's animal shelter. "But I've been getting really weird requests. One guy wanted to use it to annoy his neighbor; another said he wanted it to help him get to sleep at night; another wanted to use it to punish his own dogs when they peed on the couch; and yesterday, somebody said they wanted it for a Nine Inch Nails Website."

Sports

EDIFICE COMPLEX

MATT MURPHY IS EVERYTHING THAT IS GOOD and right about America's youth. He doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, loves his mom. Murphy, 19, studies hard at an Atlanta college by day and works part-time at night as a Braves usher. Before game four of the World Series, he's patrolling the roof of the visiting team dugout, trying to restrain Yankees fans without getting too close.

"Just listen to them!" Murphy says. "They're so rude! Using profanity in front of children!"

It's standard in sports to demonize your opponent, and it's indisputable that there's too much beered-up stupidity among Yankees fans. But last week in Atlanta—city of mirrored-glass office towers and endless freeway interchanges—the tone was amazingly Old South primal: *They're coming for our women! Our children! Our radio personalities!*

Rumors took on the hard shell of fact. "At Yankee Stadium, they spit on the wives of Braves players!" fans insisted. (Not true, says a Braves wife.) "Yankee fans knocked down two Atlanta morning D.J.'s and stole their microphone!" (Also not true, but perhaps a good idea.)

Braves fans were so outwardly confident of beating the Yankees that some of them didn't even bother coming to the stadium; there were empty seats at all three games here. But underlying the talk of "southern hospitality" was a weird defensiveness—which is especially strange when you consider that no matter who is World Series champ this year, when it comes to the battle for the future of baseball, Atlanta has already won.

The new Atlanta Braves stadium.

Stan Kasten, the quick-witted president of the Braves, stood on a ramp of the charmless, soon-to-be-demolished Atlanta Fulton County Stadium gazing at the new Braves stadium under construction across the street. It will be another in the wave of retro-boutique ballparks, with redbrick walls and virtual-reality machines and a stadium "club"—open for corporate parties at this World Series—that has the ambience of a really, really nice airport lounge.

"I never have to sell Atlanta to free agents," Kasten says. "Friendly people, a winning team. And this will be the first interactive ballpark!" (One wonders whether this is what Steinbrenner has in mind as well.)

It takes several consecutive days around the Braves' two ballparks for one to truly grasp how unusual and soulful Yankee Stadium is (Wrigley Field and Fenway Park, too). "Yankee fans, they get too puffed up about all that tradition and history stuff," says tailgate-partying Mike McCabe, a 26-year-old law student. What really hurt Atlantans was the way the Yankees won here. The Yankees keep coming back, like a ghost in pinstripes, as persistent as memory. Atlanta has effectively bulldozed most of its past; when the old stadium is demolished, the spot where Henry Aaron's record-breaking homer landed will become part of a parking lot. And the new stadium will be on the site of a quirky, thriving black and Jewish neighborhood that was paved over in the sixties . . . to build a parking lot for the old stadium. CHRIS SMITH

City

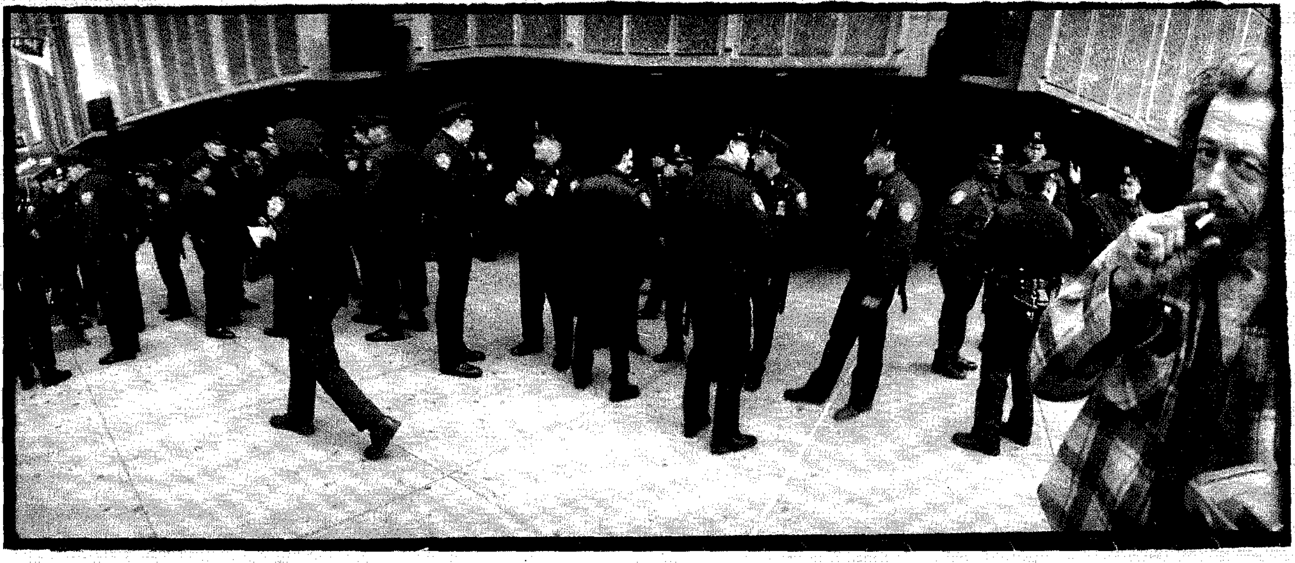
SILK-STOCKING STANDOFF

THIS IS A YEAR IN WHICH LOCAL DEMOCRATS have reason to be heedlessly confident that Bill Clinton will demolish Bob Dole in the city. But if history proves its usual worth as a guide, one wall the Democrats will not scale is the one the Republicans have built around the local districts on Manhattan's East Side. Indeed, the East Side Republican leaders, invariably social progressives who look after the interests of their moneyed constituents, are firm stars in the constellation of Manhattan politics, a check on the borough's otherwise unchallenged liberal ethos.

Candidates do keep trying, however. And so ten Republicans and Democrats running for offices from City Council all the way up to U.S. Congress gathered at the Lenox Hill Neighborhood House recently to thrash out issues ranging from human rights in Tibet to the 59th Street Bridge's traffic patterns.

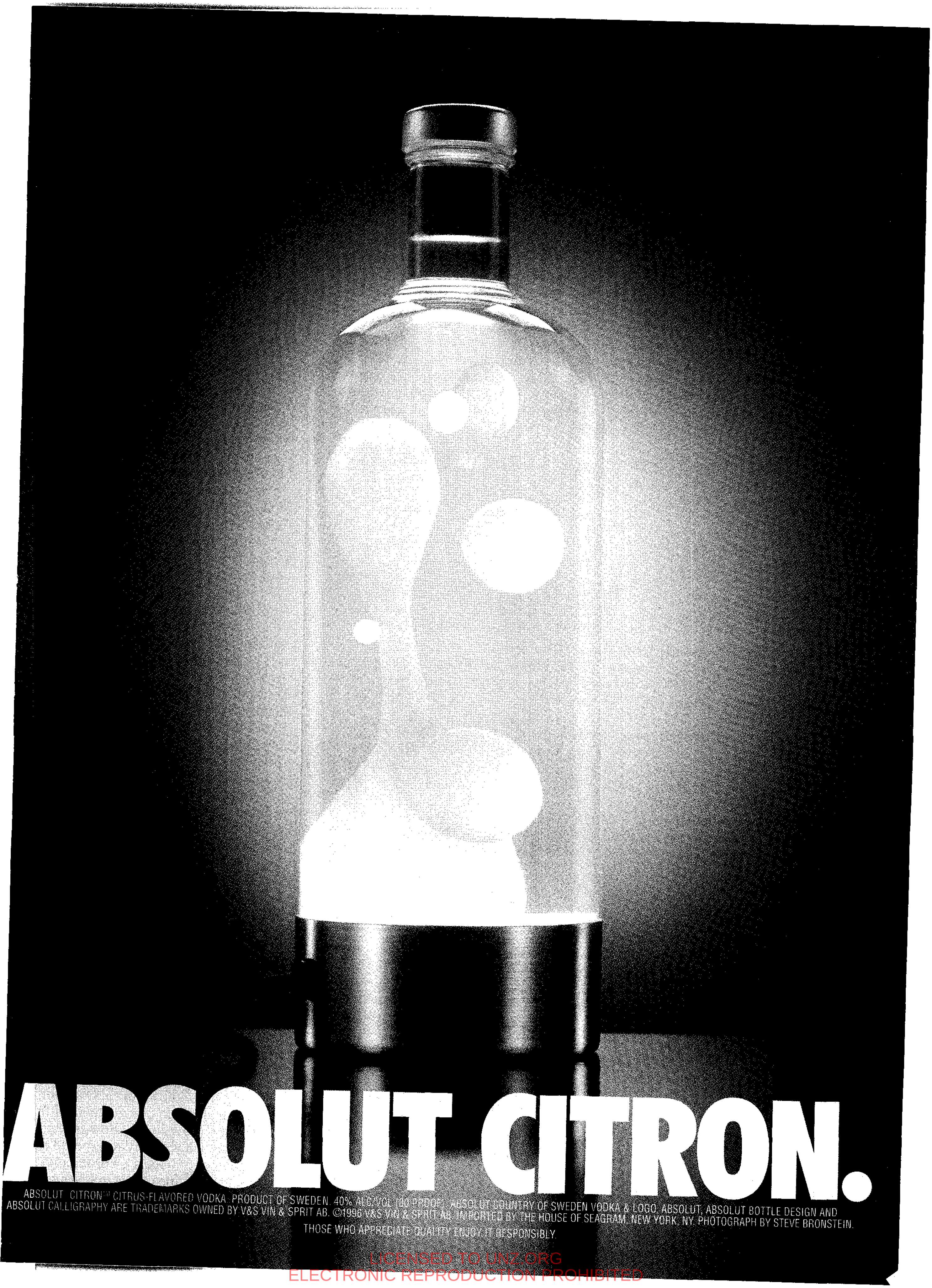
And even though all the incumbents are virtually assured a victory, more than 200 people filled the room, hoping that the local pols could produce some of the zest their national counterparts have lacked. Indeed, spirits were unusually high, because of a decision made by the forum's sponsors to exclude three candidates of the Green Party.

SHOT



Outside Madison Square Garden, 6:30 P.M., Tuesday, October 22, *photographed by Michael Ackerman.*

Photograph: top, AP/Wide World Photos.



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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

At 4:10 P.M., Nancy Wackstein, executive director of Lenox Hill and the forum's moderator, gaveled the proceedings to order. The candidates, all ten, were seated at a long table that stretched across the stage. Standing in protest in front of the stage with the folded arms and sober miens of Fruit of Islam security men were the Green Three: congressional candidate Tom Leighton, State Senate candidate Bob Polhemus, and State Assembly candidate Tony Gronowicz.

"We're hosting this forum," Wackstein said, "because we want to give everybody—"

"Not everybody!" interjected an audience member. Much shouting ensued on the Green question, helped along by the fact that the Greens had clearly packed the room. "We've lived here all our lives!" "We qualified for the ballot!" "We demand democracy now!"

Half the room was shouting, and half was laughing—except Congresswoman Carolyn Maloney, who, as is her style, sat Buddha-like on the stage. This dragged on for a few moments before Wackstein employed the only sensible option: "All right. Get chairs. Come on. I'd rather this debate go forward than . . . " Her sentence trailed off, possible endings being "have this descend into total mayhem" and "we be here so long we miss the start of the Yankees game."

In the opening statements, Maloney said that the kinds of bills she works on "don't grab headlines"—then sneaked in a quick mention of one having to do with Nazi war criminals that she clearly hopes will. Her Republican opponent, Jeff Livingston, got off on the wrong foot by trying to defend the Gingrich Congress. ("You should get the truth on Medicare!") Next up was Leighton, the Green, who accused Maloney of all manner of corruption and whose Chomsky-esque exegeses didn't exactly resonate with the block-association set.

Republican state senator Roy Goodman, who's been on the East Side longer than Gristede's, handled the insurgency with humor: "I'm now going to sit down and let my Green opponent give you his version of the catastrophic career I've been pursuing." Said opponent, Bob Polhemus, refrained, although Democrat Robert Bellinson took a whack at Goodman for proposing quality legislation and then, once it's bottled up in committee, "voting against it."

Democratic state assemblyman Pete Grannis was paired up with GOP challenger Fran Murphy. She tried, without much success, to tie Grannis to an organization that was supposedly linked to the North American Man-Boy Love Association ("He's out of touch with this district!" Murphy said). Twenty-six-year-old Democratic City Councilman Gifford Miller, who won in a special election just nine months ago, and his Republican opponent, Alexander Stephens, didn't have enough time to tie each other to anything.

In the one race that might even be close, GOP assemblyman John Ravitz faces Democrat Jess Velona. A 35-year-old lawyer at Paul, Weiss, Velona clearly made the best presentation at the forum—he was knowledgeable about the issues, and he didn't grandstand. "I'm the challenger," he said. "I know the burden is on me to tell you why you should reject an incumbent." That's a burden most local challengers inevitably fail to meet.

MICHAEL TOMASKY

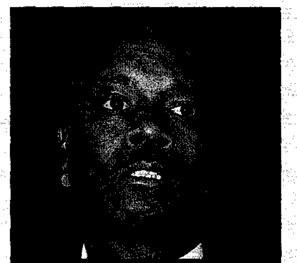
POLITICS
Born to Filibuster

EVERYONE LOVES ALL-ENCOMPASSING EXPLANATIONS FOR HUMAN BEHAVIOR. THE LATEST, proposed by MIT scholar Frank Sulloway in his book *Born to Rebel*, argues that personality—especially one's political leaning—is determined far more than one would think by birth order. After analyzing 6,000 historical figures, including anybody who had anything to do with the French Revolution, Sulloway concludes that firstborns—like Rush Limbaugh, Winston Churchill, and Ted Kaczynski—are more reactionary and/or supportive of the status quo, while later-borns such as Karl Marx, Ralph Nader, and Madonna are mold-breakers more likely to support radical reform movements. *New York* surveyed some of the city's political figures to see how well they thought they fit into Sulloway's schematic.

BRETT JOHNSON

RUDOLPH GIULIANI

RUTH MESSINGER


ROBERT JOHNSON

Robert Johnson, Bronx District Attorney (D): Firstborn.

"I have applied the law in a way other D.A.'s have not—some would call that liberal as opposed to conservative. My brother and I are both lawyers, and that's a profession that generally requires you to play by the rules."

Henry Stern, Parks Department Commissioner (L): Firstborn.

"I'm the oldest of four—boy, boy, girl, boy is our series. Does birth order matter? I say yes. It's one of the injustices of life, but it does mean a lot. There's no question both of my brothers are more liberal than I am."

Ruth Messinger, Manhattan Borough President (D): Firstborn.

"I think I'm aggressive, strong-minded, but I don't know one way or the other whether the description fits me or my sister. I don't see us as being at different places on the political spectrum."

Mayor Rudolph Giuliani (R): Only child.

According to Sulloway, "only children identify with parents and authority and therefore are conservative and conventional, [but] not as markedly as firstborns with siblings." Says the mayor's spokesperson Colleen Roche: "I'd have to read the book to comment."

Norman Siegel, head of New York American Civil Liberties Union: Last-born.

"I'm right in line with the study because, as opposed to James Dean, I am a rebel with a cause. I always think of myself as a child of the sixties."

Rev. Al Sharpton, activist and mayoral candidate (D): Last-born.

"I'm the youngest of four, and I'm certainly the most rebellious and progressive of the clan. [But] I grew up in the aftermath of the civil-rights movement."

Governor George Pataki (R): Last-born.

"The book says that the second-born is usually the more liberal of the two—well, Governor Pataki is a conservative Republican, so right there the theory's kind of flat," said spokeswoman Sara Mahoney.

Photographs: left to right, Richard B. Levine (2); Frances M. Roberts.

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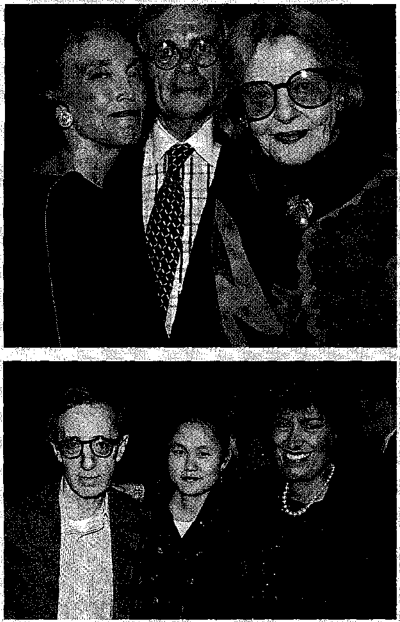
Elements of Style

At the home of Randy and Connie Jones for a dinner in honor of Fleur Cowles, on the publication of 'She Made Friends and Kept Them' and 'The Best of 'Flair' '

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan



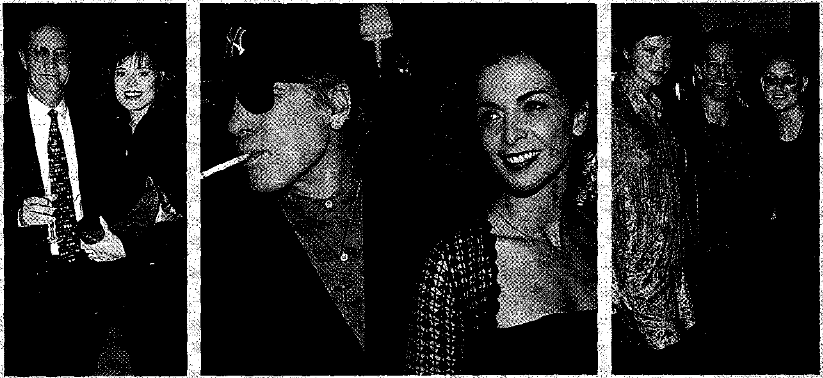
Top, from left, Helen Gurley Brown, Dominick Dunne, and Fleur Cowles celebrating the publication of Cowles's *She Made Friends and Kept Them* and *The Best of Flair.* Above, from left, Woody Allen, Soon-Yi Previn, and Carla Fendi at the Fendi boutique to celebrate the start of New York City Ballet's fall season.

It's a testament to the legendary charm of Fleur Cowles, the London salonnier and the force behind the fifties magazine *Flair,* that when she explains her incomparably high social standards—"Life is too full and too busy to bother with just everybody"—it comes out sounding saintly and beneficent rather than mean-spirited and snobbish.

Maybe it's the way she caresses your face as she says it. Or the fact that her selectivity is equaled by her loyalty; she made friends and kept them, as the title of one of her books says. Or maybe it's her daunting credentials as one of the world's most revered hostesses and arbiters of style. Whatever: At the dinner celebrating her two new books (where one of her paintings hung by the door surrounded by candles, like some holy altarpiece), her buoyant spirit lifted everybody's standards. "Fleur said, 'It's all about the power to select, my dear boy,' " said Randy Jones, who had managed to narrow the guest list to 40, a choice collection of Argentine media barons, Oklahoma socialites, and aristocratic landscape artists. "I thought, *What a wonderful thing.*"

After all, the stylistic pronouncements of a woman like Cowles are not to be taken lightly. Even inveterate nightlife presence Bobby Zarem was learning to tout the pleasures of selective social engagement. "I'm—what do you call it? I didn't participate in all of the general social phenomena. All those years, I've never been one to go to dinners. I'm not like Dominick Dunne, who goes out to, like, two dinners a night." He looked around, trying to point out the culprit of such excess, but Dunne was already gone, off to the evening's next appointment.

Above, Kenneth Burrows and Erica Jong aboard the *QE2,* where *Travel & Leisure* celebrated its 25th anniversary.



Left to right, WNBC's Michelle Marsh with her husband, Price Paschall, at the New York Public Library's Science, Industry, and Business Library to celebrate MSNBC's first 100 days; at Opera, for *The Funeral's* premiere party, director Abel Ferrara and actress Annabella Sciorra; Helena Christensen, Herb Ritts, and Demi Moore at E&O, toasting the book *Herb Ritts Work.*

Shopping

DESPERATELY SEEKING DONNA

"Stella!" a woman clutching a black knit top shrieked. "Stella! C'mere!" As her companion approached, the woman's voice grew less loud but no less urgent. "Stella, *look,* it's a Donna."

Stella eyed the black top. A look of skepticism crossed her face. "You sure?" she said. "There's no label."

"Baby, trust me," said her friend. "I know these things. It's a Donna."

By 9:28 A.M. last Tuesday, the "special preview" of Loehmann's first Manhattan store was packed. The next morning, the other Donna—Hanover Giuliani, the mayor's wife—would be cutting a ribbon to mark this watershed moment in retail history.

But nobody seemed to care whether the store had officially opened or not. Outside this new outpost of the cherished off-price emporium, two large sedans with drivers sat idling on Seventh Avenue. Another chauffeured car pulled up, and three women emerged gracefully and bolted into the store. Inside, shoppers were greeted by a smiling doorman who pointed them to tables where they could register for the Loehmann's Insider Club (which entitles shoppers to discounts on their birthdays).

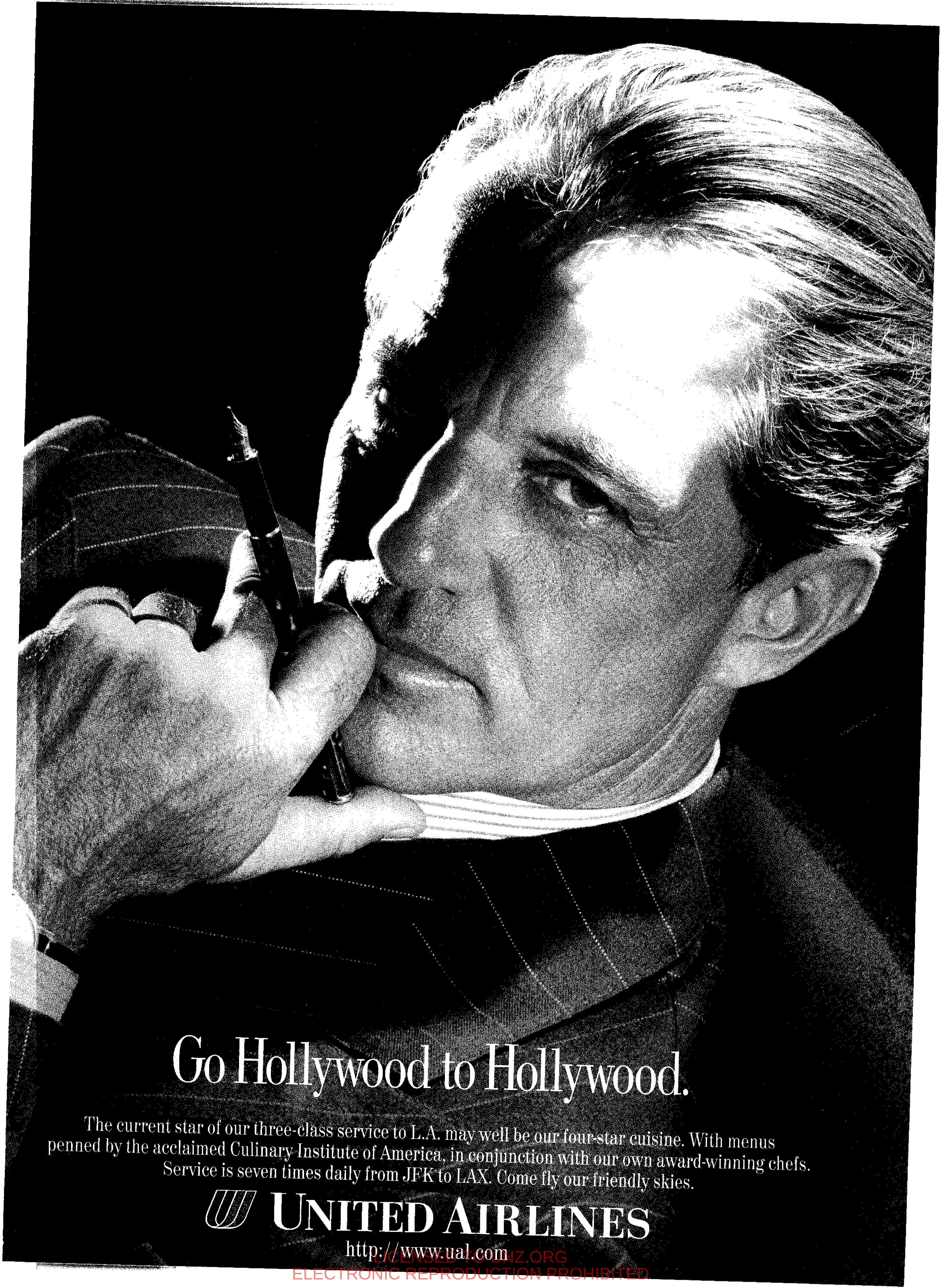
Over the din of excited chatter in English and other languages, a very pretty Brit at the foot of the escalator raised her voice, commanding the attention of a nearby group of women, all of whom were carrying Kelly bags. "Now, listen, if we are to lose each other, we will meet in shoes, understand? Shoes. Do we all know what floor that is?"

Meanwhile, upstairs in the Back Room, post-feminist writer Katie Roiphe and her mother, *echt*-feminist writer Anne Roiphe, were methodically making their way through the designer racks. Katie held up a hanger bearing something in black. "Mom—" she called out.

Over at the try-on area, the three private dressing rooms had already been taken. In the adjunct communal dressing room, half-naked women tore through a rack of merchandise that had already suffered at least one round of rejection. Supervision seemed strangely absent. Nearby, a woman wearing not much more than a red chenille sweater scooped something off the floor. "Mary, look! It's that dress you wanted, and it's in your size!" She waved it in the air, nearly clocking her friend. Then she gasped, shoving the bundle of clothing into her friend's face. "But smell the *armpit.*"

A neighboring woman peered over her glasses, half smiling as she pulled up her slacks. "That was mine," she said matter-of-factly. "But you're welcome to it."

Dany Levy



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ON MADISON AVENUE **RENE CHUN**

Rocket Man

Fabien Baron, the man behind Calvin Klein's ads and the 'Harper's Bazaar' redesign, is the hottest art director this decade has produced. But is his star on the wane?

THOUGH ART DIRECTOR FABIEN BARON IS A HOUSEHOLD name in only the most painfully stylish of households, the aesthetic he created is instantly familiar to anyone who picks up a magazine, passes a bus-shelter ad, or grabs a pack of matches on the way out of the Royalton. The 37-year-old French expatriate has created the cK one bottle and ad campaign; logos for all of Ian Schrager's hotels; and Frédéric Fekkai's new line of hair-care and makeup products. At the Cooper-Hewitt's latest design retrospective, "Mixing Messages," an entire wall is devoted to his popular and widely imitated Calvin Klein ads. Occupying a significant portion of another wall are pages from *Harper's Bazaar,* whose design he was responsible for revamping in 1992. And there's a display case devoted to his early *Interview* and Italian *Vogue* periods—magazines that very literally serve as textbooks in many design-school curricula today.

From the beginning, his elegant, minimalist, almost clinical look sold product: After Baron's redesign, *Bazaar's* ad pages increased 58 percent within the year (editor-in-chief Liz Tilberis had something to do with this, too, of course); Marky Mark's hairless torso made Calvin Klein briefs appealing to Chelsea boys and suburban rapper wannabes alike. Madonna's *Sex* book, which he also designed, sold over 450,000 copies at $50 a shot. Baron was living every art director's fantasy, carving out a very lucrative niche as a commercial designer and keeping his hand in editorial too.

He became the closest thing the graphic-design world has to a superstar. In the July 5, 1993, *New Yorker,* Baron was granted the type of profile usually reserved for indie-film directors and serious novelists. Accompanying the piece was a full-page Risko caricature depicting Baron as a charmingly smug demigod. "If you went to Central Casting and asked for an art director, you'd get Fabien Baron," says Roger Black, a design consultant known for making over magazines like *Esquire* and *Rolling Stone.* "The thick accent, designer costume, the egocentric personality. It's all magic with Fabien. Editors find this smock-and-beret act spellbinding."

Design guy for the nineties: Fabien Baron.

Photograph by Malin Ericson.

From the beginning, Baron has had his detractors. Many found his simultaneous involvement with *Bazaar* and Calvin Klein dicey from an ethical point of view. Baron, who produced the Klein ads out of his off-site design shop, has dismissed the topic as a nonissue. "Liz would never have hired me, and I would never have put myself in a position to be hired by *Bazaar,* if either of us felt that [my] activities would have been a conflict," he says.

Others simply found his work insubstantial and trendy. "Fabien is a blip on the radar screen," says Jeffrey Keedy, a professor of design at the California Institute of Arts. Adds Jonathan Hoefler, who executed the distinctive HTF Didot typeface for *Bazaar,* "I'm baffled by Baron's success. I have no idea how he inherited the 'genius' label. To a large degree, he was self-anointed. The guy has a great P.R. machine at his disposal."

But even those who found his work to be all form and no content—admittedly, something of a hazard in this line of work—had to admire the form. The *Bazaar* redesign instantly made the competition look tired and outmoded. Not only have magazine art directors everywhere seized upon his aesthetic, but the style has trickled down into the mainstream as well, where it's employed by others to push everything from Quarter Pounders at McDonald's to pillowcases at Bed Bath & Beyond.

To paraphrase Norma Desmond, the fashion world likes to destroy its idols—particularly when their reign has been so lengthy and undisputed—and in July, the Baron backlash commenced. First came rumors suggesting he had been fired from his creative-director post at *Harper's Bazaar.* Although the gossip turned out to be unfounded, it freed people to unleash a wave of anti-Fabien sentiment. Stylist Wayne Scot Lukas gave Baron the ultimate fashion snub, the past-tense appraisal: "Fabien was wonderful. Didn't we love those pastel colors and the crazy type? But that was four years ago. Hello! It's time for something new." That Calvin Klein hired Ronnie Cooke Newhouse to be creative director of the company's in-house ad agency—thus diminishing Baron's influence—didn't help matters, either. Nor did the fact that *W* magazine edged out *Bazaar* as the No. 3 fashion magazine (behind *Vogue* and *Elle*) in terms of ad pages.

The design community has also started to downplay Baron's importance. "Fabien was a Roman candle," says Steven Heller, art director of *The New York Times Book Review* and editor of the *AIGA Journal of Graphic Design,* a scholarly design publication. "He developed a popular graph-

Harper's
BAZAAR
Enter the Era of Elegance

Above: Baron's first *Bazaar*; below, his cK one bottle.

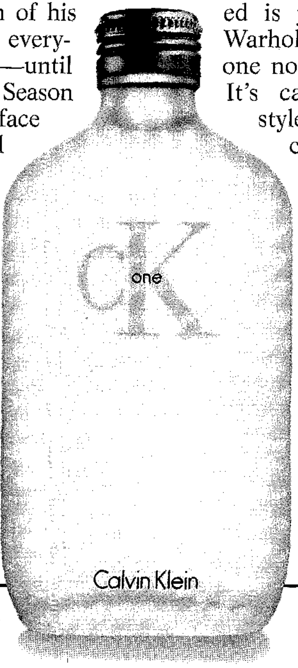
ic style that got old quickly. He's not necessarily a great designer. He had one note that he played very loudly. There's a lesson here: You're bound to get fucked if you're flavor of the month."

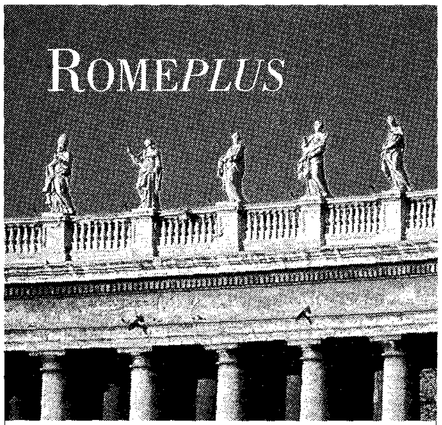
Baron bites his lower lip when he hears this. We are seated in the conference room of the Deborah Berke–designed 57th Street headquarters of Baron & Baron. Aside from the Bauhaus table and chairs, the room's only furnishing is a freestanding industrial shelf used to display fragrance bottles he designed for Calvin Klein and Issey Miyake. Baron himself has cultivated a sort of well-heeled-grunge-boy look: A two-day growth sprouts from his jowls. He is dressed in faded Levi's corduroys, a rumpled shirt, and Doc Martens. A stainless-steel Rolex is strapped to his wrist. " 'One note played very loudly,' " says Baron indignantly. "That could be said of anyone. You could recognize a Picasso, couldn't you?" he says. Baron is fond of fine-art analogies. He has been known to compare Baron & Baron to the school of French Impressionism. "Yes, you need a structure, something you believe in; I like things that are clean, direct, sophisticated. But the style is constantly changing. That's the role of a fashion magazine: to adapt to emerging fashion trends. Since '92, I've changed *Bazaar* six times."

To illustrate his point, he thumbs through two bulging ring binders filled with transparencies—four years' worth of *Harper's Bazaar* editorial. As he flips pages, the typefaces change with the clothes, and he provides a running commentary on the evolution of his aesthetic. At first glance, everything looks the same—until Baron dissects the layouts. Season to season, the typeface changes from Didot to Gill to Helvetica Ultra Light to a custom font he can't recall the name of but describes as "a cross between Franklin Gothic and Akzidenz Grotesk." The type's color, size, and composition are also manipulated, as are the photographs, including the way they are printed and cropped. He stares fondly at an anorexic sans serif type. "I used this in *Bazaar* two years ago. Now it's in every Gap ad. When people catch up, I change." His attitude about being so widely imitated is reasonably graceful, if a bit predictable. "I'm flattered if people steal things from *Bazaar*," he says. "That means they have value."

He sighs when asked if he is still working at *Bazaar*. "I'm sick and tired of people calling me and saying, 'So you're not at *Bazaar* anymore.' This began when Paul Cavaco [*Bazaar*'s former fashion director] went to *Vogue*. All of a sudden, people were saying, 'Fabien's leaving *Bazaar*, too.' It's not true. I'm still there." Baron insists he has no intention of leaving. He doesn't feel as though he's taken publishing and print advertising as far as he can go, and insists he's not bored. "I love what I do," he says. "Fashion clients are fun to work with." He does coyly acknowledge that there might very well be an expansion of the Baron & Baron design empire. Is there a line of furniture in the future? "Maybe." A movie? "Not yet." Clothing? "Things are in the works. I have to be discreet."

Whether or not Baron's style is on the road to obsolescence is still very much up in the air. "Like an architect or a great artist, the best graphic designers create a style over a period of time," says Ellen Lupton, the curator of the Cooper-Hewitt show. "Fabien's style has a coherence and a consistency to it. Even in fashion, this should be considered a sign of strength." Adds the photographer Timothy Greenfield-Sanders, "Anybody that thinks Fabien is overrated is jealous. Look at Pollock, Warhol, or Basquiat. They all had one note that they played loudly. It's called having a signature style." But Peter Hall, the associate editor of *I.D.*, a respected trade magazine, has a slightly less optimistic view. "When the next great book about art directors is written," he says, "Fabien will be included, but he'll have a smaller entry than one might expect. Neville Brody [*The Face*], David Carson [*Ray Gun*], and Fred Woodward [*Rolling Stone*] will all merit more space. Fabien will be a footnote." ■





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THE CULTURE BUSINESS CHRISTOPHER MASON

Christie's Jewel Heist

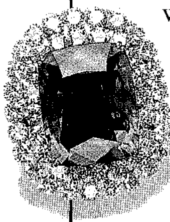
Sotheby's Prince Dimitri diligently wooed Mouna Al-Ayoub and thought he'd closed a deal for her jewels. So why did the Saudi Social Cyclone jilt him for the rival house?

Mouna Al-Ayoub and Prince Dimitri at *Vanity Fair*'s Oscar party: "People don't understand that Mouna's been cooped up for years in a restrictive Muslim society," says Mary McFadden.

PRESSING AN AWESOME number of surgically perfected noses to the glass, prominent New York socialites and a handful of heretical Sotheby's employees crowded into the jewelry department of Christie's on October 16, inspecting cases filled with jewels worth tens of millions of dollars.

Lured to Christie's to celebrate the launch of *Kenneth Jay Lane: Faking It,* co-authored by the socially irresistible king of costume jewelry, the bejeweled throng could not fail to notice sparkling items from its upcoming sale, "Magnificent Jewels." But the baubles eliciting the wildest responses, including scowls of indignation from the Sotheby's crowd, were those being sold by Mouna Al-Ayoub, the fun-loving siren known among the gilded set in New York and Paris as the Saudi Social Cyclone who was divorced earlier this year from Saudi construction billionaire Nasser Al-Rashid.

Estimated at $8–$10 million, the Al-Ayoub jewelry consigned to Christie's represents only a fraction of her vast collection, judged to be worth in excess of $100 million. And while the pieces on view were labeled anonymously as "Highlights from 'Superb Jewels From a Private Collection' to be sold in Geneva on November 19," few of those admiring them were in any doubt as to whom they belonged. One item in particular, a giant diamond ring designed by Harry Winston estimated at $750,000–$1 million, was being tried on for size like Cinderella's fabled slipper at a convention of stepsisters.



But why all the fuss? Simply because these particular jewels have been the subject of a furor for the past few weeks since the gossip burst forth that having consigned them to Sotheby's through her great friend Prince Dimitri of Yugoslavia (a jewelry expert at Sotheby's), Al-Ayoub had tricked him into returning them, only to entrust them instead to Christie's.

Worse, according to sources at Sotheby's, the jewels had been photographed and categorized at considerable cost in preparation for a now-useless catalogue. Asked to confirm reports that Al-Ayoub has refused to pay $100,000 in Sotheby's expenses previously agreed to in a signed contract that allowed her to withdraw her collection by July 21, Diana Phillips, the auction house's senior vice-president of public relations, declined to comment.

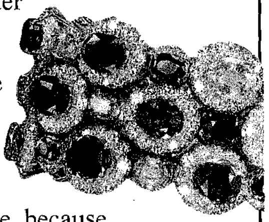
"I'm extremely upset it's turned out this way," says Sotheby's president and CEO Dede Brooks. "We acted in good faith all along and spent a great deal of time and effort to make that sale a success."

Mouna Al-Ayoub sounds mystified by the clatter of outrage being voiced by her erstwhile friends in New York. "I had no idea that the competition between Sotheby's and Christie's was so intense," she says, calling from Paris. "But I don't understand why it's such a scandal."

Described as good-natured, funny, and impulsively generous by her American friends, including some who have now turned against her, Al-Ayoub is clearly having trouble adjusting to her new freedom. "People don't understand that Mouna's been cooped up for years in a restrictive Islamic society," says Mary McFadden, who stayed with Al-Ayoub in Saudia Arabia. "It's tough for her because I think she's still rebelling against her former life and she doesn't understand how it all works here. But I think she may be the forerunner for a lot of Muslim women."

CURIOUSLY EMBLEMATIC OF WHAT HAS become a fierce rivalry between the two auction houses, the current brouhaha also illustrates the delicate and potentially treacherous commingling of business and social loyalties that is an essential ingredient in the life of a modern auction house. "What it often boils down to is personalities," says François Curiel, the head of Christie's jewelry department, who persuaded Al-Ayoub to make the switch. "Since we decided to fix and publish our commission rates last year, which Sotheby's copied, our rates are virtually identical. What counts are client relations, reputation, trust, and marketing."

Ralph Esmerian, a well-known precious-stones dealer, puts it succinctly: "It's really about charisma," he says. "The expertise is just about the same at both places, but Sotheby's has always been much better at merchandising." However, he adds, "there are a few exceptional people at Christie's, and François Curiel is right up there because he's knowledgeable, charming, and has an intelligent grasp of the market."



The particular reason for rejoicing at Christie's this month is that a perceived

Photographs: top, Peter Beard; bottom, courtesy of Christie's, New York.

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preeminence in jewelry has come to be considered crucial to both houses. "Single-owner sales of jewelry have a particular glamour," says Meredith Etherington-Smith, group marketing director for Christie's worldwide, "because in terms of revenue and prestige, jewelry is second only to imps and mods" (the trade name for Impressionist and modern art).

Another consideration, says Curiel, is the expanding market for jewelry. "Old Masters and Impressionists get bought up by museums, where they tend to stay put," he says. "But jewelry changes hands more often. The worldwide demand is now phenomenal, particularly in Asia. And it's not like the supply is drying up."

But how did he succeed in inspiring Mouna to desert her friends at Sotheby's? "I saw pictures of Ms. Al-Ayoub in French *Vogue* wearing incredible jewels," says Curiel, "and I heard she was talking to our competitors about a sale. So I approached her and asked why she had not come to us. And she replied that she simply didn't know anyone at Christie's. So I was happy to tell her that we are currently ahead of Sotheby's in jewelry." (Global sales for jewelry last year were $266 million at Christie's and a more modest $254 at Sotheby's. In terms of overall sales, however, Sotheby's brought in $1.66 billion compared with $1.47 billion at Christie's.) "Also," adds Curiel, "I think Mouna was surprised when I pointed out that Princess Selima Aga Khan, who also is known to have many friends at Sotheby's, chose to sell her jewelry with us last year."

Helmut Newton

Helmut Newton's shots of Al-Ayoub in French *Vogue* started the fuss.

John Block, head of the department at Sotheby's that lost the Al-Ayoub and Aga Khan sales, sounds understandably irked when asked to comment on the Al-Ayoub sale. "Obviously they think they can crow a bit," he says. "But one or two sales do not a record or a pattern make. Naturally, we were a little surprised, because it was Mouna who approached us in the first place. But don't forget: Most of the monumental sales of the past ten years have been at Sotheby's. I'm proud of our record."

"I don't know where she sprang from," says Sotheby's chairman Al Taubman, referring to Al-Ayoub. "But she certainly disrupted our place, I can tell you that. I just feel bad for Dimitri because he does a great job and he worked hard on it. But the business? We can live without it."

Ralph Esmerian, a dealer in precious stones with offices at Rockefeller Center, puts it in perspective: "Winning this kind of single-owner collection is a great coup for Christie's," he says, "because they've been the losers for a long, long time."

What persuaded her to switch? "It was purely a business decision," she says, "but I'd rather not discuss it. All I can say is that I read the advertising and marketing proposal that François Curiel gave me and I was very impressed. And my financial advisers and lawyers agreed."

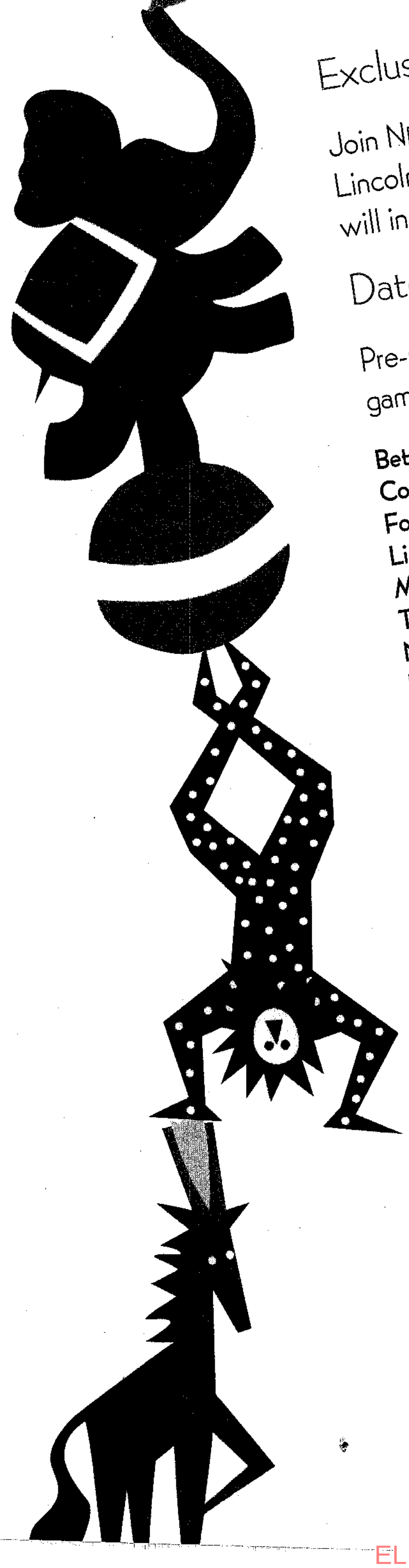
Among Curiel's enticements, she says, were offers of presale exhibitions and receptions in Paris, Antwerp, New York, Zurich, and Hong Kong, to which major collectors have been invited; the use of part of her collection to launch "Christie's Art," the company's new global advertising campaign; a hard-bound catalogue distributed to 11,000 Christie's clients (as opposed to the usual 5,000); and an exhibition in Geneva four days before the sale with showcases and stands specially designed for the collection.

Since it is not unusual for prospective auction clients to solicit competing bids, why did she not call her friend Prince Dimitri to see if Sotheby's intended to match Christie's offer? "To be honest, I had made my decision and that was that," says Al-Ayoub. "But I didn't want to be the one to bring the bad news. I don't have anything against Dimitri, the Taubman's, or Sotheby's, but I have to admit I was a little scared to call them."

Instructed by Sotheby's not to comment publicly, Prince Dimitri is said to be attempting to stifle his rage. "It's not the loss of business that infuriates him," says a friend. "It's that she lied. She told him she had to cancel the sale at Sotheby's because her ex-husband was threatening to forbid her access to her five kids if she sold her jewelry at auction. Dimitri's a decent guy, so he went along with it. But when he saw

(continued on page 126)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS



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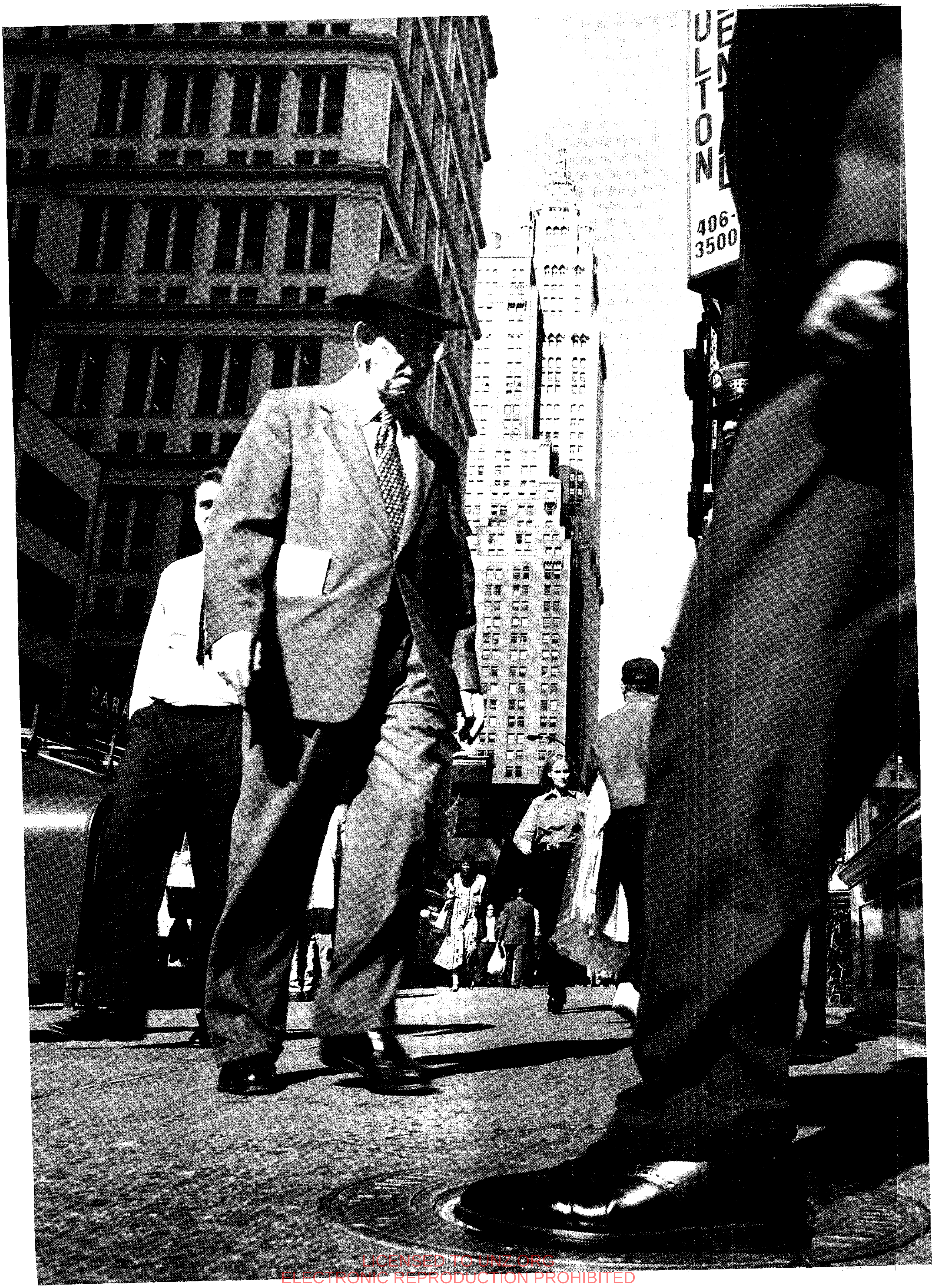
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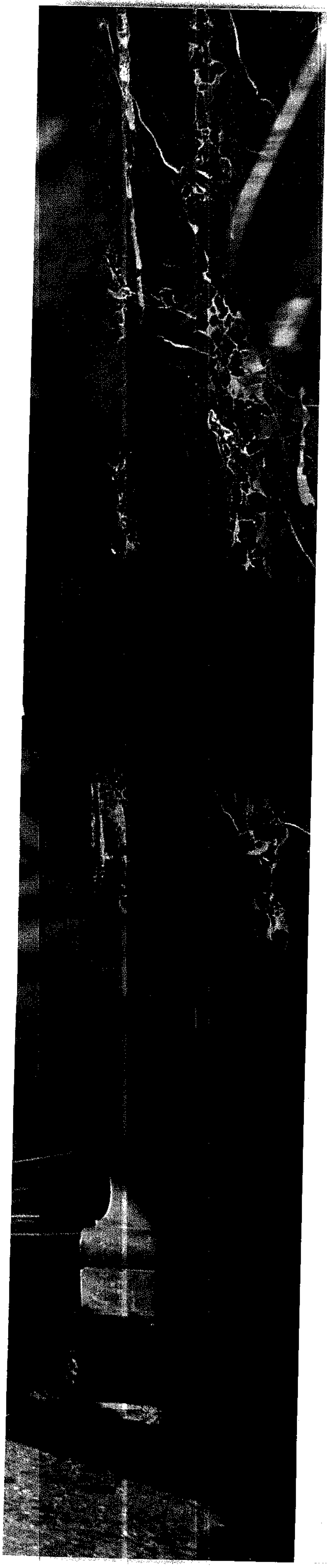


WALL STREET WONDERLAND

THE CITY'S LONELY FINANCIAL ZONE IS POISED TO BECOME A RESIDENTIAL MECCA—THAT IS, IF ANYONE ACTUALLY WANTS TO LIVE THERE.

BY ALEX WILLIAMS PHOTOGRAPHED BY KRISTINE LARSEN

TONY GOLDMAN, IN HIS AIRY LOFT OFFICE IN SOHO, IS ONLY HOURS BACK FROM MIAMI, BUT ANY lingering sunniness has faded. He's reverted to his customary New York–manic mode. Asked to detail his plans for Wall Street on a small map, he instead starts wildly sketching the future. ■ "I was just on a plane," he says, "and these women behind me, real quintessential tourists, were talking about the things that they were *absolutely going to do in New York.* They were going to go see a Broadway show, then they were going to the World Trade Center"—he marks the spot with his pencil—"the Statue of Liberty"—he moves the pencil—"and the South Street Seaport." Goldman completes his cartographic triangulation of the one-square-mile tip of Manhattan. "The numbers are in the millions that come down here," he says. Then he scribbles a huge, violent circle inside the triangle: "But nobody comes in *here.*" ■ That is starting to change. The long-depressed financial district is attracting the beginnings of a sooner-style land rush. Prior to 1992, some 1,800 apartments and lofts were converted in the district. This year alone, there will be 1,000 housing starts there, most of them carved out of the dozens of hulking office buildings left empty after the 1987 crash and rendered useless by the ongoing tectonic shifts in the American economy. But the abandoned offices—there are some 35 ten-story-or-more buildings more than a third vacant—may soon be brimming with new life. Last year, estimates were for 3,000 units to be converted over the coming seven years. The current figure is 7,000.

In this heady new atmosphere, even totems of Wall Street commerce are not sacred. One developer says he's received "feelers" about converting the 1913 Woolworth Building, the world's tallest skyscraper until 1929 and still the company's headquarters. The New York Stock Exchange itself may be looking for a new home, almost certainly downtown, which would leave the old one enticingly empty. And real-estate dreamers like to mention that, hey, the Port Authority is always willing to unload the World Trade Center.

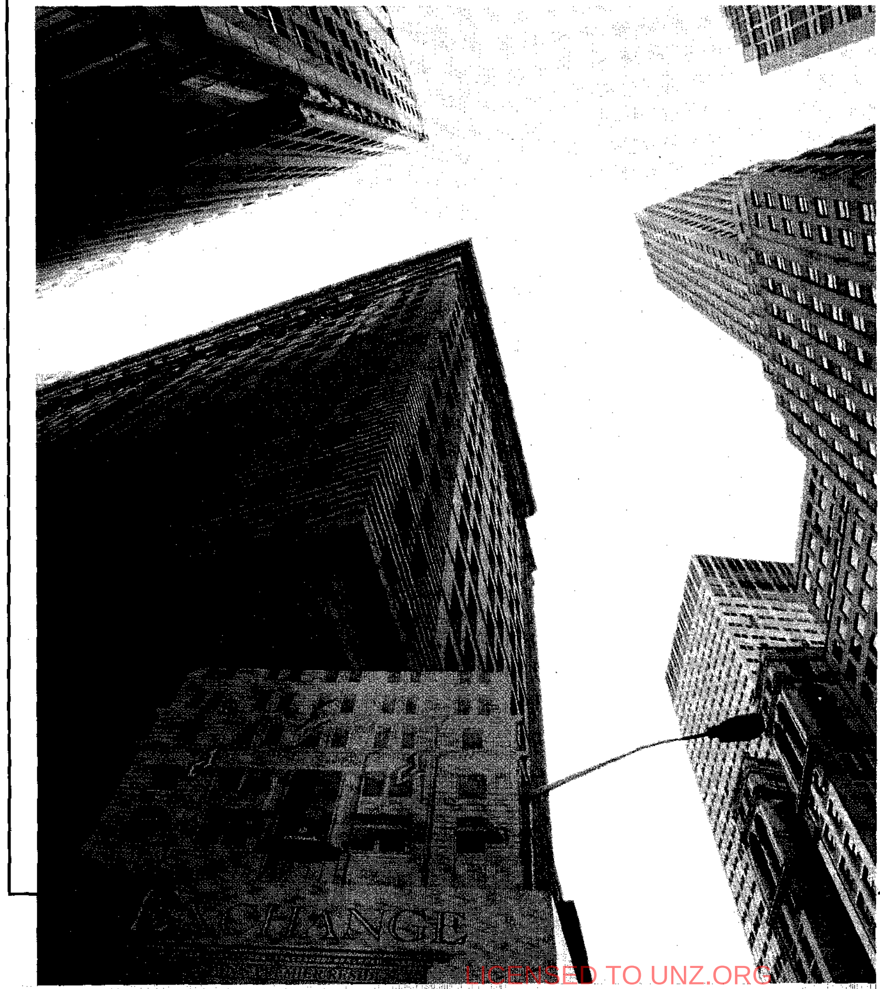
Of course, it is the nature of any New York neighborhood to evolve, and therefore unsurprising when a SoHo or a Williamsburg continues to molt. But gentrification typically goes slowly, haltingly, as it stumbles over poverty, zoning, and bumptious community boards.

The financial district, by contrast, is a slate wiped more or less clean. "You're not kicking out anyone, and there's no constituency of entrenched residents who, no matter what you want to do, even if it was good for them, don't want any change," says Tom Elghanayan of Rockrose Development, which has three buildings in the area.

The district is usually empty after dark, anyway. And since the stock-market crash, fewer people come during the day as well (375,000 now, down from 475,000 ten years ago). In the past decade, companies like Bear Stearns and Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette decamped uptown, and firms like First Chicago crossed the river to Jersey City. Drexel Burnham Lambert's spectacular collapse emptied 55 Broad. Even quintessentially "downtown" law firms, like the white-shoe Davis Polk & Wardwell and Cravath, Swaine & Moore, have moved to midtown. By 1994, there was a staggering 25 million square feet of empty office space in the neighborhood, enough to house all of, say, Hicksville.

A consensus had formed, meanwhile, that the lovely Gothic skyscrapers that symbolized the boom years of the twenties had grown too cramped for a self-respecting Information Age corporation. Carl Weisbrod, president of the Alliance for Downtown New York, the area's business-improvement district, says the area had been experiencing problems for decades: "For many years, downtown would not bounce up as much in city recoveries and would decline further in city declines."

Last year, the Giuliani administration crafted something called the Lower

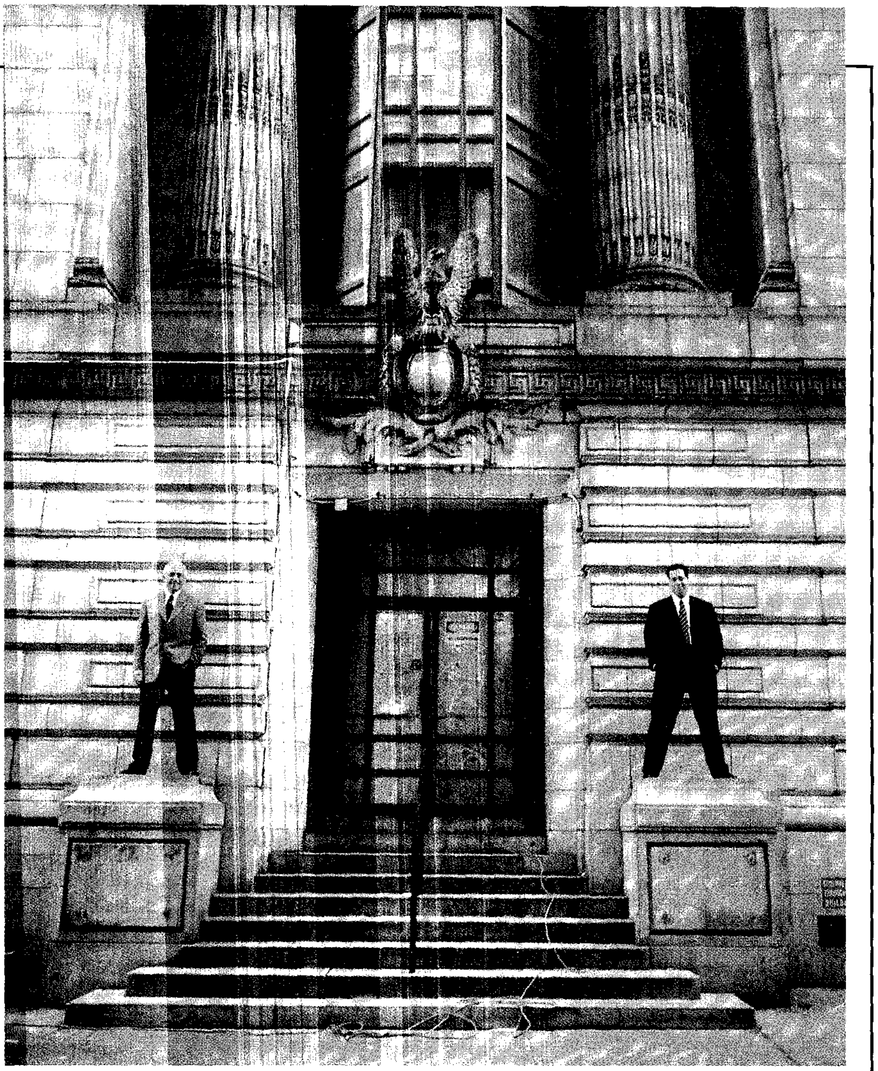


SKYSCRAPING

TO BE COMPLETED NEXT SPRING, 25 BROAD STREET IS PUSHING 345 RENTAL UNITS AND INSTANT CACHET.

GOLDMAN'S TREASURE

DEVELOPER TONY GOLDMAN (LEFT) WITH SON AND PARTNER JOEY IN FRONT OF 70 BROAD STREET.



Manhattan Revitalization Plan, a package of tax incentives to promote residential conversions that was signed by Governor George Pataki last October. As one developer put it, "The Giuliani tax-abatement deal brought the numbers for conversions from marginal profitability to low-acceptable profitability."

That apparently was sufficient. By summer, scaffolding was sprouting at three buildings within blocks of the New York Stock Exchange. Developers you've heard of were making bold deals. Perennial candidate Abe Hirschfeld bought 25 Broad—former home to PaineWebber—for $5 million with a partner (the partner bought him out a few months later). Donald Trump secured two buildings: 40 Wall Street—which lost out to the Chrysler Building in a race to be the world's tallest in 1929—and, later, 55 Wall (the old Merchants' Exchange).

Many developers you haven't heard of are beavering away as well. Of the 200-odd ten-story-plus buildings in the financial district, more than twenty are currently slated for conversion. Some are vintage, like 25 Broad, an Italian Renaissance–style, 21-story building from 1896, just down the street from the stock exchange. Some are dreary late-period International Style, like Rockrose's 127 John, a steel-and-glass monolith from 1971 that will house 558 rental units. "We'll take our lofts into the sky," Goldman says grandiosely. "In TriBeCa, in SoHo, you're dealing with buildings that are, in most cases, not higher than six-seven-eight stories at tops. You don't have the Fifth Avenue views with a loft space."

The rehab approach is worlds away from the kind of corporate-style urban renewal that led to the demolition of the great Beaux-Arts Singer Tower in 1970 to make way for U.S. Steel's oppressively nondescript One Liberty Plaza. The goal this time around is much more organic—preservation of character being a primary goal—but in its quiet way, it's even more far-reaching. Preservationists, good-government types, techies—and the free market—are working together to do nothing less than turn this skyscraper national park into a 24-hour urban "village" that breaks down the geographic and psychic space between commerce, recreation, and daily life. The working model of Tomorrowland Wall Street is a hot-wired urban hive—dense, frenetic, whirring with synergies, a critical mass of art, industry, and communications. Certainly, some serious retrofitting was afoot when developer Francis Greenburger leased out the august Delmonico's restaurant space to a brewpub (it opens next month).

"[The new] Wall Street is the totally wired urban village," says the normally phlegmatic William Rudin of Rudin Management Company, which owns five large buildings in the area. "It's what I call the adaptive reuse of facilities that you would have considered obsolete. It's repositioning lower Manhattan for the twenty-first century."

Or at least opening up some really cool one-bedrooms.

ANY PSYCHOLOGIST WILL TELL YOU THAT A function of fantasy is to overcome fear. And today's New Yorker is simply terrified about tomorrow's real-estate market, not to mention today's. "The rental market in New York City is extremely tight," says Elghanayan of Rockrose Development. "There's been virtually no production for the last five years—4,000 apartments one year, 3,000 the next. That's nothing. New York City *loses* far more apartments than that each year just to abandonment and demolition."

No wonder, then, that in an era of $1,800-a-month one-bedrooms on Avenue A, people become feverish at the prospect of this Emerald City flush with (relatively) affordable housing. "There was 30 million square feet of vacant space downtown," says Elghanayan. "At least half of that can never be returned to the office market, it's just so obsolete. That's 15 million square feet that potentially can be converted. Take an

"IT WILL BE A TOTALLY WIRED URBAN VILLAGE," SAYS RUDIN. "WE'RE REPOSITIONING LOWER MANHATTAN FOR THE 21ST CENTURY."

average of 1,000 square feet per apartment, which is a high average. That's 15,000 new apartments, 45,000 people. Anywhere else in the world, that would be a whole city."

Whether any of this will actually happen remains an open question. Actual people will first have to plunk down actual, you know, *money*. "There's a major buzz about Wall Street," says Pam Liebman, a managing partner at the Corcoran Group. "But I can't tell you how much of the hype is warranted, because it has yet to be tested. We have more inquiries from people looking to buy buildings and develop them than we do from people calling and saying, 'Hey, I'd love to live down in the hot new Wall Street area; when do you think I can get an apartment down there?' "

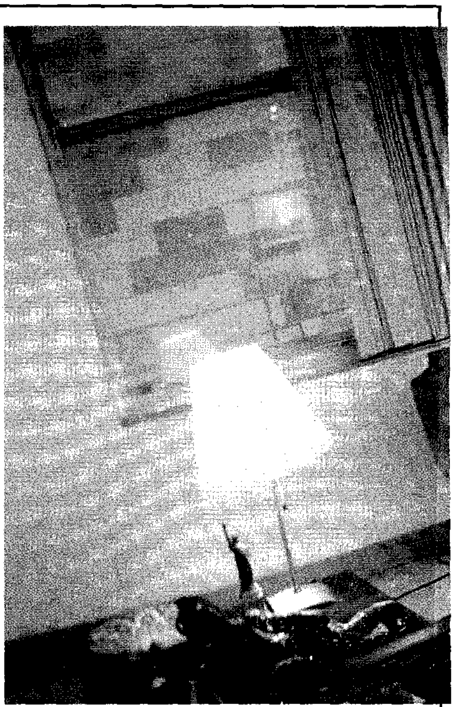
One unwitting test case is Molly Roberts, a 23-year-old paralegal at a downtown firm who recently went apartment-hunting in the area. Answering ads for spacious TriBeCa lofts—she was looking for a place to share with three friends—she was amazed at how many in fact were in greater Wall Street: "I saw a really, really cute loft-style two-bedroom on Maiden Lane. I really liked it. It had lofty ceilings, big windows across the entire living room—just a really nice feeling. And it was like $1,600 a month. I would have taken it on the spot had it been in almost any other neighborhood."

The financial district, she says, "is really ugly. And scummy. And grimy. And there aren't any grocery stores or things like that. I think it's a hard place to live in. In ten years, it might be really nice."

Undeterred, developers now have about a dozen projects in large buildings in the planning or construction phases. By March, Rockrose will be offering a studio-heavy mix of 445 apartments (some as large as three bedrooms) at 45 Wall Street, the first residences on that street in 150 years. A 600-square-foot studio that rents for $1,800 a month uptown would go for around $1,300 here, Elghanayan says. At 127 John, Rockrose plans to start construction as soon as it secures financing. By spring, Crescent Heights will be offering the first of 345 apartments at "The Exchange," at 25 Broad. As opposed to new buildings on the Upper East Side, where 650-square-foot one-bedrooms go for up to $2,500, 25 Broad will offer 800 square feet starting at $1,600, the firm's president, Bruce Menin, says. At 33 Rector, Goldman plans fourteen loft condos of 2,700 square feet. Both should be on the market within twelve months. At the Delmonico's building, an eight-story gem, ten of the 40 rental apartments available are already occupied. The $1,200 studios have been rented, though one-bedrooms (around $1,800) and two-bedrooms (about $3,500) are still available. At the 23-story 71 Broadway, World-Wide Holdings is planning to make 250 lofts available late next year.

THE COMING TRANSFORMATION of Wall Street is familiar in at least one way—artists are once again the pioneers. One sculptor, Kat Jurati, opened the art gallery Deep Space at the 39-story, steel-and-glass 60 Broad last July. She's lived in a loft on Beaver Street since March. "Every day, people now are going, 'Oh, do you have any space?' " she says. "It's getting really ridiculous. I'm almost tempted to get my real-estate license."

The next wave, the professionals, has only started gaining momentum. That wave, in fact, started (and then stopped) in the seventies, during the first era of corporate abandonment. At the time, the city also passed a plan called J-51 legislation, that granted tax abatements to residential conversions. In 1979, architect and developer Joseph

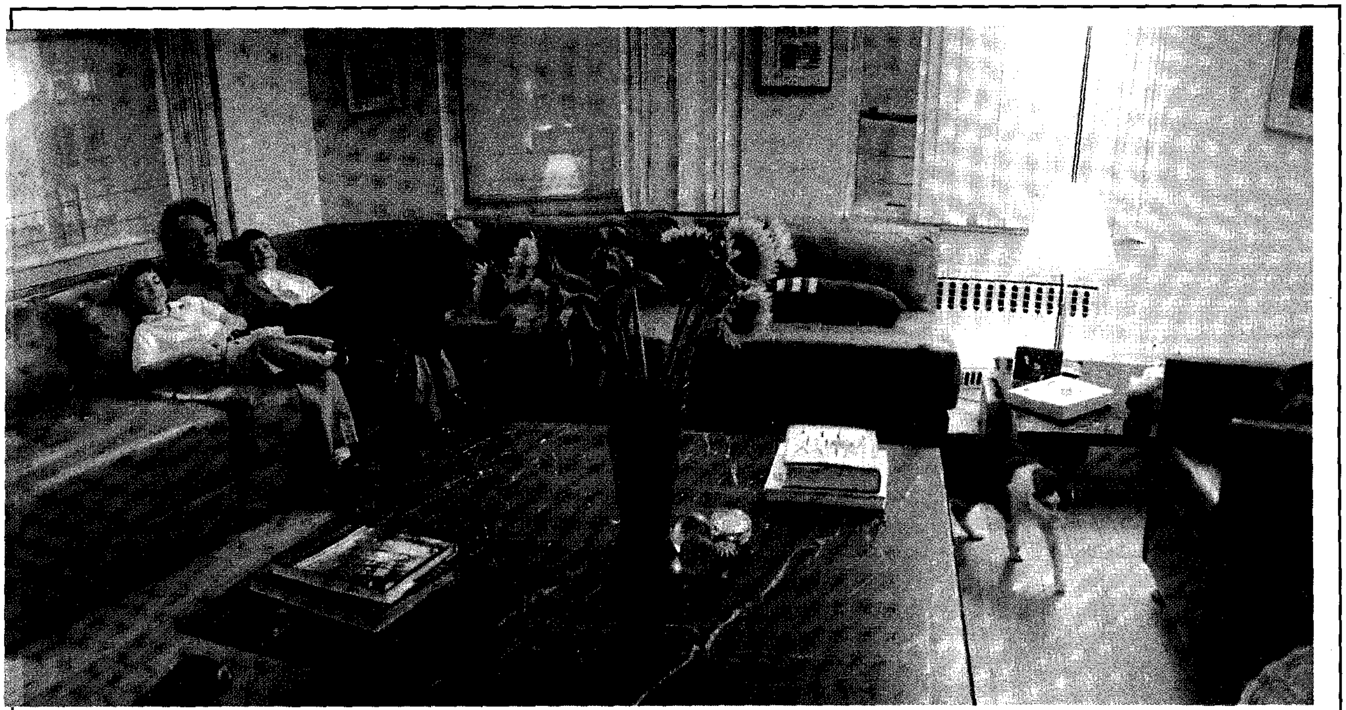


Pell Lombardi bought the white terracotta 55 Liberty, former headquarters of Sinclair Oil, and sold it as raw loft space (keeping for himself Harry Sinclair's paneled boardroom, the birthplace of the Teapot Dome scandal). It was Wall Street's first significant conversion of a prime "antique skyscraper." It might have been the first of many had the stock market not taken off, reinvigorating commercial real-estate prices, replenishing many empty buildings, and deflating the drive for residential conversion. As it is, 55 Liberty remains the neighborhood's best test case of neoclassical-skyscraper living.

"Fifty-five Liberty is awash with young families," says Charles Thanhauser, an architect and father of 9-year-old twin

BEAM ME UP

RUDIN IS LURING HIGH-TECH START-UPS TO 55 BROAD STREET WITH SEXY FEATURES LIKE THIS FULLY DIGITAL UPLINK/DOWNLINK SATELLITE GIZMO.



O, PIONEERS!

CHARLES THANHAUSER WITH TWIN SONS IN HIS NINETEENTH-FLOOR LOFT AT 55 BROAD STREET.

sons who has lived in a loft in the building with his wife, Diana, since 1986. "We have 85 units; there must be 35 kids. I coach soccer and Little League. We use Battery Park City ball fields."

Thanhauser warns that "making [Wall Street into] 84th Street South would be a real missed opportunity. I would love to see a more loftlike approach. That also tends to attract a younger crowd. I think a lot of these [developers] have a vision of young brokers moving in down there. Well, young brokers eventually move to Connecticut. Artistic types need space to do art in."

"THE DAYS YOU COULD FILM COMMERCIALS OF BULLS RUNNING IN THE STREETS AFTER BUSINESS HOURS ARE OVER," JOE ROSE SAYS.

Thanhauser, a representative on the board of the Alliance for Downtown New York, has urged builders to use this rare opportunity to create something distinctive. "There are some absolutely fantastic large spaces, you know, the old banking halls that in terms of a theater, performance, or exhibit venue would just be magnificent," he says. "In the early seventies, SoHo was quiet. It was also the only place you could get a 2,000-square-foot loft. The next wave of things that happened was fascinating. There were small theater groups, alternative-music venues. It was not the mainstream, and so much more interesting for that."

Of course, Wall Street is still an odd candidate to steal suburbanites from Short Hills. The two closest grocery stores are in Battery Park City, an overnight mini-metropolis of 8,000 on the Hudson. Residents of Wall Street routinely complain about the lack of parking and late-night pizza options.

Michael Trenner, a contractor, moved with his wife to another seventies test case, 3 Hanover, in 1979. "It was quiet. There weren't that many people living down here. And I guess I myself am mildly misanthropic," he says. "The negative was that you had to go a long way for groceries. Now there are more greengrocers and places like that."

Although Battery Park City brought video stores and dry cleaners in the mid-eighties, the retail options still tend toward Blimpie's or falafel storefronts, plus the occasional charming anachronism like Fraunces Tavern. Families on the east side of Broadway currently have to send their kids all the way up to Chinatown—a mile from the heart of Wall Street—for public school. The blocks to be served by the new P.S./I.S. 89 in the area, for which ground was recently broken, have yet to be determined. As for shopping, there's Century 21 and little else. Any Wall Street "village" would need more of a . . . *pulse.*

Enter the marketers of pulse. A big, new Borders Books just opened at the World Trade Center. An HMV might be on its way, and even Virgin, accustomed to the Champs-Elysées, is planning a megastore for Wall Street. House of Blues, a harbinger of middlebrow hip, has been scouting the area (it had passed on the Merchants' Exchange just before Trump bought it). Morton's of Chicago steakhouse has opened a second New York location, at 90 West. Tony Goldman will be opening the Wall Street Kitchen and Bar, a tri-level offshoot of his SoHo Kitchen and Bar, at 70 Broad. And finally, the Battery Park City Authority last month approved construction of a ten-screen movie complex for that neighborhood. The very Upper East Sidey Grace's Marketplace has even been talking about a Wall Street outpost. "The [pedestrian] traffic is unbearably beautiful during the day," owner Joseph Doria says.

As Joe Rose, city planning commissioner, says: "The days you could film commercials of bulls running in the streets after business hours are over."

BACK IN SOHO, GOLDMAN BEGINS SCRIBBLING on his map. While some might argue his greatest accomplishment is to have built a 25-property real-estate empire, he has in fact pulled off something even more unlikely. He has sold himself as a human metaphor, as the very personification of *trop*-chic urban rebirth. Goldman used to sport a handlebar mustache and sing jazz at his Greene Street Cafe. In recent years, he's mellowed into a silvery rectitude. His energy, however, remains epic. He is widely considered (or vilified as) the man who made SoHo a shopping paradise. He is also known as the man who resuscitated Miami's South Beach. During the eighties, he developed sixteen properties there, from hotels to parking garages. Wall Street is thus the perfect Goldman project: historical, pedestrian-oriented—and (for now) cheap.

He has already bought eight buildings downtown, including the five-story 70 Broad, which will house his restaurant. He's even got a name for the district. How does Wall Street Village grab you?

To make all this work, Goldman has launched into the reinvention of the Stone Street Historic District. The grime-encrusted Stone Street is a curve of old, empty, low brick buildings snaking among giant office towers. It traces the original shoreline, stretching between Broad Street and Hanover Square. Goldman has bought four buildings there and plans not only an instant West Broadway—full of sidewalk cafés and aesthetically correct shops—but also a new office complex for the film industry.

"WE HAVE AN URBAN OPPORTUNITY HERE THAT IS UNMATCHED IN MY LIFETIME AS A PROFESSIONAL," SAYS GOLDMAN.

"We have an urban opportunity here that is unmatched in my lifetime as a professional in the last 25 to 30 years," Goldman says. "When I came to Soho some twenty years ago, we did not have any of the incentives, we had a flat market, we had a historic district that was underdeveloped and underappreciated."

The talk might sound like hyperbole, but Goldman, at least, has committed some $15 million. On the map before him, Goldman sketches the microdistricts of tomorrow.

"Broad Street is what will be the Madison Avenue of downtown if my colleagues keep the retail upscale. There will be a world of off-price above, in the Maiden Lane–John Street–Fulton Street area. It's going to be the Asian belt. I've tried to communicate that to my Asian brothers and sisters: 'Don't spend stupid money to keep inflating the price in Chinatown. Come down to where Little Hong Kong is really waiting for you.'

"This," he concludes, looking over his creation, "can be the quintessential, *new* New York urban neighborhood, an amalgamation of neighborhoods from New York centered into one: the best of SoHo and TriBeCa in terms of lofts, touches of the Upper East Side, touches of Greenwich Village. You're going to find all of those different sizes, shapes, and cultures mixing into one central environment that happens, by day, to be this boiler chamber of economics that is Wall Street. And then you will have high-technology commercial users, and you will see a whole creative element, which is really my world, of people that are in the film world, in the design world, in the fashion world. You will find them taking spaces in here, living/working or just living."

He pauses to cool down, and smiles at the manic enthusiasm captured in his lead swirls. He jokingly signs his name at the bottom of the now fully marked-up map, like a painter.

I tease him that this will be a historically significant document—that is, if the plans all come to pass.

"It's going to come to pass," he says. "I'm not in the business of not fulfilling my dreams."

He smiles.

"In the vision business, this is a laydown."

LOWER MANHATTAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE city of the future: for the Dutch traders, for the English, for the newly christened Americans who formed the New York exchange under a tree on Wall Street. It was the world's first commercial district to be wired for electricity, and 80 years later, thanks to NYNEX, it's the first one wired with wide-band ISDN lines for Internet traffic.

So it was ironic that the district had come to be considered a necropolis of twentieth-century capitalism, a victim of suburbanization and telecommuting. For many, it is still an article of faith that the future is being designed in the prefab industrial parks growing like fungus in Everytowns like Cupertino, California.

Wall Street's developers are trying to upend this conventional wisdom. To do so, they must foster the kind of new industries that traditionally prosper in an urban setting: advertising, art, writing, television, and finance. The urban-village ideal, in essence, is a huge bet on the assumption that physical space, not cyberspace, remains crucial to doing cutting-edge business. If the city is still the brain of

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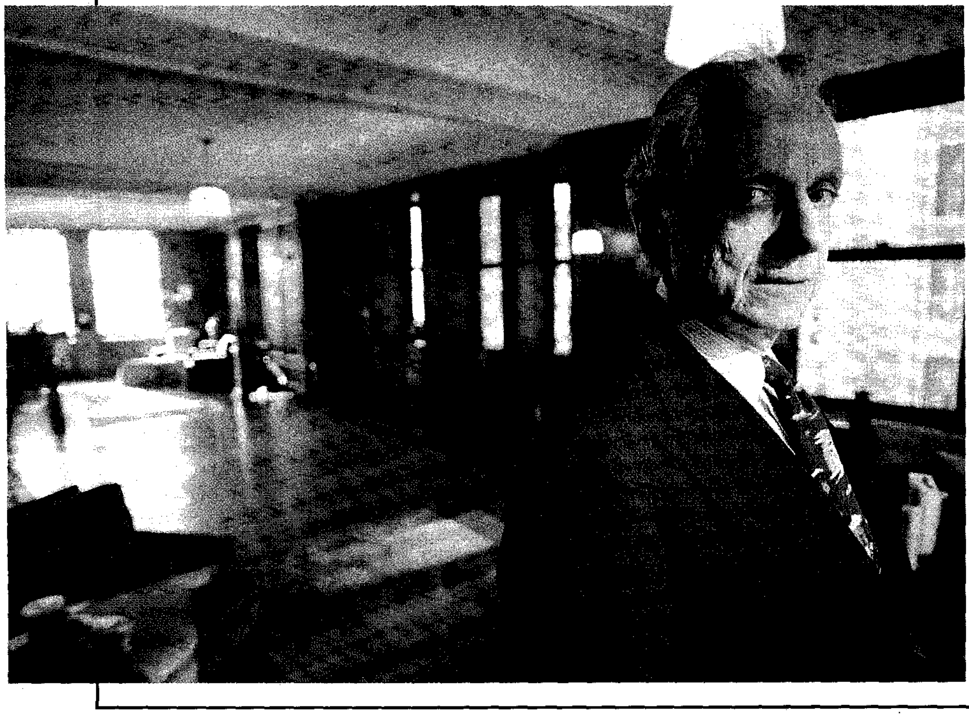

NEO-BARONIAL

DEVELOPER-ARCHITECT JOSEPH PELL LOMBARDI IN THE OLD SINCLAIR OIL BOARDROOM AT 55 LIBERTY STREET.

2.2 Million

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Gossip Queens

Cindy Adams and **George Wayne** on sliming celebrities, ogling Kennedys, sucking up to dictators, and clawing your way to the top. Only in New York, kids...

BY MAER ROSHAN

Cindy Adams, THE DISTINGUISHED GOSSIP columnist and onetime Miss Bagel, was born and raised in Manhattan. When she was 16, she met the comedian Joey Adams at the Capital Theater and married him soon after. Forty-odd years later, they are still together. Her column has appeared in the New York *Post* since 1981, scoring such scoops as Noriega's last interview from his Panama bunker and Gotti's first interview from Rikers Island. In addition to her regular stint on E!'s *The Gossip Show,* Adams appears on NBC's *Live at Five* and *Geraldo.* Her Rose Kennedy biography, *Iron Rose,* was published last year.

Gossipeuse **George Wayne,** 34, was born on the island of Jamaica and moved to New York in 1986. A card-carrying member of the downtown demimonde, he writes a gossip column for *Hamptons* magazine and conducts acidic celebrity interviews every month at *Vanity Fair.* Wayne's photocopied fanzine, *R.O.M.E.,* won notoriety after Claudia Schiffer sued him for running topless photos of her taken at a fashion show. In addition to making an aborted appearance on *Central Park West,* Wayne appears on television in ads for Calvin Klein's cK one. His opus, *Male Supermodels,* was published this year. *New York*'s **Maer Roshan** took the two to high tea at the Plaza's Palm Court.

George Wayne: I feel like we're doing a cheap remake of *The First Wives Club.*

Maer Roshan: *Which one would you be?*

G.W.: I don't know, the fabulous one. Goldie.

Cindy Adams: Well, I don't know about being a first wife . . . because I've been married so long, my dear . . .

G.W.: Of the many things to your credit, Cindy—your husband never left you for a younger woman. You've got to give these old gals credit. I mean, Cindy, from the *Brontosaurus era* . . .

C.A.: Oh! So you're going to start off being vicious? We're not going to work up to it?

Cindy, feel free to give as good as you get.

C.A.: Do you know, George, I have been married so long, my marriage certificate is a stone tablet?

G.W.: I believe it, honey, and that's great. You and Joey have genuine love, I feel. I *feel* it. I myself am loveless, sad to say.

One of the reasons I got you together is that you both seem so over-the-top; you both have these images that are so quintessentially New York. Has it taken a long time for you to cultivate these images?

C.A.: When it comes down to it, I am what I am—a smart-ass with an acid point of view. But I don't harm anybody. I amuse; I don't abuse. Sometimes I play things up a bit. Like George here *plays* at being outrageous.

G.W.: But I'm not *really* outrageous.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEN SHUNG
FOR *NEW YORK*

C.A.: Yes, you are. And you want to be. And you're good at it. I don't know who the *real* George Wayne is, but you play "George Wayne" very well.

G.W.: The real George Wayne is what you see!

C.A.: He couldn't be *that* bad, sweetheart [*laughs*].

And the real Cindy Adams . . . ?

C.A.: Well, there is a part of me that is what you see. But then there's the part that George is joking about. I'm an older woman. I'm married to one man. I take care of my mother, I take care of my husband. My husband is a little senior now, but he took care of me, and now it's my turn to take care of him. Underneath this drag, I'm a very traditional woman.

G.W.: Exactly. I like to say that I am twisted but not demented. I don't spew any kind of vicious venom or bile. Yeah, people think I'm a bitch. But I don't think I'm that bitchy. I think I'm a nice person. I'm very sensitive and . . .

C.A.: Listen to Sister Teresa here. I'm getting diabetes listening to you. Let's put it this way. Neither of us could survive in Terre Haute, Indiana. We're both New Yorkers, after all.

You've never lived anywhere else?

C.A.: No. I've *been* everywhere. I've been to Megalopovitz, Uzbekistan, to the Congo, everything. The only thing I ever missed is Uruguay, and really, who gives a shit?

G.W.: Uruguay's where I met your friend Dewi Sukarno for the first time. That vicious woman! She and Gina Lollobrigida were so mean. They kept following around Catherine Deneuve and pointing at her and telling everyone she was wearing fake jewels. But really, nobody was paying them any mind. They were evil. She's *Catherine Deneuve,* Gina. I mean, Gina may have slept with Juan Peron, but . . .

C.A.: [*Laughs*] Well, she hasn't lately. Gina said, "Juan Peron would turn over in his grave if he knew Madonna was playing Evita, because Madonna would not have been his type." Though from what I remember, *anybody* was his type.

Do you think it's possible to be friends with the people you cover? Is Donald Trump a friend or a source?

C.A.: He was a friend to me *before* I had the column. Donald couldn't be a friend to me now, because he gets mad at me if I ever say anything wrong! But that's the way it works.

G.W.: Be a real friend, Cindy, and tell Donald to do something about the carpet in this hotel. I mean, it's *filthy.*

C.A.: [*Pointedly ignoring him*] The best example is Bess Myerson. Look, when Bess Myerson was in trouble and possibly going to jail, she was in my kitchen taking potluck. Almost every night when the *Post,* my own paper, would call and say, "We're desperate for her; can you tell us where she is?" . . . I didn't lie. I said, "No, I can't." I didn't say I didn't *know* where she was. I said, "No, I can't." She was sitting in my kitchen, having dinner with us. And I would never have given her up, because friends are friends first.

G.W.: I think there has to be some loyalty. You might know oodles of dirt on someone, but it's hard to find a friend . . .

C.A.: Do you know what the problem with gossip is now? If you're a young kid starting out now and you have to impress the editor, you go out and take a stone and throw it at the nearest greenhouse. I don't have to do that racket, and George doesn't, either. I've rarely lost a friend, and I *never* lost an enemy. If you're not nice to me, I'm going to remember it into your next life. If you harm somebody in my family or you lie, then you better watch out.

What do you do if you really hurt somebody?

G.W.: If I felt I'd *really* hurt them, I'd write a note and apologize.

Have you done that?

G.W.: Never [*laughs*].

Claudia Schiffer didn't warrant a note?

G.W.: Don't even talk to me about that *fraulein,* Fraulein Schiffer. I mean, all I did was run a picture of her. But I didn't set out to have a lawsuit from Claudia Schiffer.

GEORGE WAYNE (LEFT) AND CINDY ADAMS: JUST A COUPLA GOSSIPS SITTING AROUND TALKING.

What ever happened with that?

G.W.: Oh, we settled out of court. I just sent her the negatives and promised I'd never publish another picture of her in my magazine.

Not even clothed?

G.W.: Nothing. Nothing—no pictures of her *ever.* Which I was quite willing to agree to. I wouldn't ever print another picture of her in my magazine anyway! She really expected that I would be ostracized from all the shows and everything. Which never happened, of course. But it was all so ridiculous.

C.A.: I guess you do what you're comfortable with. I myself am not comfortable outing somebody, for instance. I have a furry little animal that runs around in my gizzard if I'm ever on the line—

I'm trying to imagine that.

C.A.: —if I am going to do something against my conscience. Listen, if Donald Trump cheated on Ivana, that's *his* business. I am not going to break it. I just don't feel comfortable.

You obviously don't have any furry animals in your gizzard, George . . .

G.W.: I don't. Sex is a matter dear to my heart. I think about sex all the time, probably because I don't get enough.

C.A.: Welcome to the club, honey.

G.W.: Let's take [that menacing, middle-aged actor]. Now, I have it on very good authority from a few people who work at trendy hotels and bars that he's been running around hitting on everyone from Mortimer's to the Belmont Lounge. In fact, they had to fire one of the cute boys that open doors at the Royalton because he gave this actor, uh, extra *service.*

At the Royalton? *I thought they'd give you a bonus.*

G.W.: Darling! It's not the seventies anymore.

Who's the most overrated celebrity in New York?

G.W.: Sandra Bullock! She's a little mouse. Too plain. True celebrities must exude an aura. I don't care what anyone says.

C.A.: I don't mind her. Raquel Welch, on the other hand . . .

You have a beef with Raquel?

C.A.: She doesn't like *me.* One day, I was doing an interview with her for some cockamamy video that she had coming out—basically a promo. So she demanded a limo, a driver, a hairdresser, a makeup artist, she wanted Nubian slaves, Vaseline on the lens—a *Navajo blanket* on the lens. I was doing *A Current Affair* and I said, "Honey, our guys are accustomed to photographing *car crashes and dead bodies!*"

G.W.: She'd be perfect.

C.A.: Yeah. But the real problem was when I asked her if she was "difficult." She said, "Why don't you ask somebody I've worked with?" The thing is, the night before, I'd had dinner with Robert Wagner, who never knocks anybody. Nobody! If Hitler came back, he'd say, "He's the best in his line." And he said, "Raquel is a bitch." Just the night *before.* So when she said, "Why don't you ask somebody who's worked with me?" I said, "Robert Wagner said you're a monster." She got up, unclipped her microphone, and stalked off.

G.W.: *Well.* Anybody who would be jealous of her own *daughter,* you know something must be wrong.

What do you think of Carolyn Bessette?

G.W.: I was stunned when he married her. I mean, she's just a party girl! I thought of all the commentary about this wedding, Cindy's was the most succinct. Because you said that he was lonely. He has nobody in his life.

C.A.: His mother is gone. His grandmother is gone. Uncle Bobby is gone. All he's got is Uncle Thud.

You're not a big Ted fan, either, I see.

C.A.: I wouldn't wish him on Ross Perot's speech teachers.

G.W.: Oh, I don't know—Carolyn Bessette's all right. Maybe.

C.A.: Who *would* have been right for him?

George?

G.W.: Oh, my God, don't get me started. You know, I went to Hyannisport one summer. One day, I was let on the compound, and I will never forget that moment. They were having a fundraiser and they invited a friend of mine and I begged to go along. We get this big, fancy white limousine and we pull up at the Kennedy compound, and I jump out—a Negro homosexual in yellow Lilly Pulitzer pants. They didn't know *what* to say. There was John-John on the porch, shirtless, in a pair of shorts, and I was just like, "Oh, my God—thank you, Lord!" Eunice took us on this amazing tour of the house. Pictures everywhere. She was like, "This is the president with Mahatma Gandhi; this is Bobby in Guadalajara." I was touched.

C.A.: I wrote a book on Rose Kennedy, you know. And Jackie and I lived in adjoining buildings for 30 years.Though she didn't talk to me. She considered me one of the scruffy unwashed.

What did you think of Rose?

C.A.: I thought Rose was a tough old broad who made it. She knew her husband was cheating and let it go like so many wives should, because . . . hey, it's easy. You want to stay married, that's the way you do it. Every guy, unless he's a fag, a pig, or a monk, is going to cheat.

G.W.: A *fag?!!!*

C.A.: Yes.

G.W.: Cindy, that's derogatory!

C.A.: I know.

G.W.: Say "homosexual."

C.A.: What's the difference? Don't *you* say the word? I just did that to aggravate you. What's the difference. I'm sick of having to be politically correct. I work at the *Post,* remember.

G.W.: I love the *Post.* Especially your feud with Liz Smith.

C.A.: *Feud?* What feud? I've known Liz a thousand years. When Liz was coming to the *Post,* it was discussed with me, and I said, "Well, if she *has* to be out there, what's the difference whether she's here or she's there?" It's not like I'm the only columnist in this town.

The rumor is that you threatened to quit if Liz's column wasn't placed in back of yours—which it ultimately was.

C.A.: It always was going to be in back of mine, simply because *I* am the home columnist. This is *my* paper, and she's coming from the syndication. If I had to move to, say, *Newsday,* I would have had to go behind her because that's *her* home paper.

Of all the people you write about, who do you think is the most tiresome?

G.W.: Miss Jenny McCarthy.

C.A.: I never write about her.

G.W.: You probably don't know who she is.

C.A.: She's on MTV. Don't talk down to me, you *pig*! She reminds me of Diana Barrymore of the old days.

G.W.: *Drew* Barrymore, Cindy, darling. *Drew.* Cindy gets her decades confused.

C.A.: Shut up, you little monster.

It's a good thing you're not armed. Speaking of which, Cindy, what's this thing you have for dictators and ex-cons? I mean, George here only goes for ex-cons.

G.W.: Excuse me! What is that supposed to mean?

Does it ever trouble you to be defending people like the Marcoses and Donald Manes?

C.A.: Well, when I started out, they were the only people who would *talk* to me. I was the new kid on the block. Suzy—you should excuse the expression—Aileen Mehle was doing all the society dreck, and Liz was doing Hollywood, and there was no real niche for me. I didn't start off with dictators, just the ex-cons. Because hey, Joey knew them all. In the old days, Joey's friends had white hats. Now they have black hats; they're the villains. But they're my people, from Mrs. Marcos to Sol Wachtler to Stanley Friedman. After a while, it became self-perpetuating. When you went to jail, you called the bail bondsman, your lawyer, and me. . . .

I report on whatever I get my hands on. If it's Manuel Noriega, great. If it's George Wayne, uh, great. The whole world is a stage. I don't have to focus on the actresses. You know, in 1979, when the Shah was at New York University Hospital, dying, his twin sister, Ashraf, called me and said, "His Majesty would like to see you." There were thousands of reporters waiting with cameras on the street, *nobody* could get in, and there I was running up to see the Shah. It was my very very very very first piece for the *Post.* And I've been there ever since.

Do you still talk to Imelda Marcos?

C.A.: I certainly do. She just ran for Congress there. She facing some lawsuits, because they think she mislaid $800 million! [*Laughs.*] She left it in a purse somewhere and can't find it. . . .

How long do you think you're going to do your column, Cindy? Does Joey ever say, "Let's get out of here and get a condo in Boca Raton"?

C.A.: Never. You know, it's more for Joey that I do this than for me, because he was Walter Winchell's brother-in-law. He and Walter Winchell were married to sisters. And Joey always thought this was very glamorous. He loves all this. If it wasn't for Joey, I would stay home and write plays. I'd get up at six, put my hair up in curlers, glop chicken fat on my poor aging face, and read. That's heaven to me.

So, who is the No. 1 gossip columnist in New York?

C.A. and G.W.: *Me!* [*Embarrassed pause.*]

G.W.: Well, okay. It's Miss Cindy Adams. That's the truth. I'd have to say that.

C.A.: And it's a very good thing you did. ■

ALL TOGETHER NOW

What do you do when dozens of the most important female photographers alive get together? Take their picture, of course. By Guy Trebay

‘DEAD HELPS,” MARGARETTA MITCHELL IS SAYING. “Why do you think the official history of women photographers is basically Barbara Morgan and Berenice Abbott?” She adds that the other big plus about dead women photographers is that “you don’t have to deal with the actual woman.” On an early fall evening Mitchell has persuaded 30 actual women to sit for what amounts to a class picture of the (partial) honor roll of twentieth-century women photographers—the survivors, that is. The occasion is the opening of the New York Public Library’s epic survey “A History of Women Photographers,” which opened last week.

“When I heard they were getting a lot of the women together for the opening, it just came out of my mouth,” says Mitchell, whose 1979 show and accompanying book, *Recollections: Ten Women of Photography,* which documented a group of turn-of-the-century pioneers, traveled to seventeen U.S. cities after a hugely successful run at the International Center for Photography. “I said, ‘You’ve got to let me document them.’ There’s an absolute hunger for this information. People don’t last forever, you know.”

PICTURE THIS: PHOTOGRAPHER’S PHOTOGRAPHER MARGARETTA MITCHELL.

But some last a long, long time. Wandering around the library rotunda in a black knit pantsuit is Ruth Bernhard, just in from San Francisco on this, her ninety-first birthday. The tiny, animated Bernhard—whose best-known images are highly tonal nudes that prefigure Robert Mapplethorpe’s explorations by a good 60 years—has no trouble remembering her first camera, an Eastman Kodak 8-by-10 bought in 1929. The $90 it cost was her entire severance from *Delineator* magazine, where she’d worked blowing dust off negatives for photographer Ralph Steiner. “Not very entertaining,” she says. “It was food preparations—you know, onions stuffed with nuts.” Bernhard turned over her money to an acquaintance, and he gave her his camera in exchange. The first image she snapped was of a life preserver.

Grace Robertson started her career in 1948 with a second-hand Leica and a made-up name. “I called myself Dick Muir,” says Robertson, whose aristocratic features seem even more striking on someone of shooting-guard height. “I didn’t think they’d hire a woman for the type of work I wanted to do.” Robertson went on to reclaim her name and to create famous essays on subjects like motherhood and sheep-shearing. Now, in England, Robertson is revered as a Master Photographer. What this mainly means, she stops to explain, “is that people get Brownie points for interviewing me before I’m gone.”

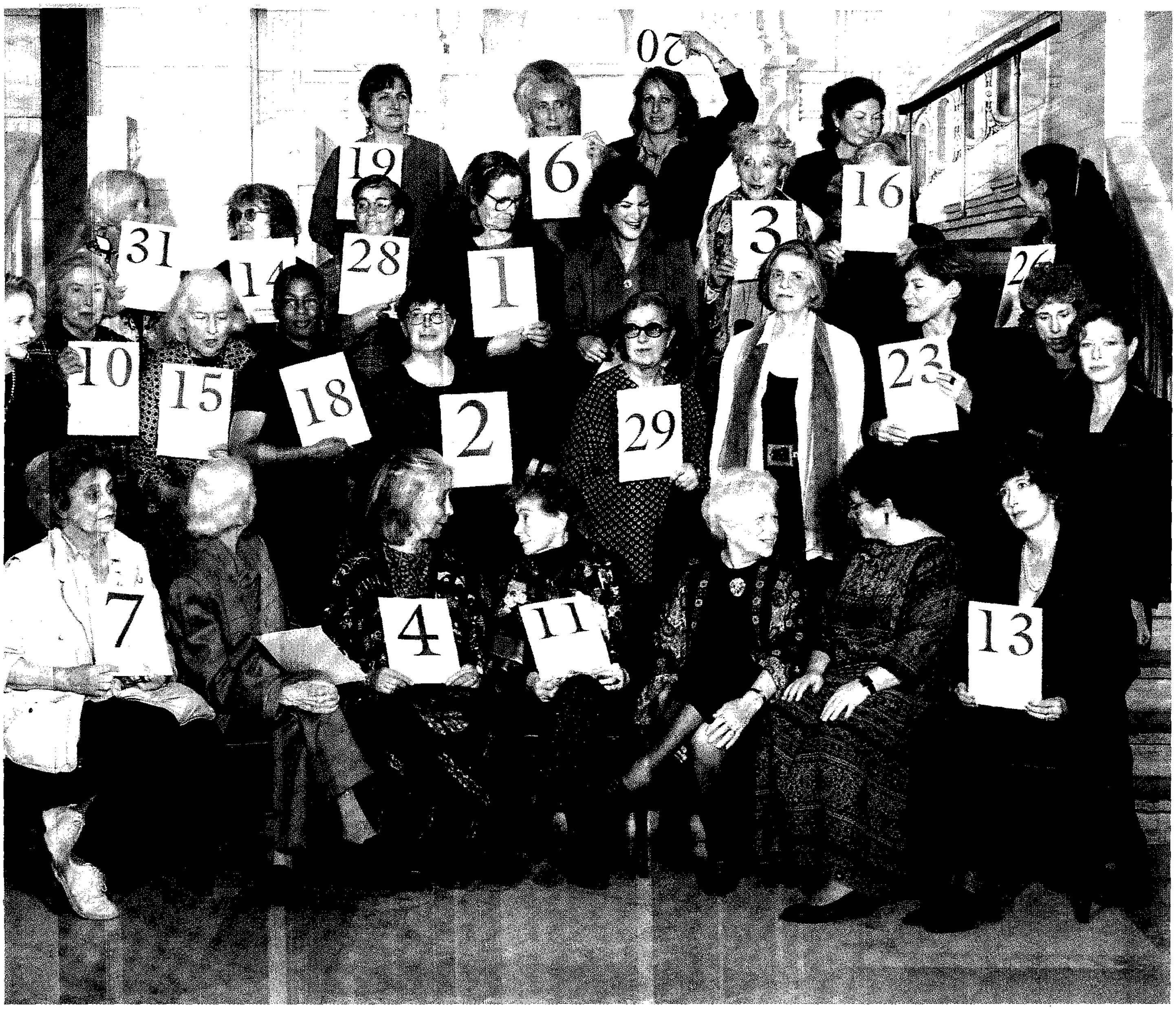
As three of Mitchell’s assistants scurry around propping up strobes and photo umbrellas, a fourth sets Mitchell’s big-view camera so that its cyclops eye surveys a scene of closing-time exodus. A tide of bookworms ebbs past a small island of women, many of them anonymous-looking, most personally unacquainted with one another, all collectively responsible for images that have helped define a visual century.

“Can anyone point me toward Abigail Heyman?” asks Karen Tweedy-Holmes, a pink-cheeked woman whose most celebrated work was male portraiture taken at crotch level. While Tweedy-Holmes seeks out Heyman, Robertson goes in search of Sylvia Plachy, who’s off in a corner comparing notes on childhood equipment with Mary Ellen Mark. Between them, these two women have built photojournalistic careers on their distinctive abilities to comprehend and sympathetically render the lives of prostitutes, the inhabitants of Three Mile Island, and the mentally ill. Is it surprising that their earliest memories of photography are sweetly nostalgic? “Mine was an Agfa box camera,” sighs Plachy, in the Hungarian accent that remains an ineradicable part of her after nearly 40 years in America. “Actually, the very first camera was a Robin—it was part Japanese and part American. I took pictures of my cat.”

“I think mine was a Brownie,” says Mark. “I used it to take pictures at Camp Lindemere and of my friends in sixth grade at Meyer’s Elementary School. I remember being very excited to get back these pictures of my friends.”

Wandering through the small group of women, Rebecca Lepkoff modestly snaps frames with her Kodak point-and-shoot. She’s so great-aunt-at-a-bar-mitzvah about it, you’d hardly imagine that Lepkoff was an early member of the sem-

Photographs: this page, Debra P. Hershkowitz; opposite page, Margaretta K. Mitchell.



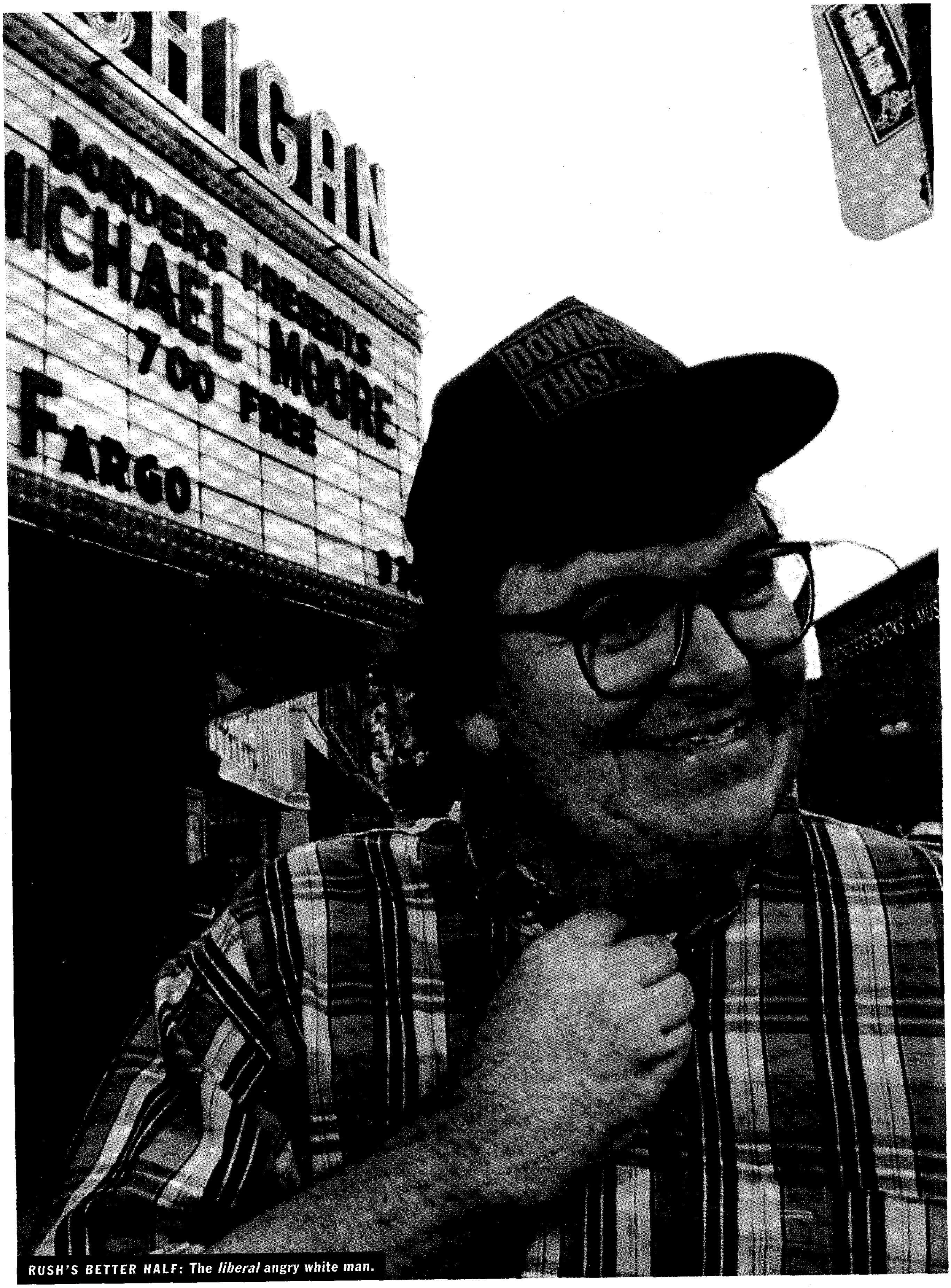
LEFT TO RIGHT: TOP ROW: BEA NETTLES (19), GRACE ROBERTSON (6), SYLVIA PLACHY (20), ABIGAIL HEYMAN (NO NUMBER); SECOND ROW: SANDRA WEINER (31), JUDITH GOLDEN (14), BARBARA CRANE (28), LILIANE DECOCK (1), EVE SONNEMAN (NO NUMBER), REBECCA LEPKOFF (3), INGE MORATH (16), MARY ELLEN MARK (26); THIRD ROW: MARGARETTA MITCHELL (5), KATHRYN ABBE (10), FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL (15), MARILYN NANCE (18), KAREN TWEEDY-HOLMES (2), MARIE COSINDAS (29), ROSALIND SOLOMON (NO NUMBER), JUDITH TURNER (23), LOIS GREENFIELD (NO NUMBER), NINA ROSENBLUM (NO NUMBER); FRONT ROW: NAOMI SAVAGE (7), ELLEN AUERBACH (NO NUMBER), NORMA HOLT (4), RUTH BERNHARD (11), NAOMI ROSENBLUM (NO NUMBER), BARBARA TANNENBAUM (NO NUMBER), JILL KREMENTZ (13).

inal Photo League. "I started in 1930," explains the 80-year-old photographer. "I'm still shooting, mostly down in the Lower East Side. It was a Jewish area when I started. Later, it changed to black, then Spanish, and now it's Chinese. People lived in the streets. They wrote their feelings on the walls. They raised their children in public, which the rich are too nervous to do. An awful lot gets lost, you know, and not just the images. Some of the places I go, you can't even find the old streets."

A nervous assistant ticks off a list of arrivals—"I'm still missing Susan Meiselas and Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe," she says—as another distributes numbered placards the women will hold for identification in a master shot. "It's photographer bingo," says Inge Morath as, suddenly, on some subtle cue from Mitchell, the legendary and the semi-legendary and the cult and the coterie photographers all begin to arrange themselves on the steps. There is Marie Cosindas (elegiac portraits, saturated Polaroid still lifes), and Rosalind Solomon (Haiti, voodoo, people with AIDS), and Liliane De Cock (epic landscapes in the American West), and Jill Krementz (writers' portraits), and Lois Greenfield (late-twentieth-century dance), and Barbara Crane (experimental landscape), and Eve Sonneman (perspectival studies in Cibachrome), and . . .

"Show your number card, everybody," Mitchell clucks as latecomer Susan Meiselas (carnival strippers, the war in Nicaragua) darts into place alongside Mary Ellen Mark, saying, "I don't mind being on the edge." "Don't hide your faces, ladies," says Mitchell. "Look at the camera. Chin up. A little expression, please." Gripping the button on her shutter cord, Mitchell says, "Smile!"

"Oh," Mary Ellen Mark whispers, "I never smile." ■

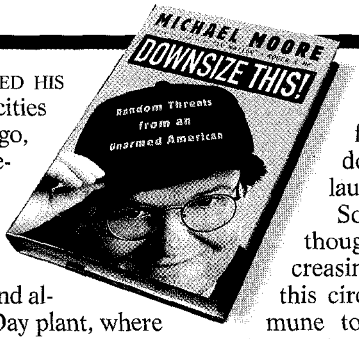

BORDERS PRESENTS
MICHAEL MOORE
7:00 FREE
FARGO

RUSH'S BETTER HALF: The *liberal* angry white man.

Mouth of the Left

In a new book, Michael Moore takes aim at a rogues' gallery of corporate evildoers; some former employees wonder if he's one himself.

BY ALEXANDRA LANGE



MICHAEL MOORE HAS STARTED HIS campaign. He's about 30 cities into it by now, 17 more to go, crisscrossing the country delivering a stump speech from his recently published manifesto, pressing the flesh. Monday, he flew from St. Louis to Chicago and also visited the original Pay Day plant, where the Pay Day candy bar—America's No. 1 non-chocolate candy bar—had been manufactured since 1938. They closed the plant because, Moore says, it made a $20 million profit last year, enough to resell it for more money.

Moore says he asked the plant manager, " 'In other words, if the workers had done a lousy job, and the plant only made $100,000 in profit . . .' and before I could finish my sentence the manager said, 'They'd have had to keep it open.' "

This is the story Moore is hearing, and telling, all across the country. It's not that different from the one he told in *Roger & Me,* but that's his point, and the reason for his reawakened relevance. His new book, *Downsize This!,* was rushed into production—written in April, in stores in September—to capitalize on just this sort of sob story. Moore has also set out on a subversive mission, a kamikaze strike from sea to shining sea, combining authorial shilling with community activism. And he's getting it all on film. Moore's been describing the new documentary, seriously, as "the first rockumentary without a concert at the end."

"I thought, *We have to have this.* He's like a populist left-winger and we'd only heard from the right-wingers," says Crown's Ann Patty, who bought Moore's unwritten manuscript. "Al Franken [author of *Rush Limbaugh Is a Big, Fat Idiot*] is a true intellectual; Michael Moore is a working-class hero."

Newt Gingrich and the rabid conservatives of talk radio finally pushed liberals too far: They are taking extreme rhetoric into their own hands—fat jokes, bawdy talk, frat-boy pranks, and all. Sending out "Abortionists for Buchanan" and "Satan Worshippers for Dole" contributions, calling Hillary Clinton a "shit-kickin' feminist babe," trying to get Jesse Helms arrested—this is truly not intellectual. And Moore is selling like Carville and Franken, putting his broad pink mug on the cover just like theirs, making it onto the New York *Times* nonfiction-best-seller list a month after publication. His biggest fans may not be responsible for the sales, however. "They don't buy books," Moore says, laughing. "They can't afford to."

Someone's buying the books, though, so downsizing is only increasing his revenue stream. Given this circumstance, Moore is not immune to good old-fashioned liberal guilt. But don't call him a limousine liberal. He wants no part of the rich, overeducated, bleeding-heart community. In fact, he apparently enjoys punishing members of that community who work for him. Former employees, mostly college-educated TV careerists, describe him as a despotic, disrespectful, and hypocritical boss. To the people—capital *P*—the abstract midwestern working class he plays to, he's a saint; to *his* people, he's a sadist. "People felt betrayed by him because they found his actions didn't match his words," says a former producer from Moore's *TV Nation,* a comic news magazine that ran for two summers. "He talks about how capitalism is bad—capitalism made him a very, very rich man."

IT'S AN ESSENTIAL PARADOX OF capitalism: Fighting for the people is easier once you've arrived. The revolution, if televised, can make you rich. Moore is more aware of this than most. Listen to any interview, and he repeats "I'm from Flint, Michigan" even though he now commutes from New York once a month.

"I want change in my lifetime, so I'm going to go on Rupert Murdoch's network, I'm going to have Time Warner distribute my movie, I'm going to go wherever I need to go to reach as many people as possible," Moore says. He's distancing himself from the "poseur left" that would question his motivation. "I get a lot of people coming up to me who say, 'Hey, you're still wearing your costume!' This isn't a costume; this is me."

Moore is insistent about his roots, his retention of real-guy status. But he's adopted certain tactics from the corporate oppressor. He hid behind a large desk, putting me on an even larger sofa against the opposite wall. First, he quizzed me about my background. Then he quizzed me about the background of the editor who assigned this piece. When I asked whether he knew anyone at *New York* Magazine, he sniffed: "I don't run in those circles."

Photographs: opposite, AP/Wide World Photos, this page, Wayne Simpson.

Moore's intelligentsia-baiting runs deep. He'd like to believe he connects with the people, but he wins more fans by being politically funny than by waving a finger at the real issues. "If I go and speak to a group in Ann Arbor and say, 'How many of you listen to country music?' . . . " He makes a negative sigh, imitating them. "I say, 'You wouldn't turn that on, would you? You wouldn't turn on a country station because you're above that!' "

His voice is getting higher now, and he's punching the words out into the room, at me, representative of Ann Arbor types everywhere (I went to Yale). "Or the people that come up to me and say, 'Why, I don't watch much TV. I don't own a TV.' I always want to say, 'Well, good for you! Don't you feel better now being separate from and above all the other American people you want to lead to making this country a better place!' "

Talking the Talk

"His actions didn't match his words. He talks about how capitalism is bad—capitalism made him a very, very rich man," says a 'TV Nation' producer.

APPLE-CHEEKED: Moore gets a key to this city in 1994.

FOR ALL OF MOORE'S crusading fervor, however, there's an eye-glazing sameness to all of his endeavors—it's political slapstick. "A lot of *TV Nation* is kind of *Roger & Me* reduced to four minutes," says a former *TV Nation* writer. "You think you're really going to attack an issue, and then you go and find a bunch of dumb people in a small town and make them look stupid."

Randy Cohen, a former writer and producer, remembers a meeting at which "Mike expressed utter hostility to the idea that the writer of a piece of music ought to be paid a residual. We thought he was joking, but he laid out this startlingly unethical theory. *Theft* would not be too strong a word for it."

"That's a lie," says Moore, laughing. Moore insists he didn't get involved in the business side of things and says that Cohen's criticisms are mere sour grapes.

Some writers who worked for both seasons of *TV Nation* call him things like "a treacherous, lying bastard" and "malicious." They're afraid they will sound petty, and they do, telling tales of Michael eating dinner in front of them and not offering them any, Michael keeping them up all night, Michael taking credit for other people's ideas. "If you had to have a reunion of people for whom working for Michael was the least pleasant professional experience of their lives," says Cohen, "it might be necessary to rent a large stadium."

"He hated the Writers Guild," says another ex-writer. "He thinks he's on such a mission of good deeds and doing such important work that how could some sniveling little union get in his way when he's clearly doing God's work." The Writers Guild had to arbitrate several complaints from *TV Nation* writers who hadn't received proper payments for their work, or residuals when shows were rerun. "There's a strange kind of license he feels he has, because he's fighting for the little people," says Chris Kelly, who worked for Moore for two years.

Ironically, in *Downsize This!,* Moore devotes a chapter to his efforts to get his researchers into a union, and he proudly trumpets his own current membership in the Writers Guild, the Directors Guild, and AFTRA. Moore's response to questions about unhappy workers? It's a class thing.

"Sometimes some of them are . . . *jealous* seems to be the simplest word. They went to Yale, they went to Harvard, or they've been in TV for a while and they are like, 'Well, how come he gets to have his own show?' I've kind of upset the apple cart, the sort of invisible affirmative-action program that's always existed in this country where people that go to the good schools get the good jobs."

Joanne Doroshow, who has worked for Moore on and off for the past ten years, has an equally conspiratorial explanation: "I think Michael is someone who is so completely committed in terms of what he's trying to accomplish politically that sometimes people in TV that are in it for the career don't really care about that. I was always skeptical of the quality of work of those people."

AT THE HARRY W. SCHWARTZ bookshop in Milwaukee, packed to the back shelves with more than 400 people, Moore's loose and funny, using material from the book about Hillary, about Helms, about Forbes. Someone from the audience shouts that Hillary Clinton is in Green Bay, only two hours away, and Moore pauses, lifting his head like a dog scenting a fox.

Afterward, he signs books for an hour and hears, "Miller is laying off people, and they are dropping $25 million into the new Brewers stadium," and he gives a kid who says he didn't like [Moore's feature film] *Canadian Bacon* a $6.50 refund.

People also keep telling him they loved *Roger & Me.* He's packaging and repackaging not his own life but the life he would have led, had *Roger & Me* not been the highest-grossing documentary in history. He sees the documentary he's working on as reparation, a double-time oral history of the nation's labor decline. But as his crew dissects the day, discussing shots and how to use the book signing to "take the piss out of celebrity," it's clear who's really the star. They are planning a time-lapse sequence, couple after couple offering books for his thick-fingered scrawl, emotionally clasping his hand. When the clip is speeded up, Michael Moore is going to be the only face you see, the people an anonymous blur. ▬

Photograph by Catherine McGann/Outline.

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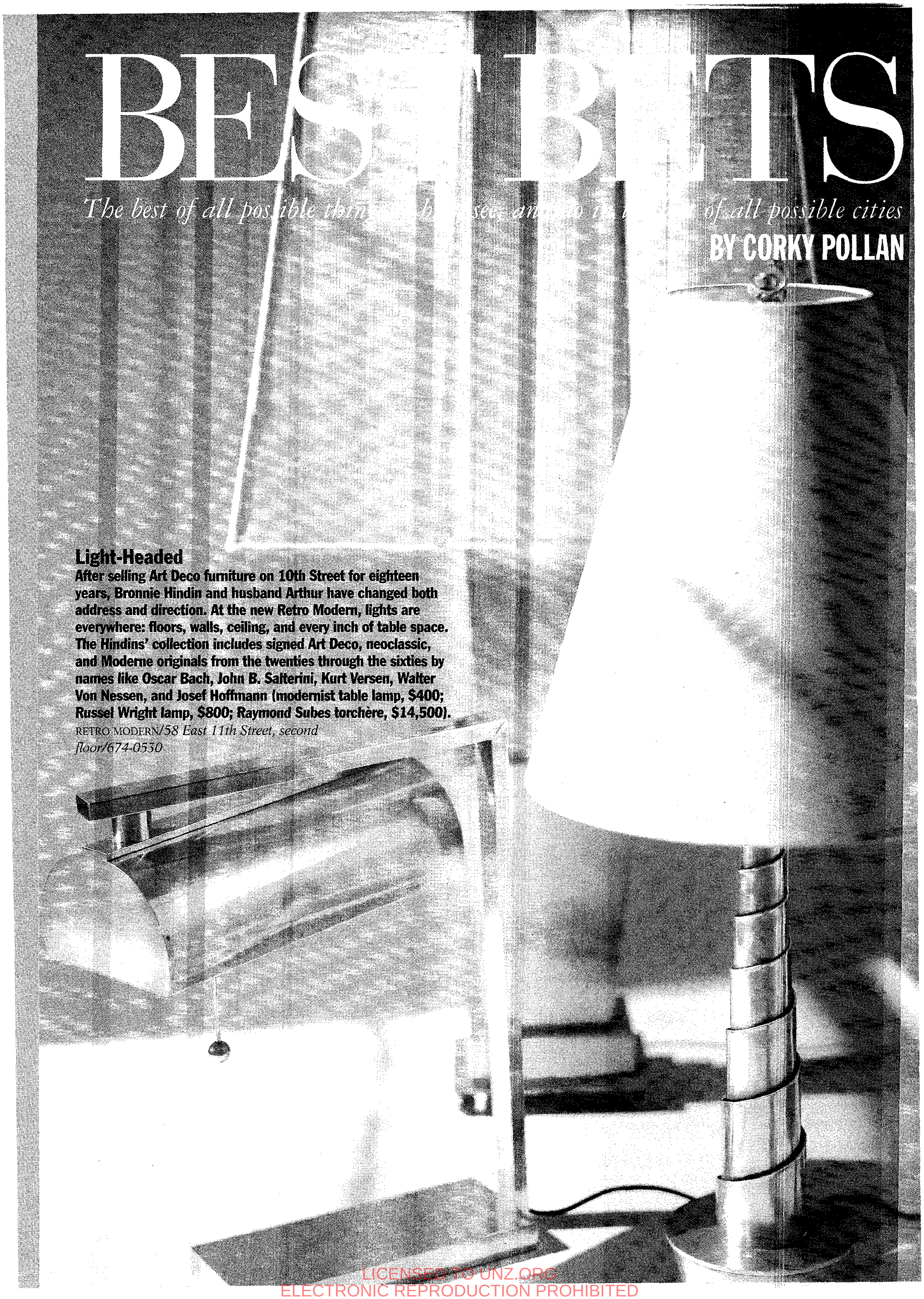
BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Light-Headed

After selling Art Deco furniture on 10th Street for eighteen years, Bronnie Hindin and husband Arthur have changed both address and direction. At the new Retro Modern, lights are everywhere: floors, walls, ceiling, and every inch of table space. The Hindins' collection includes signed Art Deco, neoclassic, and Moderne originals from the twenties through the sixties by names like Oscar Bach, John B. Salterini, Kurt Versen, Walter Von Nessen, and Josef Hoffmann (modernist table lamp, $400; Russel Wright lamp, $800; Raymond Subes torchère, $14,500).

RETRO MODERN/*58 East 11th Street, second floor/674-0530*

Forever Bonsai

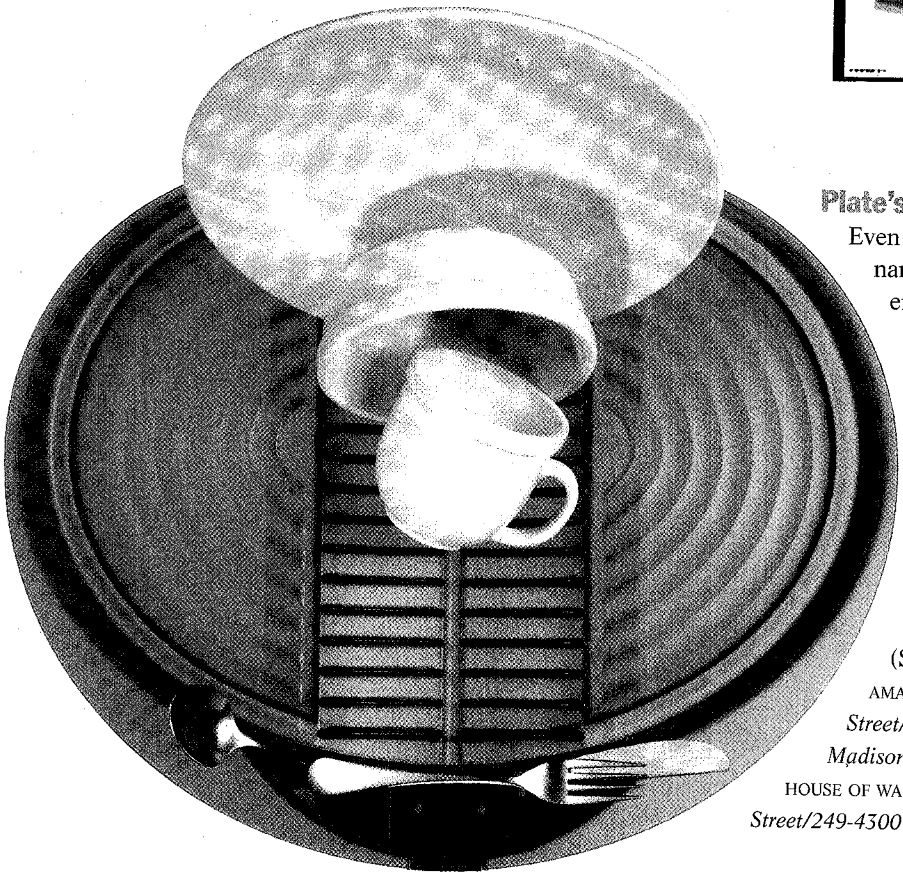
Admiring bonsai is easy; trying to grow or maintain one is not (which explains why the Chinese and Japanese have spent more than a thousand years perfecting the art). But Arnie Weissman, owner of Silk Gardens & Trees, has eliminated bonsai frustration with this nifty look-alike. He uses natural materials—kiln-dried grapewood from the Arizona desert and preserved juniper branches from Texas. Though his bonsai won't last for generations like those of the Japanese, they will remain immutable for years (from $75 to $350; allow three weeks for delivery).

SILK GARDENS & TREES/*111–113 West 28th Street/629-0600*

What's New in the Mosch Pit

Shopping with kids at Moschino isn't easy, thanks to set designer Piero Capobianco, who has created a kitschy delight with his question-mark banister, smiley-face mural, and gold-leafed tables covered with painted fruit. But once moms and dads can pry their little ones away from the Lego-encrusted loo, or out of the teddy-bear chair on the bambini floor, they might actually get them to try on these splashy rain boots. They're made of rubber, so they're waterproof, and they come in children's sizes 1 to 13 ($40 and $45).

MOSCHINO/*803 Madison Avenue, near 68th Street/639-9600*



Plate's Retreat

Even if most New Yorkers' daily sustenance is not home-cooked but delivered, there are still the occasional knives and forks, dishes and glasses, that need washing. With this in mind, product designer Kerr Keller—bored with the shape of ordinary dish drainers—dreamed up Plato, a round dish rack of molded polypropylene manufactured by Umbra. It has a removable basket for cutlery and, best of all, drains directly into the sink ($16.95; in assorted colors).

AMALGAMATED HOME/*9 Christopher Street/255-4160;* FELDMANS IV/*1190 Madison Avenue, at 87th Street/289-2026;* HOUSE OF WARES/*1071 Madison Avenue, at 81st Street/249-4300*

THE GOODS **STEVE RADLAUER**

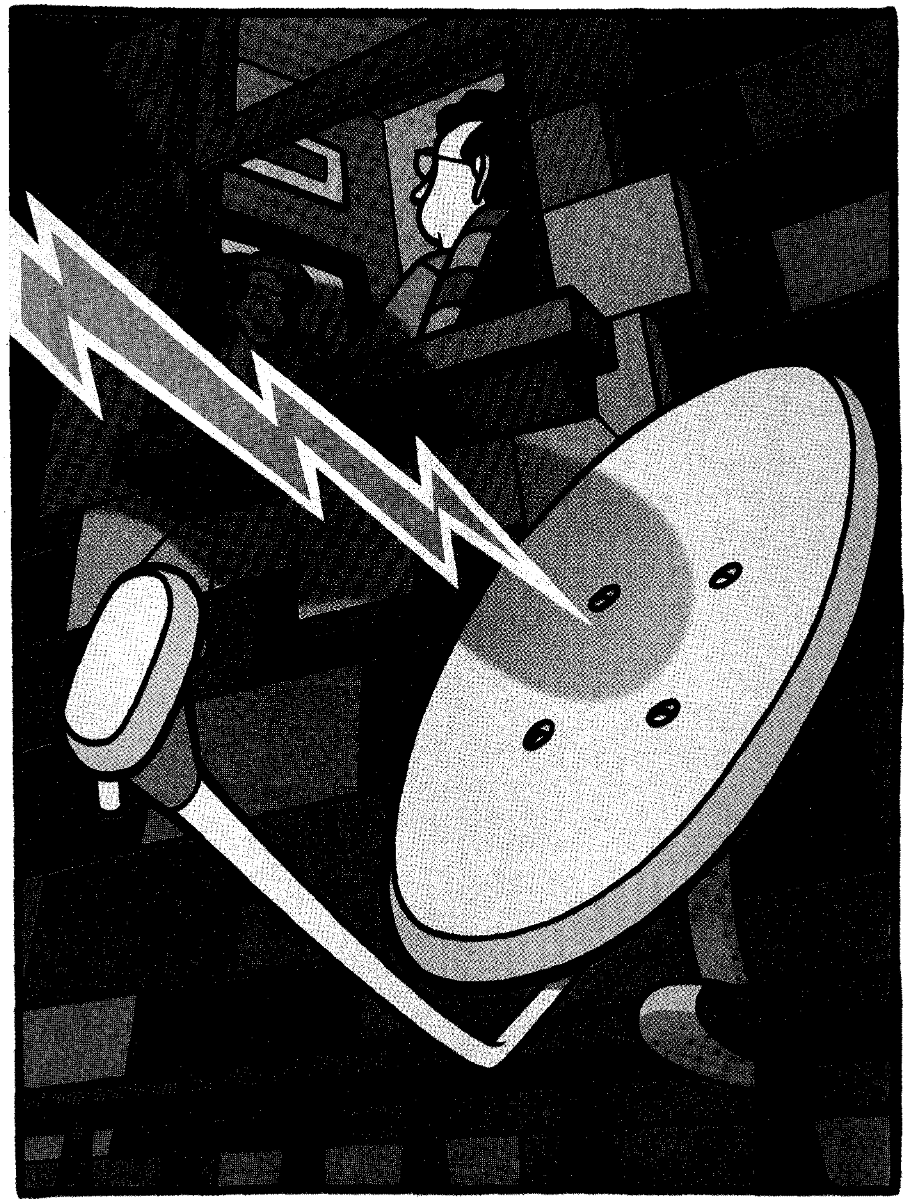
View Master

Forget cable: These **pizza-size satellite dishes** *offer eye-popping visuals and more channels than you'll ever watch. A screen test of the leading contenders.*

DO YOU REQUIRE THE BEST, THE coolest, the state-of-the-artiest television receiver ever? Would you like your TV signals delivered directly from a satellite to your set? Do you have time to watch hundreds of channels? You're not alone.

"I get three channels of Cinemax, five HBOs, and two Movie Channels, all with different movies. Plus the pay-per-view channels. And the sports—football, basketball, baseball, just about every game of every team, all season long. It's incredible," says Dan Lubart, flipping through a few dozen of the hundreds of channels available on his TV set. My dumbfounded gaze jumps from the screen—displaying the best video image I've ever seen in someone's home—to Lubart's fingers, deftly manipulating the mother of all remote controls. "And then there's 30 channels of commercial-free music. . . ."

Lubart, a computer consultant and consummate early adopter, is mad about the satellite dish and receiver that bring this surfeit of entertainment to his living room. Together, they constitute the receiving end of a system known generically as direct broadcast satellite—DBS. It's a newish technology; the first DBS satellite was launched in November 1990, and full-tilt broadcasting didn't begin until '94. "Traditional" satellite broadcasting, which began in the late seventies, requires big dish antennas—big ugly dishes, or BUDs, to those in the know—that can be more than ten feet across. DBS dishes, on the other hand, are a relatively diminutive 18 to 36 inches in diameter, to go places where no dish has gone before. Like the balcony of your apartment, the window ledge of your loft, or a fence post behind the house in Sag Harbor.



BUD installations cost thousands. DBS can be yours for a few hundred bucks. BUDs, like ham radio, are for hobbyists. DBS is for ordinary citizens who want more channels than they'll ever be able to watch, with a great picture, CD-quality sound, and enough gee-whiz features to satisfy the most demanding gadget freak.

Unlike cable monopolies in a given locality, DBS signal providers compete with one another. The majors are DSS, which at last count had about 1.6 million systems in use; Primestar, with 1.5 million; and DISH, with 215,000. (More will enter the fray in the coming years.) All use a small dish to capture the satellite signals; all are susceptible to momentary blackouts during fierce storms; and all use a VCR-size receiver with a killer onscreen menu system (to make sense of all those channels) as well as built-in censorship controls more powerful than the V-chip (to keep the naughty channels from falling into the wrong hands). Tragically, none of them carry local channels. If you can't pick up 2 through 13

ILLUSTRATION BY KELLY ALDER

with your old rabbit ears, you'll be obliged to continue feeding the local cable company $10 to $15 a month for basic service.

DSS—Digital Satellite System—sold its first dish in June 1993; within a year, a million rigs had been sold, making it the hottest consumer-electronics introduction of all time. DSS equipment is currently made by RCA, Sony, G.E., and others. The picture and sound quality of the leading brands are virtually identical; Dan Lubart chose Sony because he preferred its on-screen menu. Programming—about 200 channels' worth—comes from two complementary, non-overlapping sources, US Satellite Broadcasting (USSB) and DirecTV.

DISH, which allegedly stands for Digital Sky Highway, is the brash new kid on the block. While it's a conceptual twin of DSS, right down to its nifty 18-inch dish, the two are not interchangeable. The DISH Network—operational only since last March—has its own satellites and its own encryption formula. EchoStar, DISH's corporate parent, markets receivers and dishes, priced about the same as the DSS models.

With "only" about 100 channels available, DISH is well behind DSS. Perhaps to compensate, its pricing is very aggressive. "DISH kicks ass with its à la carte package," says John Hodgson, publisher of the independent DBS Dish Home Page (www.dbsdish.com). He refers to the DISH PIX package, which gives you any 10 of DISH's top 40 channels (except Disney) for a mere $10 a month.

PRIMESTAR—owned by cable oligarchs like TCI and Time Warner—adheres to the old cable paradigm: You rent rather than buy the equipment. (Okay, you *can* buy, but it won't be cheap or easy.) Renting saves you hundreds of dollars up front, and Primestar fixes the thing if it breaks. The 95-channel selection is comparable to DISH's, about half that of DSS. Unfortunately, the dish itself is not 18 but 36 inches across. (A 27-incher will soon be available.) In the boonies, those inches are no big deal. In our cramped quarters, however, they could be a deal-breaker.

Speaking of deal-breakers, this is New York City. Is it possible to mount even an 18-inch dish where you live? Yes, but only if you agree with both of these statements: (1) There will be nothing between my dish and the southwestern sky. (2) No one will make me take my dish down once I put it up.

If you live in a Manhattan apartment building and agree with both statements, you're probably in denial. No, that's unfair.

> *"…DBS satellite dishes, a* **diminutive 18 to 36 inches** *in diameter, go places where no dish has gone before…"*

It is possible to be a Manhattan apartment-dweller and a DBS owner—if you've got the right apartment. According to Bill Mingle of Thomson Consumer Electronics, "Manhattan was built for DSS. The avenues are pointing right at the satellite." This is also approximately true for DISH and Primestar. Which doesn't help if there's something opaque, like the World Trade Center, between your dish and the southern sky. Even with the sky, you may not have a place to stick the dish. Bolt it to an exterior wall or balcony rail, and your landlord or co-op board will crucify you. Same with putting it on the roof and dropping a wire down the side of the building to your window. You might consider mounting it inside your apartment. Understand, though, that glass, especially fancy thermopane, absorbs some of the signal.

If you're not sure your perch is fit for DBS, buy the equipment from a retailer who promises to take it back. If the store sends technicians, you may have to pay the full price of installation if it turns out your home is incompatible with DBS. Call it a learning experience.

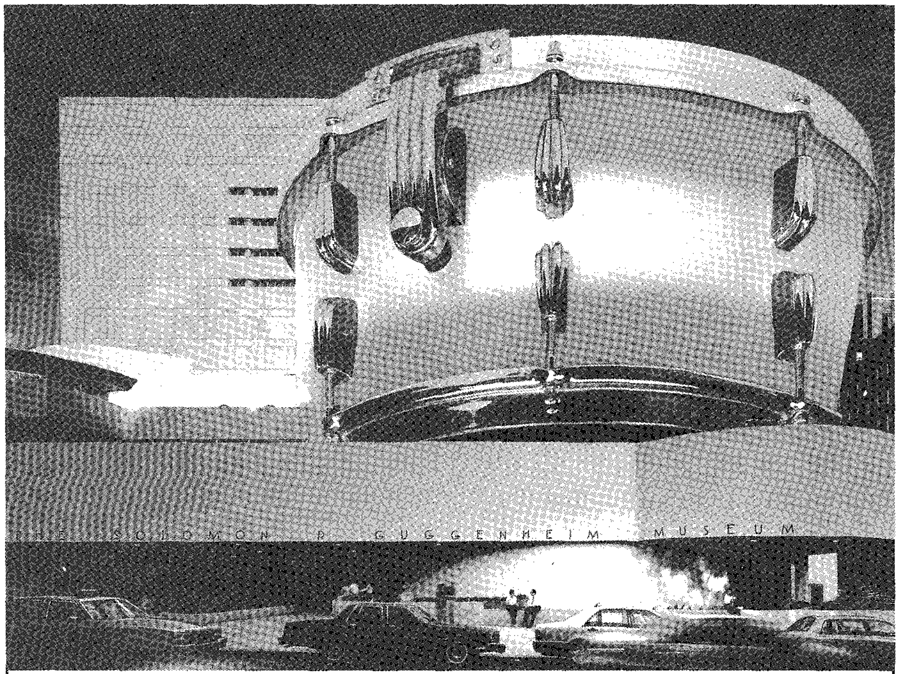
Or you might be lucky, like Dan Lubart, whose twenty-first-floor apartment faces an avenue. His dish sits on his balcony floor, casually anchored to a scrap of plywood and aimed at the sky between the Chrysler and Citicorp towers. The installation took ten minutes, cost nothing, and is perfectly effective.

Or you could move to the outer b's, where there are fewer tall buildings. Or you could wait until someone figures out how to plant a single dish antenna on the roof of your building and patch a wire from the dish to the existing cable-TV wiring. Individual tenants could buy (or rent) their own receivers and make their own arrangements with the signal provider. Actually, the electronics companies have already figured out how to do this. What no one's figured out is how to wrest all that infrastructure—your building's cable wiring—from your local cable monopoly. The renegade Liberty Cable is almost there. "In the near future," president Peter Price says, "any building that has Liberty Cable can request DSS—and we'll do the installation for free."

By the way, have I mentioned that DBS systems are portable? That you can unplug the apparatus, toss it in the Cherokee, and haul it to the country for the weekend? Try that with cable. ▬

SATELLITE STATS: YOU CAN'T TELL THE PLAYERS WITHOUT A PROGRAM

SYSTEM	**DSS** USSB: 800-238-8378 DirecTV: 800-347-3288	**PRIMESTAR** 800-966-9615	**DISH NETWORK** (EchoStar) 800-333-3474
DISH SIZE	18 inches	27 or 36 inches	18 inches
CHANNELS	200-plus (60-plus pay-per-view, 30-plus music)	95 (10 pay-per-view, 14 music)	About 100 channels (11 pay-per-view, 30 music)
HARDWARE	$399–$899 ($200 cash back to new customers through December 31); installation $100–$150; available at electronics and department stores, at satellite retailers, and through AT&T	$10 to lease (from Radio Shack or Time Warner Satellite Services); $199 to buy with a $360 minimum for the first year's programming (call Primestar for info); installation $199	$199–$299 with a $300 minimum for the first year's programming; leasing available; installation $100–$200; hard to find in local stores, but available directly from DISH
PROGRAMMING FEES	USSB: $7.95–$34.95 per month DirecTV: $5.95–$44.95 per month	$32.95–$54.95 per month (includes the equipment lease fee)	$24.99–$59.99 per month
HOW IT RATES	*Pluses:* Cute 18-inch dish; vast channel selection *Minus:* Two bills each month, one from each provider	*Plus:* No need to purchase or repair your own equipment *Minuses:* Fewer channels than DSS; not-so-cute 27- or 36-inch dish	*Pluses:* Cute 18-inch dish; $10 à la carte deal after the first year *Minus:* Fewer channels than DSS



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How about dinner after the show? Let's take the kids out - where should we go?
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From Here To Eternity

Life preservers: *Portraits from an Avedon protégée;* **shadow boxes** *that turn keepsakes into art.*

PHOTOGRAPHER NINA DRAPACZ, WHO has worked under Richard Avedon, does children's and family portraits and (if you like) hand-paints them to produce that antique-ish classic look—ideally suited for those obligatory holiday cards. Book her services prior to November 17 for a sitting before the first week in December, and she'll take $50 off the $400 package rate (includes two 11-by-14 and three 8-by-10 enlargements). *Nina Drapacz, by appointment only (772-7814).*

House Dressing

KALIMA'S SUNNY WEST VILLAGE BROWNSTONE is home not only to the California-born designer but also to a small stash from her line of handmade wispy clothing. Regularly $300–$2,000, it's now $125–$1,000. For example, a black suede mid-calf skirt, retail $600, is here $150. She's also started designing home furnishings like pillows and curtains. *Kalima, by appointment only (691-9520); through 11/4.*

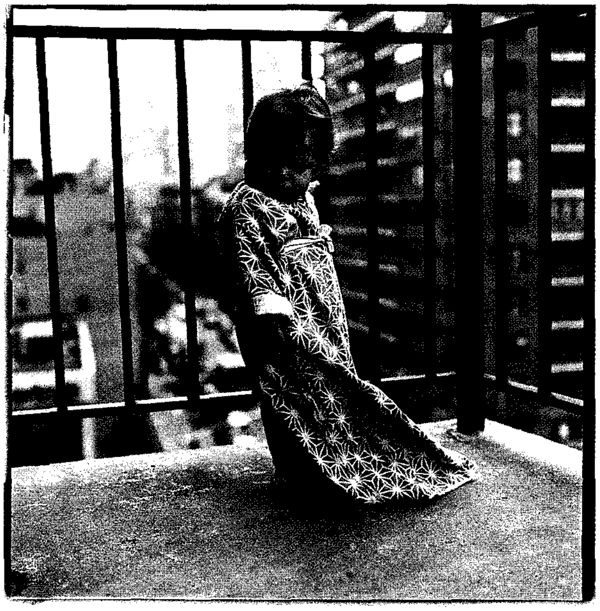
Distressed Market

THE QUEST FOR CALM HAS BECOME AN EXORbitantly expensive habit—with massages, private yoga teachers, and other kinds of relaxation therapy costing amounts that are, well, stress-inducing. Lisa Trivell, who teaches yoga to clients like Lorne Michaels, Kelly Klein, and Paul Simon, also offers her slightly trippy Inner Voyage Guided Relaxation audio tape and herbal eye pillow—sort of a prepackaged bit of Zen—for just $24.95. *Lisa Trivell; call 800-510-7966 or 516-329-5919 to order.*

Applied Logic

THE UPPER EAST SIDE THRIFT SHOP SPENCE Chapin is not your regular New York re-

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales *exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously* advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.



Not your average wallet photos: Nina Drapacz's portraits—black-and-white (like this one) or color-enhanced—are better suited for the mantel.

sale shop, meaning that it doesn't smell like mothballs, it's not a zoo, and there's a soothing logic to the way the clothing hangs in proper categories—arranged not only by size but by color. The particularly swell selection of used designer merchandise is now 30 percent off: For example, Chanel navy dress, $275; Gucci gray slacks, $80; Karl Lagerfeld black wool evening dress, $355; Donna Karan long black wool skirt, $65; Lanvin men's tie, $20. *Spence Chapin Thrift Shop, 1430 Third Avenue, near 81st Street (737-8448); all major credit cards; Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. 10–7, Thurs. till 8, Sat. till 5, Sun. 12–5; 10/31–11/4.*

A Package Deal

SPEND MONEY ON THE GIFT, NOT THE WRAPPING. RTR Packaging, a company that makes shopping bags and other related products, is allowing the public into their showroom for the month of November. Stock up for the gift-giving season with bags, ribbons, and gift wrap—most at half off: Woodgrain paper, was $3 a sheet, now $1.50; leopard-print boxes, were $10 for 5, now $5. *RTR Packaging Corporation, 27 West 20th Street, Suite 606; purchases under $75 are cash only, M.C., V., and checks for others; Tues., Thurs., and Fri. 10–6, Sat. 12–5; through 11/30.*

Slick Rick

"COUTURE-INSPIRED" IS HOW THE COSMETics company Mattese likes to think of its line. We'd say it's a knockoff of the Über-makeup MAC. It's definitely cheaper, and through the end of November, Ricky's is handing out a free Mattese nail enamel with the purchase of any Mattese item valued over $5.99. *Ricky's, all ten locations (call 725-1930 for information); all major credit cards; 11/1–27.*

Sophie's Choice

THE PARISIAN COBBLER Ombeline makes graceful women's footwear—worn by many a model in magazines such as Italian *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*. The company's New York liaison, Sophie Harrison, has been handed the task of clearing out summer and winter stock. So she's rented a room in the Lowell Hotel for a one-day sale to get rid of shoes and accessories. Shoes (roughly half of the selection is sizes 9, 9½, and 10), retail $295–$500, here $150. *The Lowell Hotel, 28 East 63rd Street; cash only; Wed., 10/30, 9:30–6:30.*

Frieze Frames

JODY PERLBERGER FILLS HER SHADOW-BOX-type frames with dried flowers and other things pretty. Her premade creations retail at boutiques; she also does custom work for places like the Pierre Hotel and Bergdorf Goodman. For a private client, she will take a wedding invitation or photograph, frame it with dried flowers, and write a favorite poem along the border (she'll do it with baby announcements, invitations, college diplomas, photos, anything). Custom frames run up to $150, but call now and she won't charge more than $75. *Jody Perlberger, by appointment (327-4470); through 11/10.*

Learning to Do

THE MADISON AVENUE SALON GIL GAMLIELI has coiffed the likes of Norma Kamali, Elle Macpherson, and Marlo Thomas. Regular folk willing to serve as guinea pigs can get a snippet of all that fabulousness at a fraction of the cost. The evening cut-and-color classes, during which the salon's senior stylists teach trainees, charge $25 for a cut, $35 for color. Normal rates run up to $300 for coloring and $85–$125 for haircuts. *Gil Gamlieli Beauty Group, 820 Madison Avenue (570-2455; ask for Miguel); cash only; first class Wed., 10/30, 5:30 p.m.* ■

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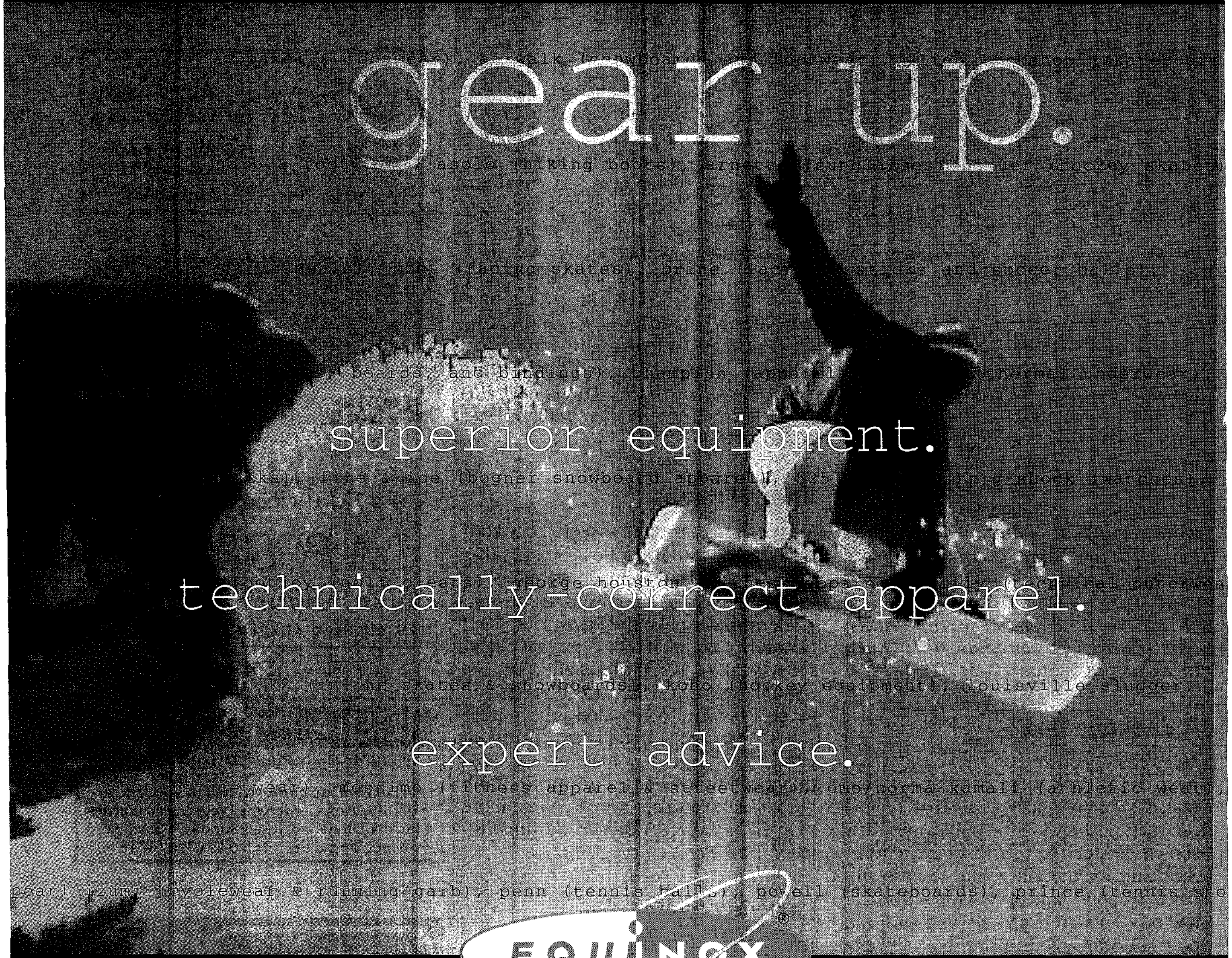
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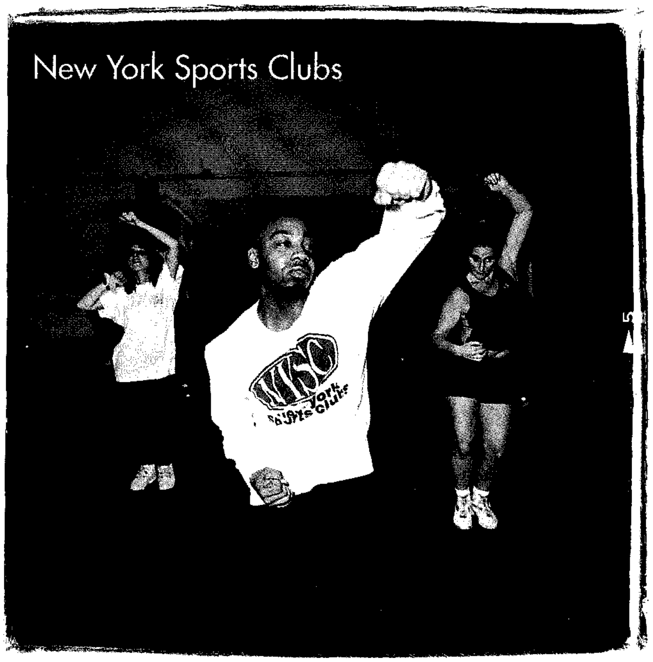
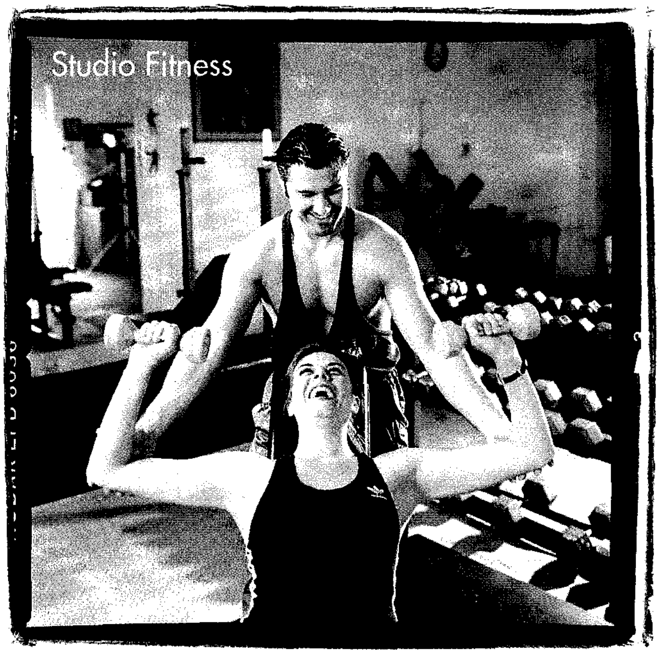
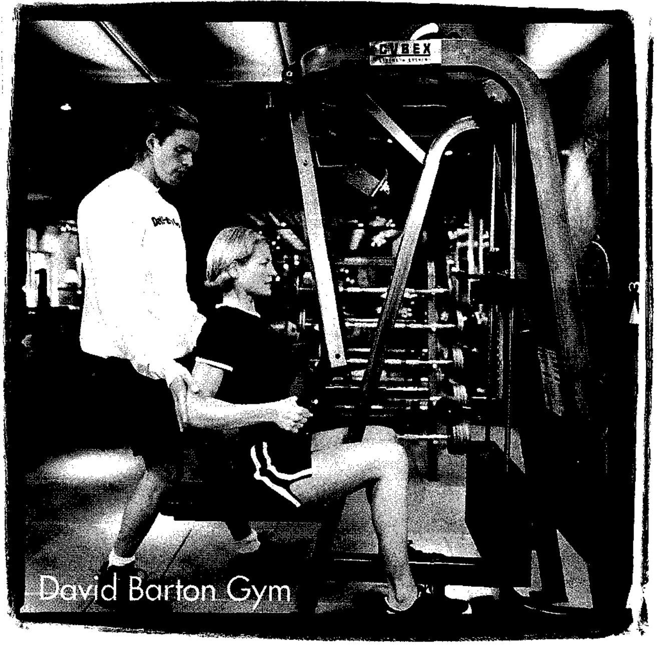


New York Sports Clubs

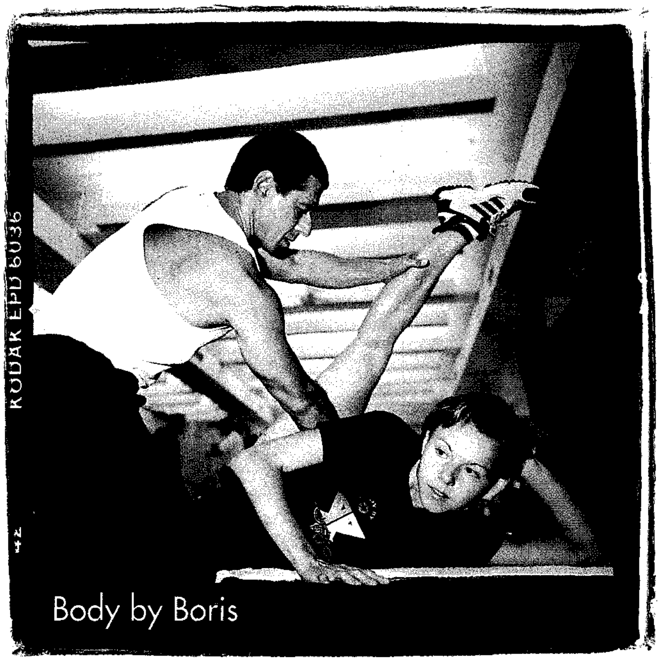


Studio Fitness

winter workouts



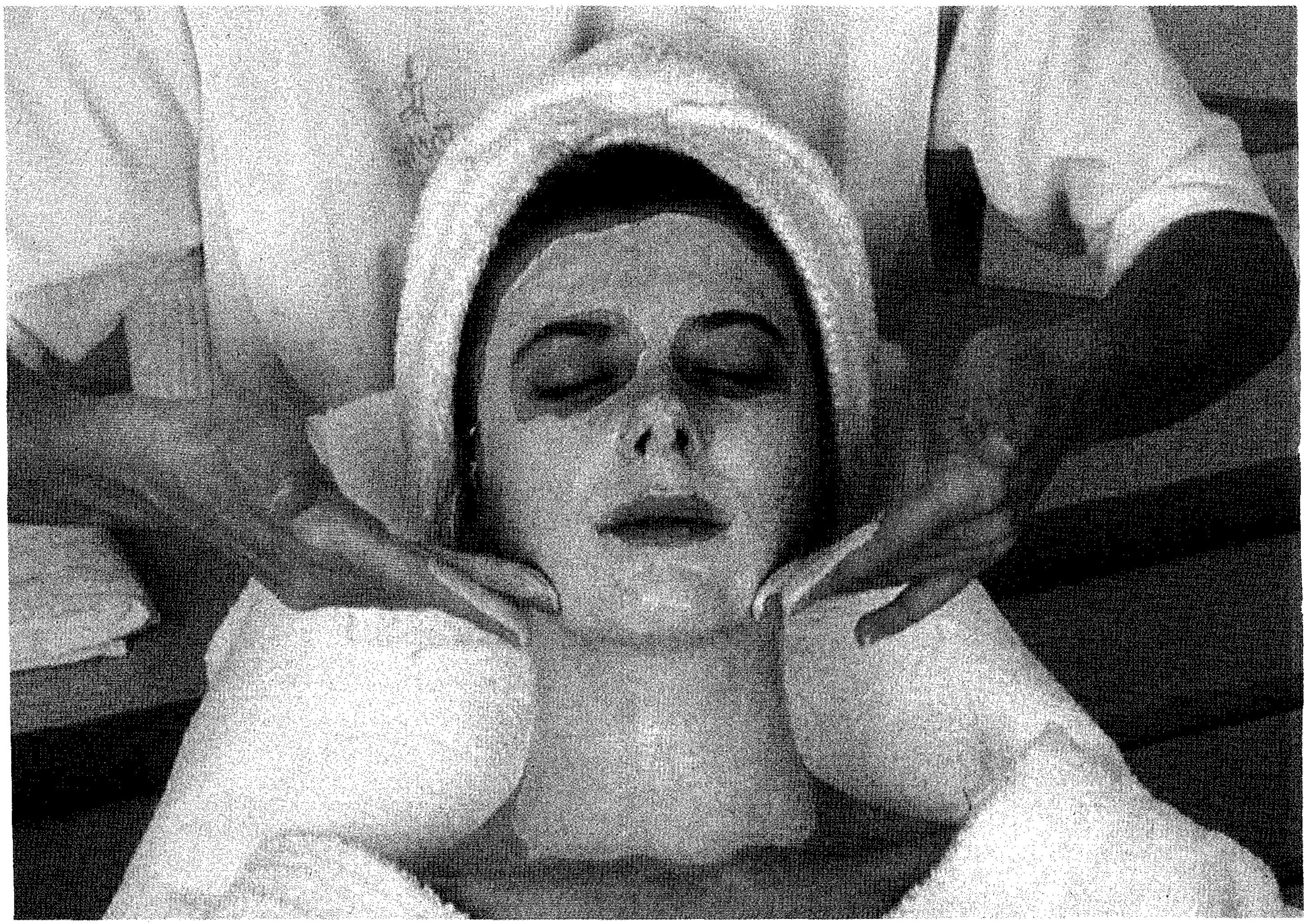
David Barton Gym



Body by Boris

by **Mitch Kaplan & Jeanine Barrone**

Welcome to First Class



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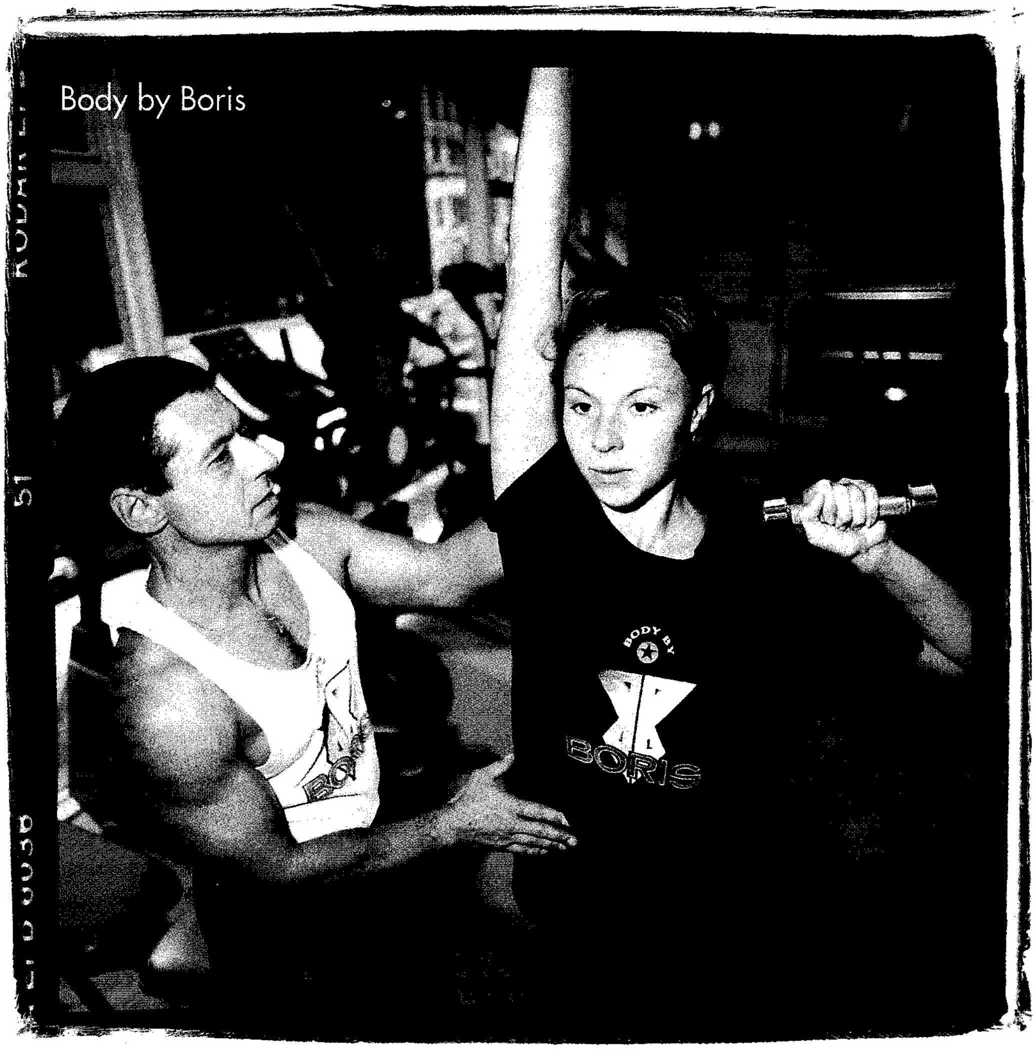

Nowhere is it easier to sink into mid-winter monotony than in Manhattan. After all, everything you need—videos, General Tso's chicken, groceries—is only a phone call away.

We've got a better idea. Instead of holing up in your apartment until the vernal equinox, why not use the cold winter months to scale an indoor mountain, learn t'ai chi, navigate an underwater treadmill, or simply sink into a soothing treatment at a day spa? We sent two intrepid reporters out to explore Manhattan's mecca of winter sports, fitness, and spa options. Exhausted and invigorated, here's what they learned:

Mitch Kaplan: So, it has finally come to this. I, a card-carrying baby boomer, must face reality—an expanding waistline and shrinking stamina. Not that I've become inactive. I still run three times a week—well almost; still play softball and occasional tennis; and will always ski. But, desk time has taken its toll. Old sports injuries—lower back and right shoulder—no longer nag, they hurt. What to do? Seek help. Check out Manhattan's excellent fitness facilities. Ask to be shown what's new or unique, road-test the programs. Here goes…

BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN Marketing Director
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The sign reads "Medical Restoration." My heart jumps fearfully. What am I in for? Oh. That's not **U.S. Athletic Training Center**; it's a midtown hair-replacement salon.

Next door, U.S. Athletic co-owner and physical therapist Gary Guerriero immediately sits me on a therapy table. He pokes and prods with strong, doctor-like hands, evaluating my strength and flexibility. "Are you left handed?" he asks. I'm not. "Strange. Your left arm and leg are stronger than your right." Great. I'm backwards. Gary prescribes a fix for this residual effect of those old injuries: mid-section stretching and extra right-side strength work.

Gary's partner/spouse Mary Leonard straps me into a heart monitor. Is she a nurse? No, a former pro dancer. She leads me onto the exercise floor, a modestly sized space into which everything is packed—including a netted area for throwing, hitting, and kicking, a barre-equipped dance area, a slew of simulators, and a shock-absorbing floor section on which to practice an advanced, sports-specific training called plyometrics. It's tight, but limited membership assures elbow room.

As I press through a training circuit that combines lifting and aerobics, Mary introduces me to two tai kwon do world champions and an Olympic fencer. I ride, lift, climb, and dip while Mary scrutinizes the heart-rate readout. I finish with a therapeutic massage "to stimulate those oxygen-starved back muscles."

It works for me.

David Barton Gym's Jim Clarry sweats the details. Crooning corrections, he helps me with the deep concentration and exacting weight-lifting technique. How exacting? "Keep your face neutral," he commands. "No grimacing. It's extraneous."

Clarry has time to observe me closely. I'm moving the weight as slowly as possible, lifting at a snail-paced ten-count, lowering on a lingering five-count. So intense is the attention to minutia that Clarry even instructs me on prop-

U.S. Athletic Training Center

U.S. Athletic Training Center

erly picking up a barbell or mounting a machine. The subdued steel and gray theme at David Barton Gym's East 85th Street location reflects the understated intensity of its signature training program—super-slow weight lifting.

I start a chin-up set, inching myself up, easing myself down. Clarry counts the pace. My focus is so strong, the pounding beat of a step-aerobics class completely fades out. When I can lift no more, he lauds me, then says, "Hold it for 10 seconds more." My elbows ache, my head spins and, when I eventually dismount, my arms feel dead. But these signs don't portend injury; they reflect increasing power.

Super-slow lifting breaks a lot of exercise rules. Yet, with only three half-hour sessions per week, the slow work yields fast and efficient results. I've barely broken a sweat. But I feel like Atlas. I could lift the world. Slowly.

"We don't exercise to make biceps that look good," Boris states categorically. "We exercise to be able to move properly. Like animals. Animals use natural movement; they are supple. You want a free body."

Working out at **Body by Boris** is to the point. All the trainers grew up in the Russian sports system. All are world-class athletes: Boris, a weight lifter; Dimitri, an acrobat; Sasha, a gymnast. The result is one-on-one training with a foreign flair and patriarchal discipline.

Boris' place occupies a pleasantly unpretentious, second-floor space on West 57th Street, outfitted with the essential equipment. No frilly simulators or virtual-reality machines here. About four people are on the floor when I arrive. Each is working with a trainer—stretching, lifting, boxing. I work with Boris. After an easy warm-up, he makes me jump. Literally. Up! Onto a weight bench with one leg extended, the other kicked like a Rockette. Down. Up! Ah, they should see these 28-inch inseams at Radio City Music Hall. Next, a series of dance movements at the barre, followed by free weights, all closely supervised. Boris worries about my technique. He wants me to be perfect. The workout finishes with assisted stretching, a short back massage, and a quiet fatherly evaluation/pep talk.

In the locker room, I comment to a regular about Boris' attentiveness. "That's the thing I like about this place," he responds. "They care."

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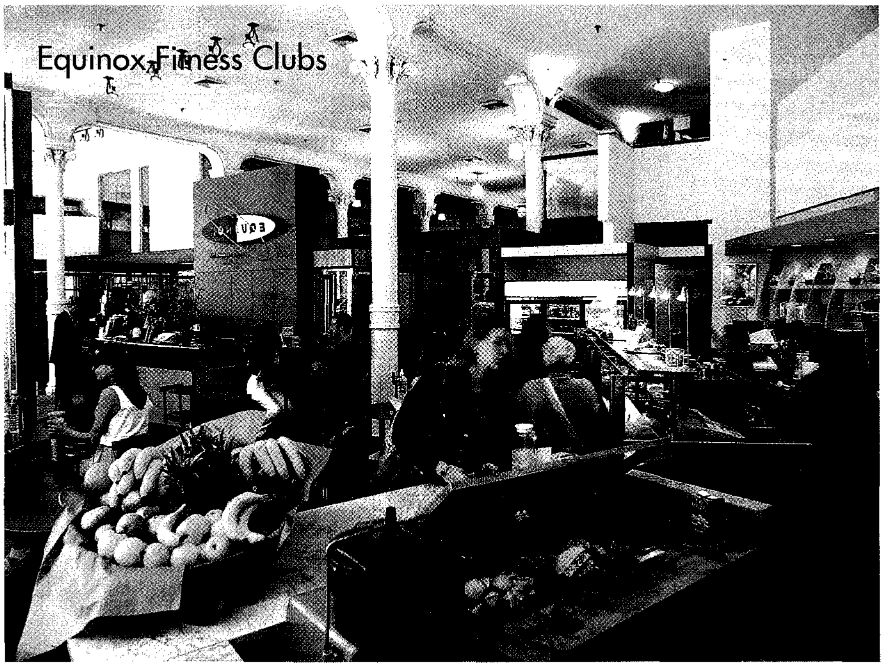


Equinox Fitness Clubs

I've logged over 20,000 miles on my basement stationary bike—each one more boring than the last. So, I arrive for spinning class at **Equinox** fearing monotony.

Forget about it. Electricity is in the air at the three-floor Broadway and 20th Street gym, set in the original Lord & Taylor building. The store's Art Deco columns are incorporated into a lively nouveau-industrial decor, and people are flocking down the latticework metal stairs to spin their wheels.

Spinning bikes use low-slung handlebars, toe-clip pedals, and flywheel construction to mimic road-racing cycles. We start pedaling slowly with almost no resistance. Upbeat music swells around us. Instructor Jon Giswold eases us into it with sweet talk. "Close your eyes; see your goal; feel the rhythm." The music accelerates and so do we. Pedals whip like Mix-Masters, and we're all soon riding flat-out fierce and fast. But each at his own pace and "gear" level. Unlike real cycling, nobody is left behind.

Now, in time to the music, we dip from the waist. And up! Down . . . and up! Faster now. Suddenly—a change. Crank up the resistance. Lyrics inspire. Climb the mountain. Push. Now, stand . . . and sit. Stand . . . and sit. Close your eyes. Visualize the hill. I see a seven-mile, 2,000-foot climb I once made in Colorado. I really do. I can make it—Jon says I can. And I do. For the first time in 20,000 stationary miles, I feel like I actually got somewhere.

I walk an extra two flights of stairs looking for **Studio Fitness** because there's no sign on the door. No harm done. I consider it part of my warm-up. Studio Fitness really is a studio—a second-floor walk-up on West 14th Street. What the place lacks in charm, owner Corey Lane more than makes up for with personal attention. "Nobody works out alone," Lane says. "Clients never have to deal with public traffic, and we never exceed five trainers on the floor at once." Actually, more than that wouldn't fit.

Lane, who offers "the city's most affordable personal training," develops my fitness prescription from a lengthy questionnaire. My tri-weekly running means he will emphasize strength. I spend an hour lifting and doing ab work. He's attentive but relaxed. I like the informality. I'll sacrifice the amenities for the unpretentious privacy and friendliness—and knowing that they want me to function on my own. It's like going to a friend's apartment to work out.

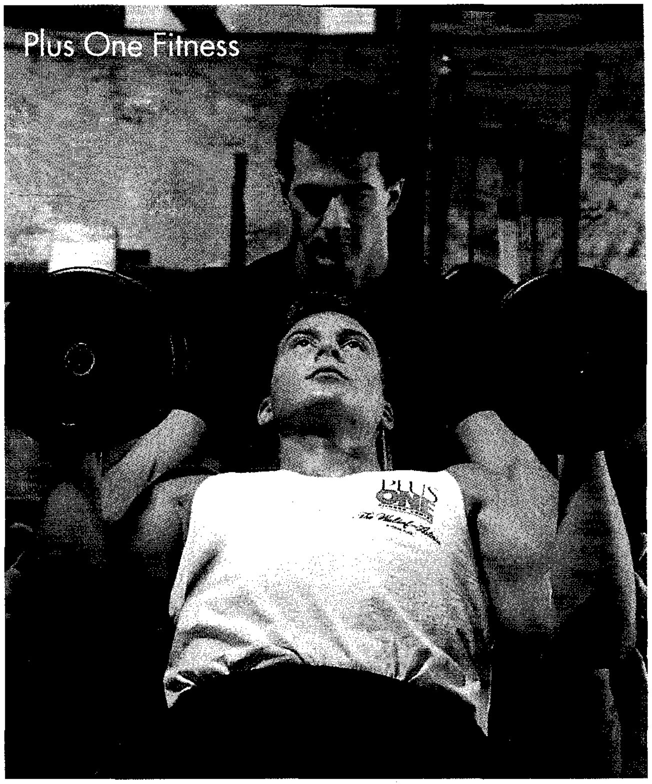
"Have you ever worked with manual resistance?" queries trainer Rich Lettau.

"Not since I tried to get my two-year-old to stop kicking me at bath time," I reply.

That's not what Rich has in mind. There's irony in using a technique like manual resistance at a state-of-the-art training facility like **Plus One Fitness**. It's low-tech. The trainer manually supplies the strength-training resistance. It is the ultimate in personal attention.

Plus One prides itself on its "medically based, closely supervised" programs, whether at this executive-populated World Financial Center location, or its celebrity-saturated Soho digs. While this space isn't gargantuan, you're not cheek-to-cheek. What's more, each client dresses and showers in a fully equipped private room, with a valet to store and fetch your clothes.

I lie atop a weight bench. Lettau shows me the movement—a simple overhead lift—then presses his hands against mine. I push, and he deftly resists me through the motion. This requires trust. Lettau's not working from a standardized measure. As he alters the resistance, I can actually feel how I'm doing. Instead of victory over cold metal, we win each battle together. Think of it as warm and fuzzy weight lifting in the heart of the cold corporate world.



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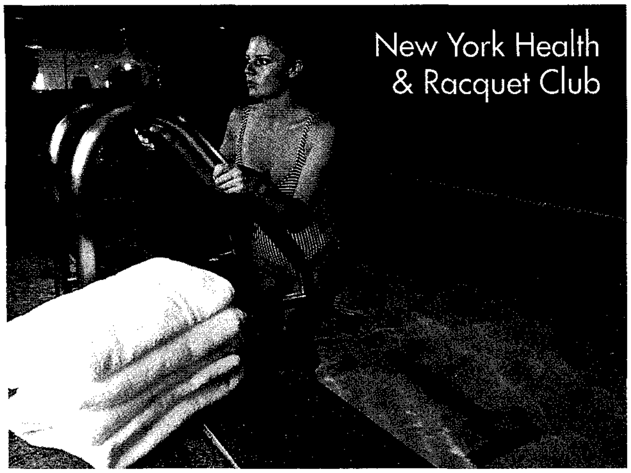


I chickened out. I was supposed to be behind that glass wall doing advanced step aerobics. "But I have trouble walking and chewing gum at the same time," I explained to instructor Marjan Marc. At least she laughed. "You really needn't worry," Marjan insisted before she let me off the hook. Well, I did promise to attend the Ultimate Fitness class.

That's how I ended up on this treadmill at **New York Sports Clubs**, running in place until class starts. The 59th Street and Park Avenue venue is modestly sized and makes no grand fashion statement, but it's clean, uncramped, and pleasant—even when you're running in place.

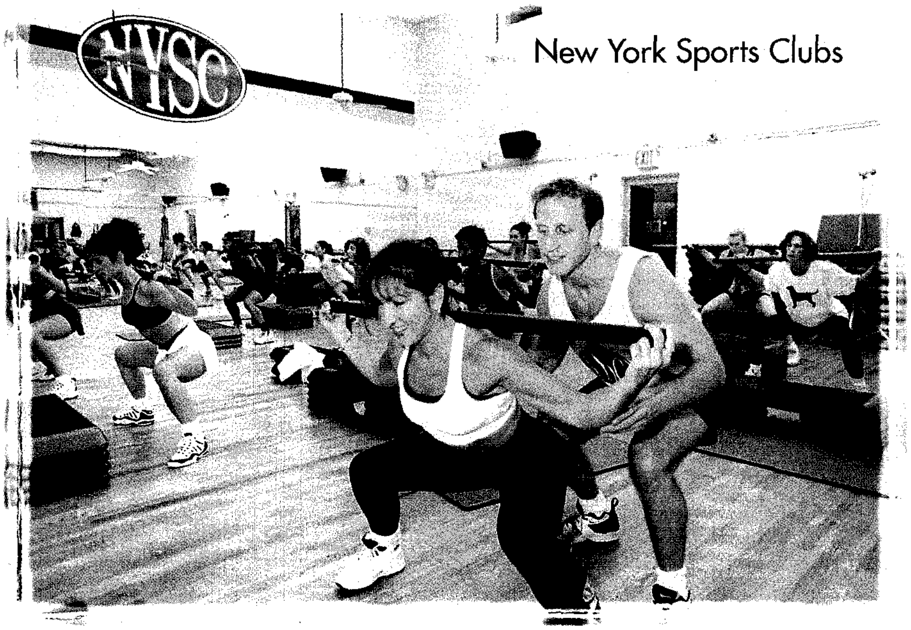
Ultimate Fitness combines step, weight training, ab work, and stretching over a quickly paced 45 minutes. Marjan team-teaches with a lithe guy named Eddie. He leads the upper-body strength sections while she checks on everyone's form. We do simultaneous curls—dozens of them. We do side arm raises—dozens of them. Marjan and Eddie switch roles, and we stretch. A barbell across our shoulders and a foot on the step, we lunge—many times. I'm ready to quit, but the group keeps me moving, and Marjan offers her own inspiration—a quote from Emily Dickinson: "To Live. To live is so startling, it leaves little time to do anything else." Except work out.

I'm most fascinated, I think, by the downtown **New York Health & Racquet Club** facility's Future of Fitness area. Virtual golf—in which you play one of the world's great courses while a pro fine-tunes your game—is but one of its high-tech devices. Want to in-line skate Beverly Hills' Rodeo Drive? You can now do it here. But wait. I haven't come to do mock play; nor to crawl up the rock-climbing "treadwall" vertical treadmill; nor to be bent by Life Circuit equipment that cleverly works your muscles positively and negatively; nor even to join the third-floor squash league. I'd come to run underwater. More virtual reality? Jogging the ocean floor, perhaps? Wrong. All NYH&R facilities offer swimming. At Whitehall Street, they've actually rigged up two in-pool treadmills.

I drop into four feet of water, fire up the machine, and I'm soon running full speed. But, these are not my usual short, choppy steps. I'm loping with a gazelle's long, graceful strides, happily bouncing through the water to—to wherever treadmills take you. I cup my hands, paddle them back and forth, and create instant upper-body work. I barely work up a sweat in the temperate water. I really feel like a prancing quadruped. Until I absently glance at the clock. Whoa! I'm late for my next workout. But not so late that I can't drop into the hot tub for a few soothing minutes. Well, after all, it's a jungle out there.

Asphalt Green sounds different. Like laughter. Happy shouts. Children playing. Because Asphalt Green is much more than a fitness center—it's a life center. Built at the junction of Yorkville and East Harlem on the site of the city's original asphalt plant, this complex has grown into a unique activity hub. Sure, people exercise in the top-floor fitness center, but they also take classes in photography (a darkroom is available), acting, puppetry, and painting; bring their children to day camp; run on the outdoor rubberized track; or watch kids' football and soccer teams play on the Astroturf field.

My mission, however, is to exploit the Green's completely unique aspect: the only Olympic-standard swimming pool in the city. I enter and find myself in a genuine aqua dome—grandstand, racers' starting-block platforms, high dive, and scoreboard. But that's only what you see. At one end of the huge swimming hole, and in the adjacent exercise therapy pool, the floor can be raised or lowered to create greater or less depth. That provides easy access for wheelchair swimmers, and facilitates myriad water programs—like my deep-water aqua-aerobics class. Can't swim? No matter. Life vests keep us afloat. And music keeps us splashing. I'm not a water rat, but the liquid provides such a unique, pleasant resistance that the amusement takes over. Kick. Glide. Reach. Kick. Splash. Giggle. Now it's not just the kids laughing. It's me, too.



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Body By Design

Deanna Amato is late for our appointment at **Reebok Sports Club/NY** on the West Side, where I am awaiting the start of "boot camp," a military style workout class. I linger at the cafe, gawking. This place is too much—lavish—and just huge. A place to see and be seen. Even the carpeted, Montana-sized locker rooms are to die for. I'm musing on the meaning of decadence when Deanna arrives.

Deanna arrives with my lunch. You see, she feeds people. Busy people. People with weight problems. Health conscious people. She operates **Body By Design**. "We provide a painless way to control weight," Deanna explains. Is she eyeing my spare tire, or am I just paranoid? "We manage people's food, and fit good nutrition into their lifestyle."

What's more, she delivers. The food is sealed in air-tight, microwave-safe glass containers. You refrigerate it, pop it in the nuke, and in two minutes, *voila!*, a feast worthy of the country's best spas. "I use only organic, whole foods, and no red meat," Deanna notes. "No preservatives." She not only feeds her clients, she watches over and counsels them like a tireless mother would.

She watches over me, too, escorting me to my "boot camp" workout class. I'm due at the proverbial barracks. We wander into an expansive, bright room littered with equipment.

Boot camp, I quickly learn, involves both cardiovascular as well as muscular conditioning exercises. Push ups, sit ups, weight training, boxing . . . it's all fair game.

Our instructor, Keith Byard, is a six-year vet in the Marines, and an internationally known wrestling champion.

And it shows. Byard barks orders, and each of us in the ranks jumps to heed his command. Although sweat pours down my brow, and I feel I can't log another minute, Byard keeps us motivated.

Like in the Marines, Byard stresses discipline, challenge, and hard work. But he is not out to kill us. Rather, his motto is, "One Marine will not leave another Marine behind," so the class moves as a whole, only as fast as the slowest person in the group. The day after class, I feel like I could scale a mountain, which is exactly what I set out to do. Well, sort of . . .

The skier in me had to try the hypoxic chamber. **Crunch** has the only one in the world at its West 83rd Street gym. "This room simulates 9,000-feet elevation," Crunch's Sarah Dent explains as we sit in a plastic box just large enough to contain a cycle and a treadmill. "Ten percent of the oxygen is removed from the air."

Sarah lists hypoxic training's benefits: decreased blood pressure, increased red blood cell count, a reputed cure for bronchial diseases, and anti-aging benefits. Who cares? Training here could reduce adaptation problems on ski trips to the Rockies or the Alps.

But, you must be careful. Must keep sessions short. Five minutes max. And, I must re-acclimate myself to sea level before cycling, so I explore the highly energized club, and use my time wisely —observing one of Crunch's renowned aerobics classes.

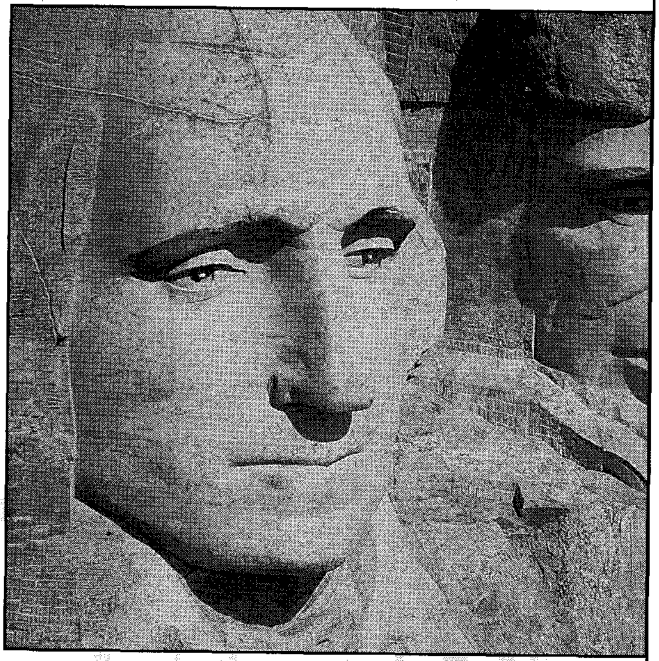
I re-enter the chamber. No noticeable changes. That's because the chamber's temperature, humidity, and air pressure—elements that are affected by real elevation gain—remain identical to the surrounding room. I begin to pedal. My heart rate climbs quickly into the target zone. I never labor, although I do feel a bit breathless. And surprise! The calorie counter shows lack of oxygen is worth another 100-plus calories burned per hour.

I don't know about bronchial disease cures, but hypoxic training has obvious advantages for lowlanders who play atop peaks. Now, if I can only use the hypoxic chamber a few more times before snowfall, I'll be ready to hit the slopes.

. . . Ten gyms in less than two weeks. No wonder a national fitness magazine dubbed New York the nation's most fit city. I can work my body a zillion ways, under skilled supervision, and at my own budgetary pace. How to chose a venue? I'll start with a week-long rest cure.

Crunch

George Washington was our first president, too.



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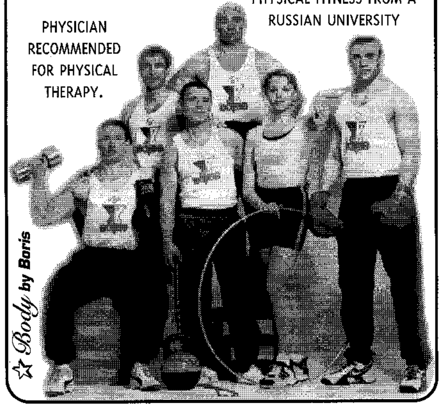
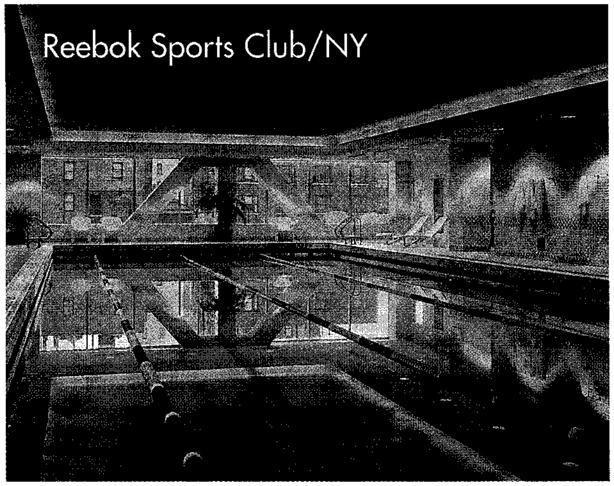



Reebok Sports Club/NY

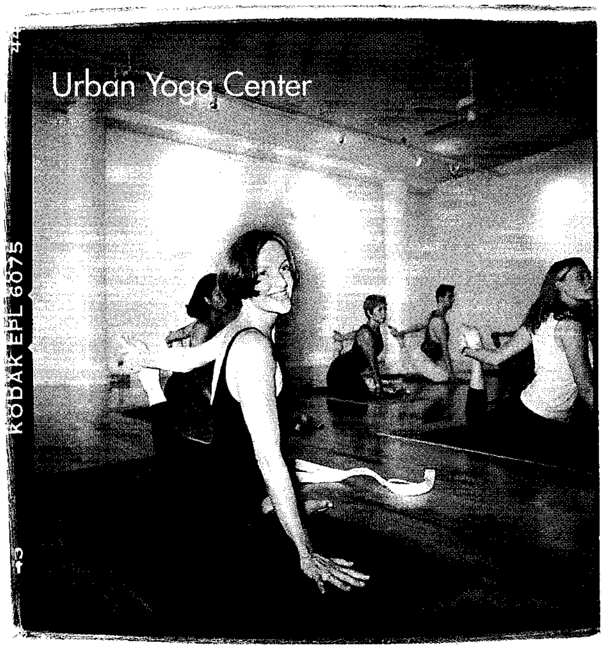
OK, working out at 9,000 feet is not for everyone. So we sent writer Jeanine Barrone on a kinder, gentler mission. Or so we thought. She checked out everything from Pilates to Urban Yoga. Turns out these techniques are anything but a snooze. To make up for it, we then sent Jeanine to a few of the city's top day spas, where she was loofahed, detoxed, and turned back into a human being.

Jeanine: I was almost disappointed at **Urban Yoga Center**: no incense-burning swamis draped in robes or unpronounceable Sanskrit names. No guru to instruct me to focus on emptiness or to concentrate on my navel. Nobody bending in the shape of a pretzel. The only resemblance to the hippie yoga of the '60s was the few minutes I spent sitting in the lotus position, two candles burning, and a couple of short bouts of Om-ing. Actually, Urban Yoga is so active that I welcomed the last few minutes of flat-on-my-back de-stressing with the lights dimmed.

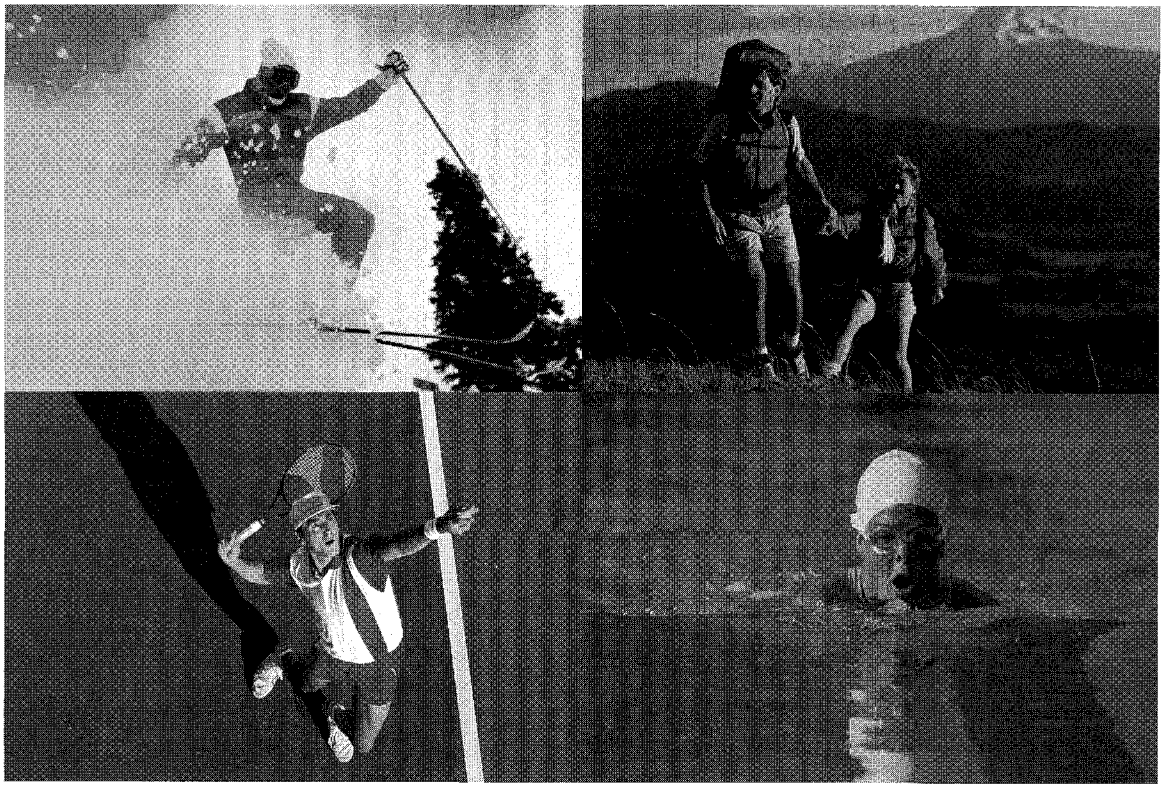
The movements are exacting as you snake from the cobra to salutation to the sun to downward facing dog postures. My legs wobbled, my abdomen burned. Barbara Joseph's advice: "Lengthen your spine, soften your neck and shoulders, invite your knees to open." After 60 minutes, my back finally began to un-kink from the stress of carrying my Powerbook and hunching over a keyboard. My legs were stretched to their limits, and I used a multitude of muscles, including those between my ribs.

The Reformer and the Cadillac, two key pieces of **Pilates** equipment, complete with springs, pulleys, leather straps, and a trapeze, look perfect for an S&M party or a bout of medieval torture. Actually, Pilates is no-impact exercise, almost like ballet in slow motion. Although I was lying down for 90 percent of the workout, there's no chance to zone out. One hour of Pilates is like a combination of free weights, sit ups, and treadmill work.

Lying face-up atop the movable Reformer, with navel pressed down to my spine and legs extended up toward the ceiling, I wrapped each hand around a leather strap and slowly pulled. I pumped my arms, palms down, towards the table for 10 sets of 10, hence the name "the 100." My Pilates teacher, Charrette, caught every one of my *faux pas*: tummy protruding, back arching, shoulders rising, breath holding, and knees turning inward. The result: I felt free and energized. The idea is to impart the sleek grace of a dancer and the muscle tone of a weight lifter—minus the bulk. With the posture improvements, I walk out feeling like I've even grown an inch or two.



Urban Yoga Center



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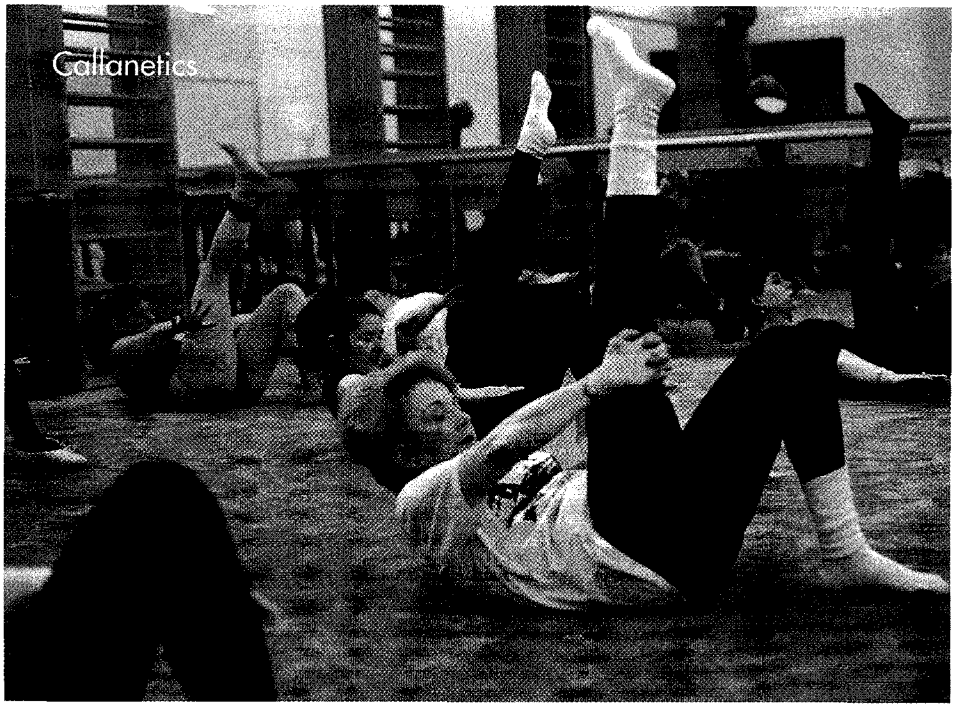

Recently, I gave my boyfriend a copy of *Mars and Venus in the Bedroom.* Maybe I should have taken him to my **Callanetics** class instead. After all, this pelvic work should have a payoff outside the class. Engaging your abdominals and squeezing your sit bones are Callanetics' mantras. It's a way of exercising those deep muscles at your core. With regular workouts, you're destined for enviable abs. All movements are delicate and infinitesimally small. First, with arms extended behind, we pulsed towards our shoulders 20 times. I felt my triceps burn as much as when pumping a 10-pound weight. I've cheated plenty on ab- and adductor machines by forcing my whole body to power the leg weights. Lying on my side, I used my sit bones to move my leg, working the inner and outer thigh and engaging that ever-popular pelvic floor. While I barely made it to 20 pulses, advanced students graduated to 80. Then, on to the prolonged knee bend at the barre. I could see how my skier's legs would improve, and of course, the pelvic work has definite *aprés-ski* potential.

It may sound like a CIA interrogation method, but myofascial release is hardly ominous. At the **New York Health & Racquet Club Spa**, Sophia, a muscle therapist, determined I was an ideal candidate for

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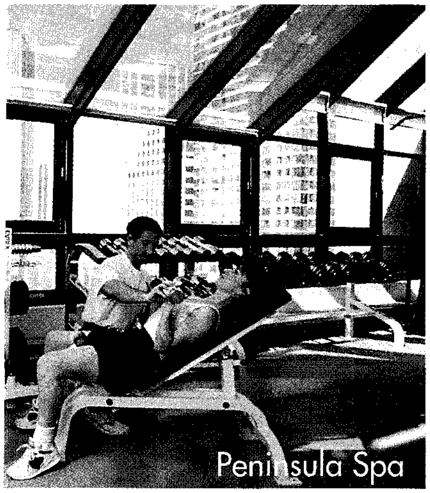
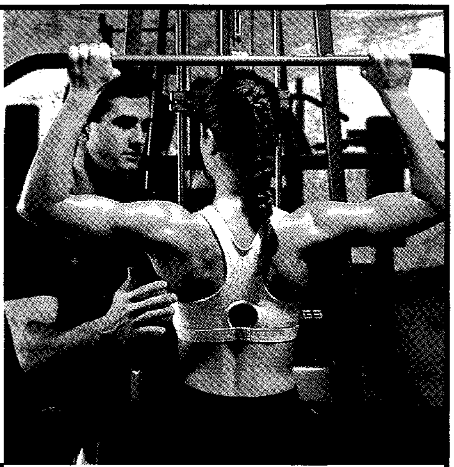
this robust massage because of the stress I retain in my neck and shoulders. After warning me about the pain, she worked her way up my body, pushing and pressing, discovering tender trigger points in my feet, chest, and even the palm of my hand. Finding a raw spot on my neck, she declared, "This gets activated when you are angry with someone." That's where my ex-boss resides. She pulled my earlobes, rubbed under my eyebrows, pressed around my jaw, and stroked my cheeks. I groaned, and Sophia offered to work more lightly but I declined. Thirty minutes later, I felt flexible and headache-free.

Reading the backgrounds of personal trainers hanging at **The Peninsula Spa**, I eliminated the ex-navy Seal, boxing medalist, triathlete, and all-American wrestler as out of my league. Instead, I opted for an exercise physiologist named Heather, who pinned down my weaknesses—strength and flexibility—and gave me a "do" and "don't" list for each piece of equipment: don't lock elbows, do exhale on the lift. She also designed a program tailored to my tennis elbow, cyclist's knee, and bad back. Not to mention her inspiring pep talks. With some interesting workout variations—stretching on the sundeck, weight training with Therabands and medicine balls, I never got bored.

I upped my strength several notches by working out on the Gyrotonics system at **Studio Riverside**. Unique equipment crafted by Juliu Horvath, the Gyrotonics system requires rhythmic circular motions, combining the principles of dance, ta'i chi, and yoga. You can simulate some classic tennis and golf moves on the equipment, a real plus in helping you recover from golfer's shoulder or tennis elbow.

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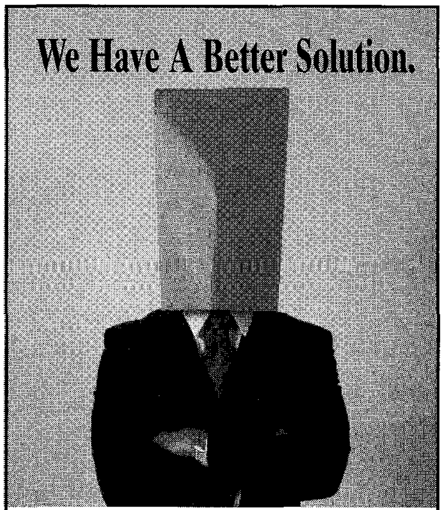
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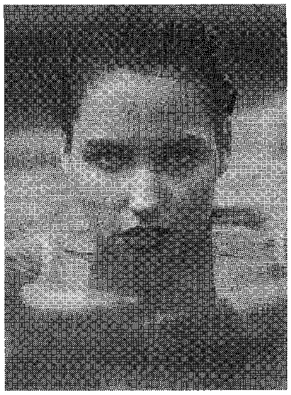

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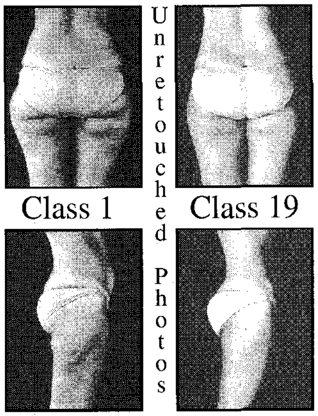

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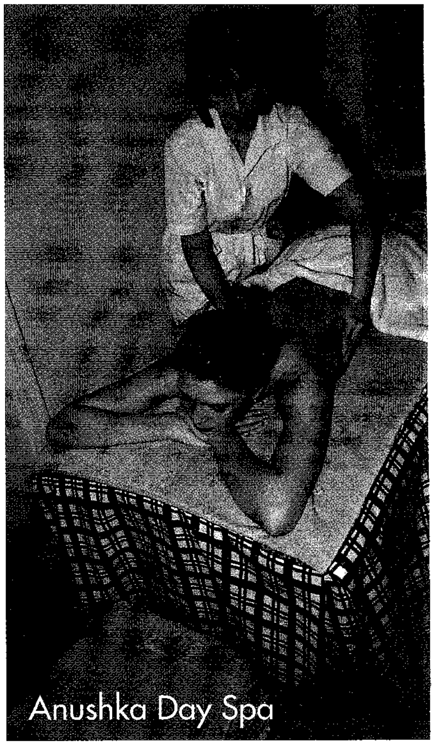


Usually my mask and flippers only get dusted off for my annual sojourn to the Caribbean. Now, twice a week I tote a snorkel in my bag and head to **The Y of Greater New York**. It's not St. Martin, but now I have the skills under my belt so I won't just flail aimlessly as my beachmates look on in mirth. I'm also working my way up to the Y's scuba program. For landlubbers, the Y offers such a diverse range of classes that my head spun just reading the schedule.

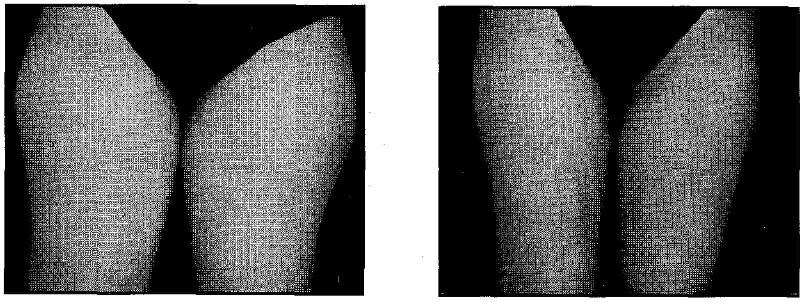
I walked in with skin so splotchy it could have been featured in *Dermatology Today*. But **Faina** provides enough pampering to calm both skin irritations and send you snoozing. After steaming my face, Faina began extracting blackheads—meticulous in her mission to attack my grime-ridden pores. She scrubbed and stroked, probed and pressed. To tighten up my pores, plump up dry cells, and give them a much needed boost of vital oxygen, she smoothed on a mask of black mud from the Dead Sea. Then, she left me dozing with a cooling neck collar and eye pads full of herbs. Perfect for banishing those pounding four-Advil headaches. When I left, my once-raw, city-worn skin was baby soft.

At **Anushka**, detox comes in the form of warm, silky, moss-green-colored seaweed, mixed with sea water and spread across every millimeter of skin, from neck to toes. Wrapped in a sheet of thermal plastic, towels, and a heated blanket, I felt like a heated 5' California roll. But after 45 minutes, Mila proclaimed my sweating had not been in vain. "When you sweat you're losing tons of toxins," she said. My skin was invigorated and I felt fresher knowing that I was cleansed of NYC smog and soot and vitalized from the minerals.

My skin could be a calling-card for **Lia Schorr Skin Care**. Elana salvaged my sun-and wind-exposed epidermis—smoothing a warm, grainy mix of algae, sea salt, and oils of rosemary and grapefruit from my arches to my armpits. Next, a gentle but meticulous rubbing with a soft loofah, her deft hands working around my hips and abdomen. Off sloughed surface grime and dead cells. I walked out with a rosy glow and skin as smooth as marble.

No matter how much I bundle up, winter's harsh, dry air eventually takes its toll. I found long-lasting relief at **Lida's Skin Care Center**. There I underwent a deluxe, four-layer, hydrating facial enriched with vitamins and minerals to nourish and rejuvenate damaged skin—before the frigid weather could do further harm. Next came the seaweed facial to improve my skin's tone and color, leaving it smooth and supple. But radiant skin is only one facet of a healthy appearance. Lida offers a range of spa services, from deep muscular massage and aromatherapy to expert manicures and pedicures—to relax, refresh, and indulge.

NOW YOU SEE IT...NOW YOU DON'T



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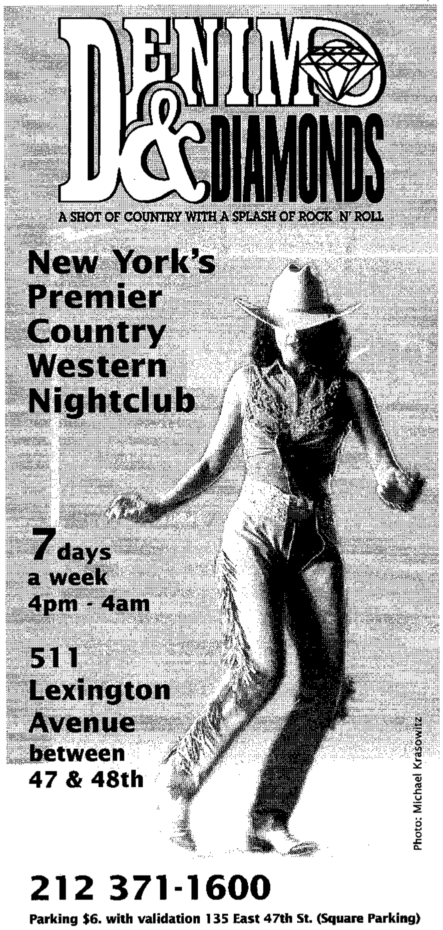
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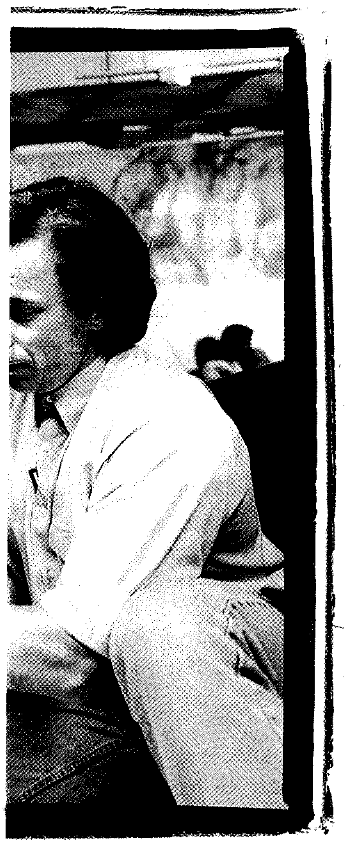

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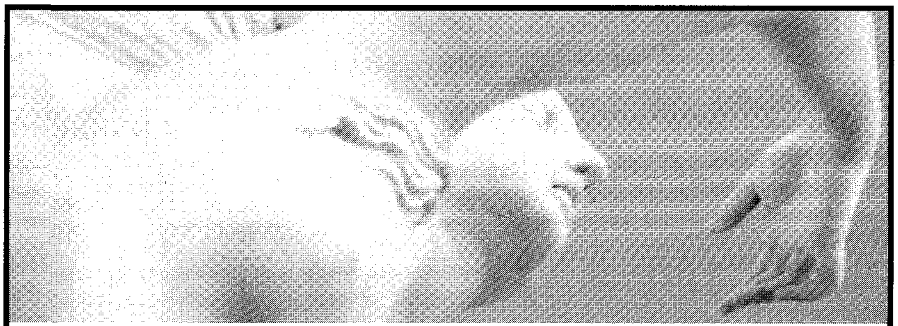

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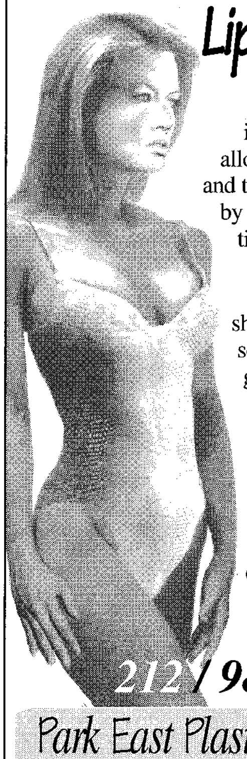

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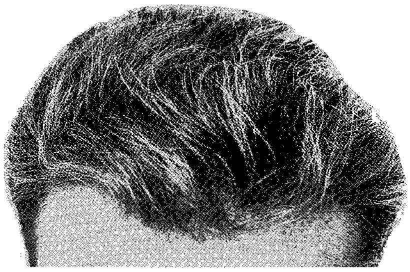

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Regardless of how much exercise and dieting you do, there are just some stubborn areas of the body that refuse to conform to desired proportions. Thanks to plastic surgery and other modern cosmetic procedures, the term "fatal flaw" is now a contradiction in terms.

A board-certified dermatologist, Dr. **Bruce E. Katz**, Director of the **Laser & Skin Aesthetics Center** and Associate Clinical Professor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, specializes in advanced laser technologies and skin rejuvenation, cosmetic surgery, and general dermatology. He is well known for his expertise in liposuction, hair transplantation, and chemical peels.

Dr. **George Lefkovits**, a board-certified plastic surgeon and assistant clinical professor of plastic surgery at New York Medical College, has devoted his 15-year practice to advanced cosmetic surgery procedures. Performing most procedures in an office operating suite, Dr. Lefkovitz specializes in liposuction, rhinoplasty, breast surgery, and hair restoration for men. He performs a new laser technique to resurface lines, wrinkles, and acne scars.

A board-certified plastic surgeon on staff at several prestigious New York hospitals, Dr. **Eli Milch** operates in a state-of-the-art office surgical facility. Dr. Milch specializes in tumescent liposuction, a new technique that dramatically decreases recuperation time, as well as nasal surgery, breast enlargement and reduction, face lifts, and laser surgery.

At **Renaissance Plastic Surgery Associates**, skilled surgeons Dr. **Michael Kalvert** and Dr. **Paul R. Weiss** have been performing reconstructive and cosmetic surgery procedures for 20 years. According to Dr. Kalvert, an assistant professor at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, the latest developments in liposuction can remove more fat tissue with less pain, bruising, and recuperation time.

A well-respected cosmetic surgeon who performs myriad advanced surgical procedures in his private ambulatory facility, Dr. **James Reardon** says that when aging becomes inevitable, cosmetic surgery can help a man or a woman look as young as he or she feels.

If you are having difficulty sorting through cosmetic surgeons, you will be happy to learn about **Denise Thomas**, an expert cosmetic surgery consultant who can help you demystify the process. Whether you seek a surgeon who specializes in liposuction, face lifts, laser surgery, or breast enhancement, Thomas will point you to a board-certified doctor who meets your requirements.

For patients concerned with hair loss, Dr. **Andrew Cordaro**, a surgeon with two decades of experience, offers state-of-the-art surgical hair restorations of your own living, growing hair.

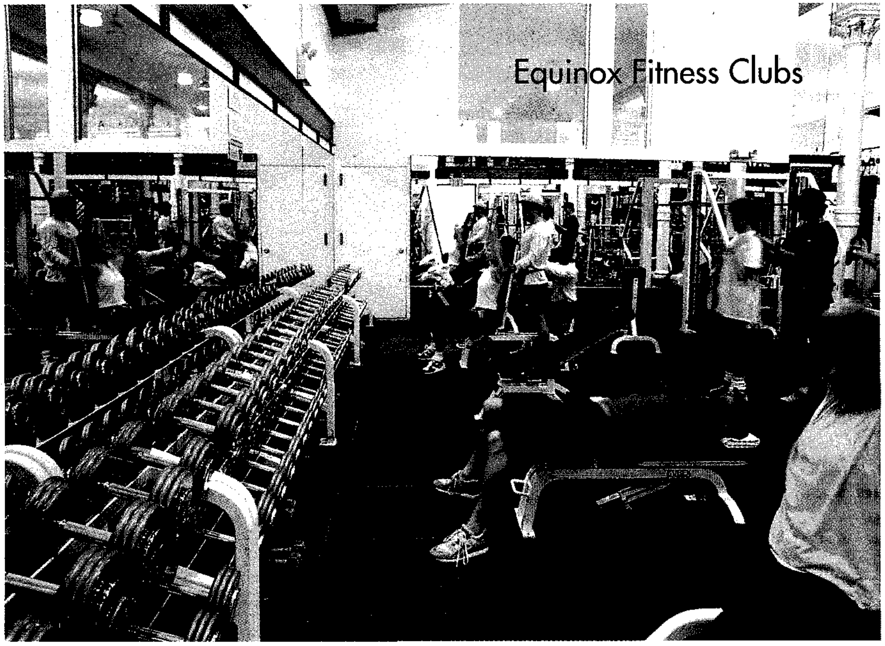
Another respected expert in hair restoration is **Andy Alfieri**, a Manhattan-based hair restoration specialist for 28 years. His patients are treated to highly personalized service and a money-back guarantee.

For thicker, fuller hair, **Sequence Hair Blending** offers women a natural solution, by adding one real hair at a time. The look is realistic and undetectable, just the ticket for women who suffer from hair loss.

On the other hand, for those who are dismayed by unwanted body and facial hair, **Tipaz Electrolysis** offers certified electrologists in state-of-the-art, sterilized facilities. The service is personalized, discreet, and comfortable.

To combat vascular problems, the specialists at **New York Vein Care** provide quick and painless surgery procedures that remove varicose and spider veins.

Finally, a winning smile is a perennial sign of beauty. For 18 years, Dr. **Stan Heifetz**, a skilled cosmetic and restorative dentist, has brightened the smiles of thousands, including well-known models, actors, and celebrities. He specializes in porcelain veneers, bonding, whitening, and other modern procedures that enhance or redesign smiles. Patients see dramatic results quickly and with little or no discomfort.



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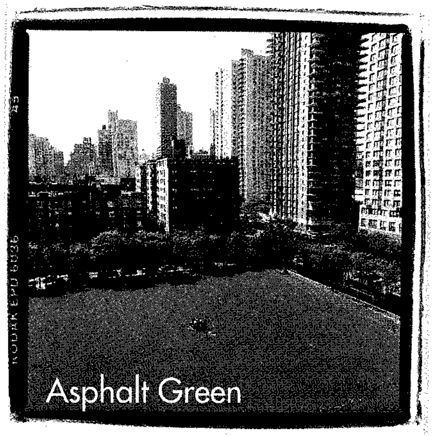

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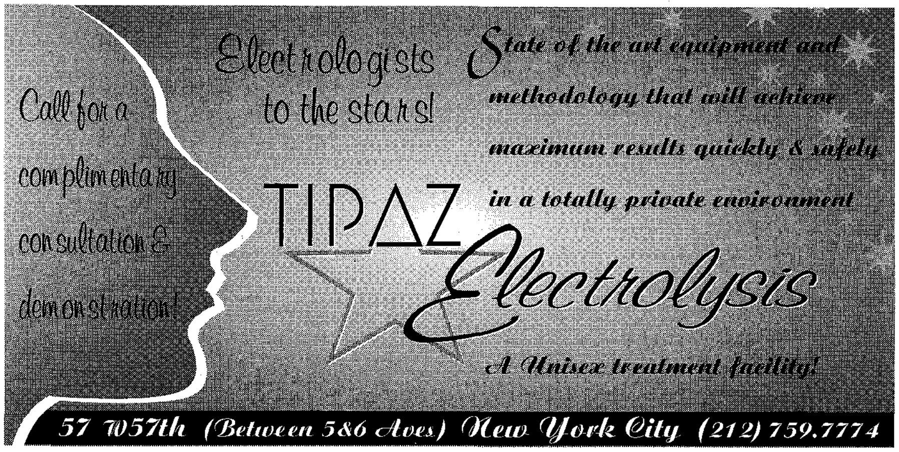

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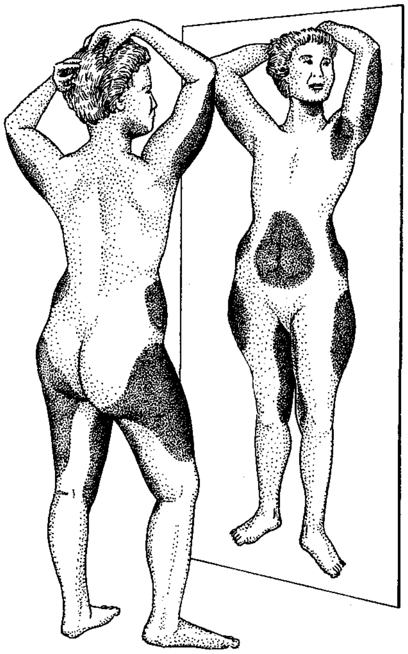

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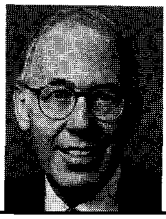

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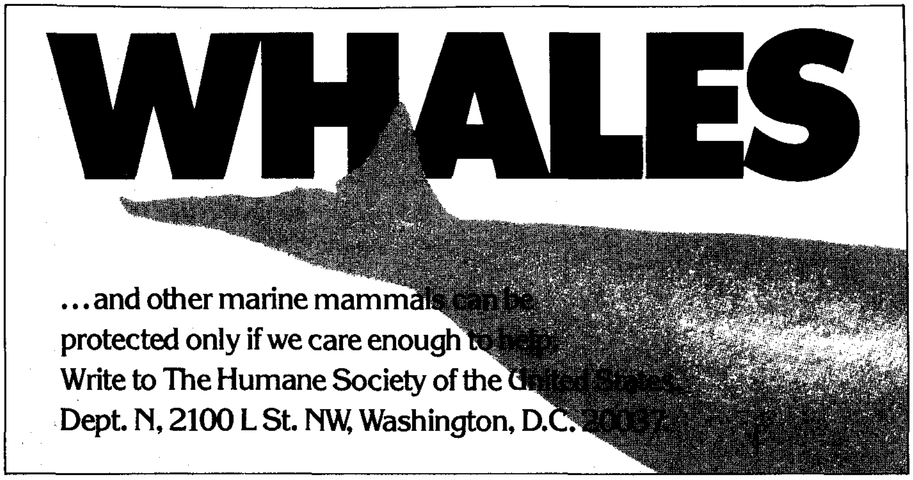

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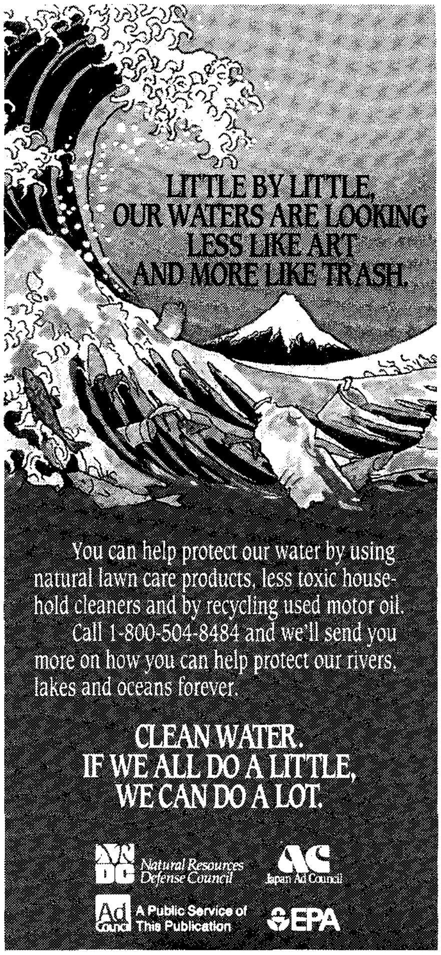
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turkey classic

For the second year, American Express will partner with the New York Road Runners Club to help fight hunger.

On Sunday, November 24, New Yorkers will be running for turkeys at the second-annual Turkey Classic, presented by American Express. The Classic is a five-mile roadrace organized by the New York Road Runners Club and held at Central Park on East Park Drive at 99th Street, starting at 10 a.m. For each runner who beats goal times of 38 minutes (women) or 32 minutes (men) American Express will donate a Thanksgiving turkey to an area soup kitchen. This year, they will donate 150 turkeys, which will be delivered by City Harvest, a leading New York-based food-rescue agency. All runners and spectators are encouraged to bring non-perishable food to the race for collection by City Harvest and American Express.

Other supporters of the 1996 Classic include *New York Magazine*, Citarella, Crunch Fitness, Equinox, New York Health & Fitness, and World Gym. New to this year's event is the Minor Classic, in which kids aged two to 14 can participate by running from one block to one mile. The minor classic will begin at 9 a.m., and all kids who participate will receive ribbons provided by American Express. Additional prizes will be awarded to those kids who bring the most canned food to the race site.

The race is part of the American Express Charge Against Hunger program, a national fundraising and consumer-awareness campaign to help fight hunger in America, launched by American Express and Share Our Strength in 1993.•

Virginie Ledoyen in *A Single Girl.*

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

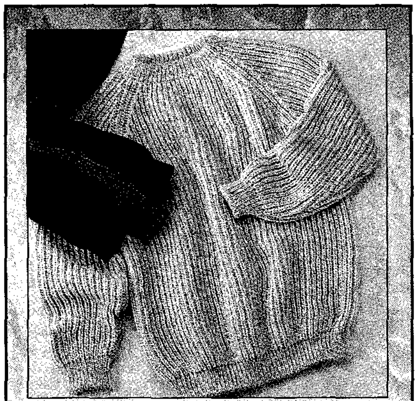
That Girl

'A Single Girl' is a curious, brilliant film that should make a superstar out of its leading lady; 'Sleepers' is morally dishonest.

EARLY ON A GRAY PARIS MORNING, VALERIE (Virginie Ledoyen), the working-class heroine of **A Single Girl,** meets her boyfriend, Remi (Benoit Magimel), at a café. She tells him that she is pregnant, and that she wants to have the baby. A good-looking but rather blank young man, Remi struggles to find a response, at which point Valerie shrugs him off and walks out, striding across the street and around the corner, where she enters the side door of a four-star hotel and begins her first day of work. Valerie, wearing a tuxedo, is a room-service waitress; her job requires her to enter rooms with a breakfast tray and wake people up, sometimes to interrupt their lovemaking, to invade their privacy—an act, we realize, that is really an invasion of her privacy.

A Single Girl plays Film Forum from October 30 to November 12; if it catches on, it will move to another theater soon after. And it should catch on, because the movie is an experiment that works brilliantly. We stay with this imperious girl for about two hours of her life, moment by moment, corridor by corridor, room by room. The director, Benoit Jacquot, skips a few minutes here and there, but mostly the film is shot in real time, and Jacquot, who wrote the movie with Jerome Beaujour, captures the physical and spiritual geography of Valerie's existence—the small and large encounters, the exasperations, the moments of menace and pleasure. Jacquot's intimacy with his willful heroine suggests a domesticated Godard—a friendly descendant of the New Wave who prizes experience more than fable, temperament more than political ideas, and reconciliation more than aesthetic subversion. *A Single Girl* uses radical technique to achieve conservative (but stirring) humanist ends. By the end of the movie, we understand many things about Valerie, among them the plain truth that we can't hope really to understand her at all. The miracle is that she is both a representative type—a proud working-class Parisian young woman—and an untamable individual.

A Single Girl should make an international star out of Virginie Ledoyen, who appears in every frame of the movie. Here is the modern maiden warrior, a Joan of Arc who fights only for herself but whose honor is unmistakable. Ledoyen is fairly short, with an oval face, dark eyes, and beautiful olive skin; she has a reserved manner that suddenly falls into a quick, embarrassed smile or a fit of giggles. She is very pretty—the features are perfect—yet there's nothing of the mannequin in her presence. She's alert, engaged; she may not do a lot in this role, but at least we have a sense of what she might be holding in. As she moves down the elegant ocher corridors of the hotel, her shoulders flung back, her walk a rolling stride, she's ready for everything, and the tuxedo jacket keeps slipping off—she won't allow it to uniform her body. And when she goes outside at last and rushes down the street, all of Paris belongs to her. By American standards, Valerie is not a very nice person, but for the French, who are tougher about such virtues, niceness is not really the point. Valerie is beautiful and proud; she has the moral grace of self-assured youth. And since there's nothing petty, calculating, or self-seeking about her, one wants her to triumph.



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Even on her first day, Valerie struggles with weird and demanding hotel guests; she fends off the advances of the male waiters, the jealous or friendly interest of the female ones. Valerie is tough and not always truthful, but she's enduring. The movie doesn't see it this way, but for me the defect of her bravery is that it courts isolation. *A Single Girl* was written and directed by men, but it dives deep into female fatalism: Valerie withdraws rather than get screwed; she abandons so she will not be abandoned. She is a partner infinitely worth having, but the way the movie tells it, she can achieve selfhood only by recognizing the claims of no one but herself.

Sleepers NEVER WAKES UP. DESPITE AN EXtraordinary cast (including Robert De Niro and Dustin Hoffman in small roles), Barry Levinson's movie version of Lorenzo Carcaterra's notorious book is muffled and convoluted—shrouded in self-doubt and cynicism. Carcaterra, a journalist by trade, claimed the authenticity of genuine experience. Yet when his "nonfiction memoir" came out last year, a number of reviewers smelled a fabrication, and a bad fabrication at that. The reviewers were probably correct, but whether the story is literally true is not the point: As much as journalism, fiction needs to be "true" (though perhaps in different ways). The trouble with Carcaterra is that he's a lousy liar, and his faking can't be disguised. Transferred to the screen, *Sleepers* feels unconvincing in every frame. Four young boys, growing up in New York's Hell's Kitchen in the sixties, get sent to reform school, where they are sexually abused by sadistic guards. Years later, the four young men, now in their twenties, carry out an elaborate scheme of revenge against their tormenters. The plan requires fixing a New York murder trial and persuading a priest to lie; it also requires the assistance of "friendly" mafiosi and drug dealers, who commit murder as a favor. It's possible that all these events actually took place, but they can't have taken place in the pat way that Levinson stages them. If you don't trust me on this, ask your local mafioso (or your local priest).

According to the macho ethos of Hell's Kitchen, what was done to the boys in reform school is the worst thing that could have happened to them. At its heart, the Carcaterra story is a vengeance fantasy driven by the shame of homosexual violation. Levinson, however, has too much taste to squeeze the pulp for all it's worth, so he attempts to take the high road. Following Carcaterra's lead, Levinson gives the material an elaborate, even epic, frame, with a voice-over narration spoken by the Carcaterra figure (Jason Patric) in lyrical-barroom style. At the beginning of the movie, we see the boy's early years in the Kitchen—a series of hazy, affectionate memories of gangsters, priests, and neighborhood characters, all benevolent men who want only to help these four unremarkable boys. We're set up, in other words, for a tale of innocence despoiled. The tone is very high-minded. Yet Levinson is stuck. Without the rape and torture in the reformatory basement, he's got no movie—at least no big-budget commercial movie—so he returns to the sadism over and over again. Is it possible to do rape scenes in good taste? Levinson tries awfully hard. He shoots the torture-dungeon stuff in blurred, fragmentary style, often in black and white, with muted cries on the soundtrack. The horror is distanced, aestheticized. Caught between sleaze and his better judgment, Levinson turns out sickly, guilt-stricken exploitation.

The movie never breaks free, and it's pretty obvious why. Shame is less a dramatic emotion than a reflex, a way of covering wounds; it's a murderously difficult emotion to bring alive. One reason, perhaps, for the artistic success of an earlier movie about the abuse of young boys, the 1992 Canadian film *The Boys of St. Vincent,* is that it turned away at times from the victims and examined the tormented consciousness of the rapist. But in Carcaterra's material, you can never escape that neighborhood taboo: You've been done by a guy. When the four boys meet as grown-ups (the others are played by Brad Pitt, Billy Crudup, and Ron Eldard), they can barely look one another in the face. Shame really is the only thing this movie has to draw on, and Levinson can't get the story moving; he can't build any tension or release the emotions—not even the pleasures of revenge.

Watching *Sleepers,* we may feel trapped in an insane world of male fear and male fantasy. After all, what kind of Hell's Kitchen street life are Levinson and Carcaterra idealizing? When the boys were young, they did favors for gangsters and committed petty crimes. Levinson's affectionate attitude toward the dirty past makes the concept of innocence meaningless. These boys were never innocent. And when they get a chance to act as grown-ups, they go back to the corrupt morality of the streets. It's supposed to be hip that a Mafia boss and a black drug dealer help them in their revenge. By the movie's system of moral accounting, rape is unspeakable but murder is good—it's clean, somehow, because it was committed by *our* guys. And rigging a trial is cool, too, because the criminal-justice system is hopeless, whereas the gangster-priest-drug-dealer system of neighborhood justice is always fair and honest. *Sleepers* is unconscious, to an almost unprecedented degree. Without irony or criticism, it succumbs to the urban-scuzzbag view of life. In that respect alone, it is, I suppose, an authentic work. ■

BOOKS WALTER KIRN

A Writer's Hardboiling

After his mother's murder, James Ellroy soaked himself in Spillane and speed and incestuous fantasy. Writing saved him. In his memoir, he tries to save his mother.

My Dark Places

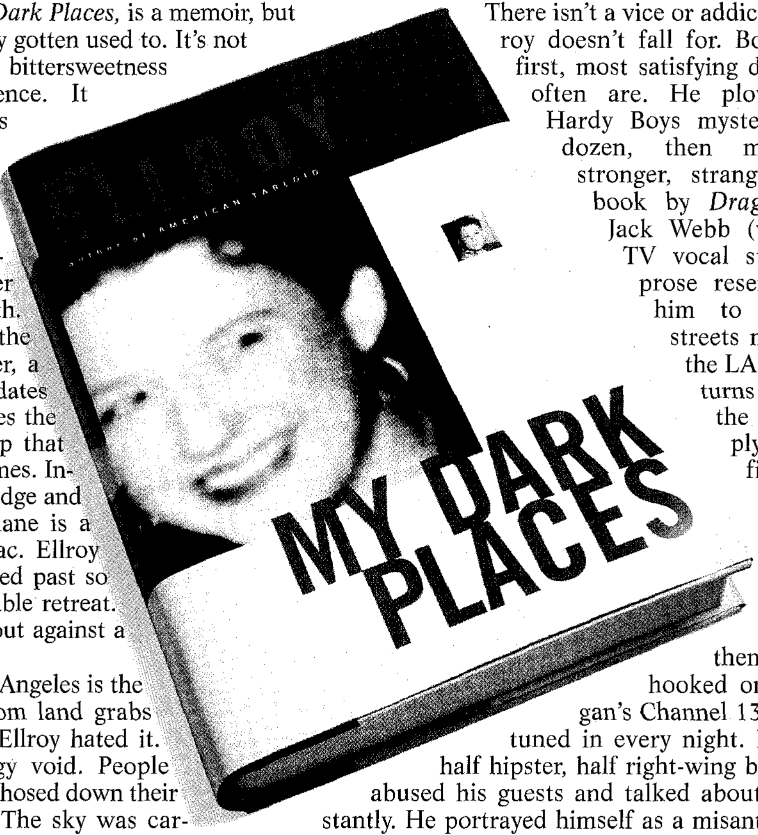
BY JAMES ELLROY
Alfred A. Knopf; $25; 360 pages

DISMISSING BOOKS WITHOUT ACTUALLY READING them is the bad habit that makes a critic's life manageable. Some years ago, I opened a James Ellroy novel, took a long glance at a random middle page, and immediately put it down. I didn't like the chaos of what I saw: staccato sentences, rampant capitalization, and paragraphs that were wider than they were long. The page looked type-spattered, messy, incoherent. It looked like notes for a novel, not finished work. The dismissal was a mistake, though. My vision has cleared. What struck me once as dull improvisation, a riot of trivial jive talk, looks like genius now.

Ellroy's new book, *My Dark Places*, is a memoir, but not of the type we've lately gotten used to. It's not just another look back in bittersweetness at an abused adolescence. It doesn't index the author's miseries under familiar psychological headings, tracing the usual redemptive curve from brutalization to wisdom and recovery. It's cruder and bolder than that. A cold, cold bath. It begins and ends with the murder of Ellroy's mother, a still-unsolved slaying that dates to the late fifties, and takes the form of an obsessive loop that tightens into a noose at times. Instead of leading to knowledge and understanding, memory lane is a big dead end, a cul-de-sac. Ellroy doesn't recover his troubled past so much as clock its implacable retreat. He beats his own brains out against a broken time machine.

Dirt-water Greater Los Angeles is the setting, a place "built from land grabs and racial grief." Young Ellroy hated it. "El Monte was a smoggy void. People parked on their lawns and hosed down their cars in their underwear. The sky was carcinogenic tan. I noticed a lot of evil-looking pachucos." Grown-up Ellroy makes no bones about his racist childhood in the sticks. He felt the local Mexicans were beneath him. He seethed with contempt for his mother's neighborhood, preferring city weekends with his father. The juke joints and greasy-spoon drive-ins of El Monte offended Ellroy's sense of his own class, even as they provided gritty diversions for his heavy-drinking single mother. One night, while out bar-hopping, she's strangled and dumped, and her 10-year-old son is more relieved than shocked. El Monte is hell, and he's been culturally prepped to know what happens to swinging divorcées. His mother's death is his ticket to new horizons. "Some unknown killer," Ellroy remembers thinking, "just brought me a brand-new beautiful life."

The life that follows is anything but beautiful. After a phone-call-by-phone-call reconstruction of the murder investigation (a grinding, inconclusive effort that centers on a dark-complected mystery man and leads detectives nowhere but down), Ellroy plunges into his own story, the diary of a compulsive teenage hate freak. There isn't a vice or addiction that Ellroy doesn't fall for. Books are his first, most satisfying drug, as they often are. He plows through Hardy Boys mysteries by the dozen, then moves onto stronger, stranger stuff. A book by *Dragnet* creator Jack Webb (whose terse TV vocal style Ellroy's prose resembles) hips him to the mean-streets militarism of the LAPD. His soul turns rabid. Soon, the gawky, pimply social misfit is sucking up huge drafts of toxic politics wherever he can find them: "I got hooked on Tom Duggan's Channel 13 gabfest and tuned in every night. Duggan was half hipster, half right-wing blowhard. He abused his guests and talked about booze constantly. He portrayed himself as a misanthrope and a lech. He struck a deep chord in me."



Nowadays, when college graduation is widely held to mark the dawn of individual responsibility, confessing to youthful misdeeds is generally safe, and in memoirs it often wins sympathy. Not here. Young Ellroy is monstrous, a walking moral pustule. He enrolls in a school that is mostly Jewish and promptly declares

James Ellroy 's account of his formative years is crudely riveting. But his search for his mother's murderer isn't exactly a thriller.

Photographs: top, Marion Ettlinger; bottom, Wayne Simpson.

himself a full-blown Nazi. By day, he shouts slurs in the classroom and calls for the reinstatement of slavery. By night, he creeps down alleys and peeps in windows. In time, he becomes a panty-sniffing burglar and medicine-cabinet raider. He stops bathing. His high of choice is the speed-soaked cotton core from drugstore asthma inhalers. He chokes them down and locks the door and engages in marathon wanking sessions featuring women who resemble his mother.

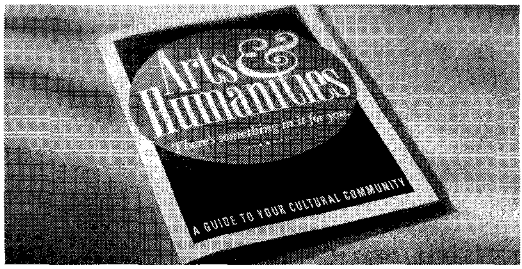
Incest—necrophiliac incest–emerges as young Ellroy's central kick. It's the speck around which his ugly pearl accretes. By now, it's a hard-boiled cliché that murder detectives must enter the mind of the killer they hope to catch, and Ellroy explains his perversions the same way: as a warped but inevitable identification with the evil that took away his mom. Eventually, he reforms himself, learns discipline, and hauls himself up from the swamps of self-destruction by becoming a writer. His obsessions don't change, just the means for quenching them—he puts down his penis and picks up a pen. And there his memoir takes a sudden swerve.

It's a turn for the worse. From the paranoid, spooky, repressive fifties and sixties, we jump to the jaded, seen-everything nineties.

The grown-up Ellroy, now famous and successful, his demons respectably sublimated and tamed, sets out to find his mother's killer with the help of a crusty California cop. The idea, which starts out as a *GQ* magazine piece, goes out of control and becomes a yearlong quest. For the book's sake, it should have remained a magazine piece. What's basically a high-concept media stunt takes over the memoir and kills its dark momentum; Ellroy's agenda changes from bitter, twisted soul-searching to mere reporting. The play-by-play is endless—a succession of boring visits to witnesses' homes and complicated searches through old documents. Tangential murder cases crop up and are lengthily followed through the courts. Though Ellroy pronounces himself successful in finding his mother's essence, though not her murderer, he loses the larger narrative thread.

All in all, that's a minor disappointment. *My Dark Places* is deepest, densest, and darkest in its brilliant middle. And that's appropriate. This isn't a book about perspective achieved but about perspective lost, and Ellroy the writer is most compelling when he's most confused. Half-cockedness is the secret of his success. "I lived by notions—stupid and otherwise. I soaked up crackpot ideas wholesale." Though Ellroy's memoir strives for symmetry, the cracks and gaps are where his light shines through. ▬

IF ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, THEN WE HAVE THE PERFORMANCE SCHEDULE.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Music for Chameleons

In 'Taking Sides,' Ronald Harwood explores the roiling chasm between art and ethics, with mixed results. 'Fit to Be Tied' is unfit for consumption.

RONALD HARWOOD'S **Taking Sides** IS A WORTHY play that ought to be wonderful. It has good research, theatrical efficacy, earnestness of purpose, and a couple of other things going for it; what it lacks is that spark of genius that creates a conflagration. Hackwork mouths street talk; genius speaks in tongues. *Taking Sides* stammers in tongues.

But do not look down your nose at it. Any work that these days takes on the huge, timeless conflict between the artist and society in its most shocking aspect—co-optation by the powers of evil—and dares not to be cocksure about whom to blame most deserves a respectful hearing. What, the play asks, should have been done in 1946, at war's end, about Wilhelm Furtwängler? One of the world's greatest conductors, he stayed in Germany and conducted for the Nazis in the belief that great music ultimately subverted the rule of evil. And Furtwängler was not alone; there were other great musicians—Walter Gieseking, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Richard Strauss—less idealistic in their motives.

As Harwood presents his partly true, partly inferential story, the otherworldly conductor is pitted against an American denazification officer, the invented but not implausible Major Steve Arnold. Harwood's maestro is the muses' darling who ipso facto becomes the philistine's scapegoat. His tragedy is that he is great in a field that Arnold cannot appreciate. Had W. F. been famous in, say, sports, like O. J. Simpson, he could have doubled as a concentration-camp guard and still walked.

For what makes this play so interesting is that Arnold's hatred of the Nazis is not nearly so intense as his resentment of the artist. Arnold is an insurance man in civil life, one for whom what cannot be translated into hard cash hardly exists. And that it should enjoy privileges denied to him gets him all bent out of shape.

The agon—and the agony—is there all right. But though the playwright sees the greater issue, he remains hung up on specifics. Harwood tries to make the major into more than a mere envious lowbrow—he can be jolly, even jovial and playful—but he is still an obvious, spiteful vulgarian. And a one-man band. Everybody else in the play is overtly or at bottom on Wilhelm's side. That includes Rode, the second violinist coerced into siding against his revered chief; Emmi Straube, Arnold's German secretary, the daughter of an anti-Nazi hero; Tamara Sachs, the ranting widow of a Jewish piano virtuoso whom Furtwängler helped escape; and Jewish lieutenant Wills, Arnold's intelligence officer, who, however shaken, defends the conductor's actions.

Furtwängler himself remains, for all his fallibility, colossal, suprahuman. He may stumble, become

Conduct unbecoming: Ed Harris (left) and Daniel Massey in *Taking Sides*.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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stymied or apoplectic, but he remains inviolable. Even when he is comically out of it, the white fringe of hair around his mighty bald dome is never less than a halo. For the sake of balance, Arnold should have been made weightier, too.

Under David Jones's slyly effective direction, the cast, with one exception, does nobly. Daniel Massey makes Furtwängler both larger than life and a bit daft and frail, exactly the exacting amalgam the role demands. He is part prehistoric saurian, rearing up too high for our Ice Age; part sublime, Grockian clown you laugh at at your soul's peril. Massey's performance is enormous, aiming rightly more at our awe than at our compassion.

As his nemesis, Major Arnold, Ed Harris dexterously blends fanatical resentment with bursts of personal charm, almost making the snarling goofball sympathetic. In giving militant pettiness a human face, Harris does more than the text can to convey how evil brings people to their knees, whether it wears brown shirts or U.S. Army khakis.

There are capital supporting performances from Michael Stuhlbarg, Elizabeth Marvel, and especially Norbert Weisser; only Ann Dowd, as Tamara Sachs, offers a coarsely obvious piece of histrionics. The visuals are first-rate, and the pacing makes fine use of rubato. The writing, however, gets progressively weaker, hokier, and less credible. Even so, there is more to be gripped by than to gripe about.

THE OVERRATED NICKY SILVER TURNS UTterly meretricious, meaningless, and contemptible in **Fit to Be Tied.** What could be more distasteful than a contrived, superficial farce riding on outlandish sight gags and hit-or-miss one-liners that cheaply indulges homosexual (and occasionally heterosexual) fantasies, then tries to legitimize itself by coyly, pussyfootingly invoking AIDS?

It is hard to review this nauseating concoction without the kinds of pejoratives that make the perversely curious want to rush to catch it. Say that a play is creepy, prurient, awash in childishly smutty jokes, and you might as well hire out as its publicist. Yet a farce about a superrich kid with a crazy and sex-crazed mother married to the boy's crass stepfather is already suspect. If the mother runs away to go live with the boy, whom she both stiflingly coddles and casually betrays by bedding his love object, the mess thickens.

Concoct then a situation wherein the boy's lover, with whom the boy has difficulties consummating the sex act, nevertheless ends up in a sunny ménage à trois with the boy and his mother while the stepfather's inept attempts to reclaim his wife are joyously spurned, and the stench becomes overpowering. Especially when the lover is an angel in the Radio City Christmas Show, and sports angelic drag even when the boy ties him up in his clumsy "first foray" into sadomasochism, observing, "How hard can it be?" Mother rings doorbell, boy locks tied-up lover into closet and explains tardy response to ringing with "I was masturbating." "That is so darling!" exclaims Mom.

Silver is a vest-pocket clone of Tony Kushner, himself hardly coat-pocket-size. A pox on all pubescently maladjusted playwrights populating America with grotesque angels because they cannot manage rounded human beings. There are no consistent, never mind true, characters here, and don't even think of sensible plotting. If all else fails, in goes a witless parody of O'Neill, the boy having played the addicted mother in a high-school production of *Long Day's Journey Into Night*. Now the lover is following son and mother around the apartment with a video camera, ostensibly making a movie of the O'Neill play. Absurd? Absurdist? Derivative? Demented? Take your pick.

Or just how amused are you by this typical line: "You are looking at me," says our hero's bibulous mother, "like I'm Lee Remick in *Days of Wine and Roses*." Even Jean Smart's smart delivery cannot disguise that this easy allusion, recognized, is meant to make the spectator feel devilishly—or angelically—with-it. That's what Nicky Silver is about: half-baked one-upmanship, facile inversion, smirking wallows in dime-store depravity, and salvos of quips of which one in twenty hits a target. Not all that is Silver glitters. The production values are excellent. Only the play sucks.

The Vagina Monologues IS EVE ENSLER'S SURVEY of how women feel about their vaginas. Some of it is indeed monologues, some of it is Q&A read off cards by Miss Ensler, seated on a bar chair in front of a screen on which red light is sometimes projected. Most of the monologues are routine stuff, but some of the answers to questions are at least bizarre: "If your vagina could talk, what would it say?" "Where's Brian?" Asked to describe the smell of their organ, women answer, "Somewhere between fish and lilies" or "The South Pacific" or "Paloma Picasso." For redeeming social content, Miss Ensler traveled to Bosnia to research the effect of civil war on vaginas. Some of her Bosnian informants were among the clamorously enthusiastic audience.

I tend to mistrust a playwright-screenwriter-actress who, speaking in her own person, says "I had to lay down," "astrologer" for "astronomer," and, after years of research, "clitoris" with the accent on the second syllable. But I found enlightening the replication of some twenty types of female moans during intercourse, and the information that "they love vaginas in Pittsburgh." ■

ART **MARK STEVENS**

Kelly at Play

Long saddled with modernism's dour terminology, Ellsworth Kelly emerges in a Guggenheim show as a witty, charming mannerist; a small Matisse pleasure.

THE TALLEST BUILDING IN NEW YORK IS THE GUGGENHEIM; it aspires to a space beyond measure. In Frank Lloyd Wright's sublime spiral—as in Brancusi's *Endless Column*—eternity seems to find an echo. No ruled line straightens Nature's way; no petty parsing of space disturbs the light. A building of this kind cannot be expected to serve as a respectful backdrop to painting. An immodest man who considered the other arts of no great consequence when compared with architecture, Wright surely intended to deliver a telling slight when he put paintings in their place—in what are sometimes likened to "chapels" on the edge of his spacious "cathedral."

What does it mean that the art of **Ellsworth Kelly** looks at home in Wright's building? The retrospective of more than 250 of his paintings, sculptures, and works on paper, which Diane Waldman has organized, displays little of the visual awkwardness for which shows at this museum are famous. The hand, for once, almost fits the glove. The harmony comes about not simply because Kelly—no more beholden to the rectangle than Wright was—sometimes makes "shaped" canvases, but because both his strengths and his weaknesses handsomely serve the powerful spirit of the building.

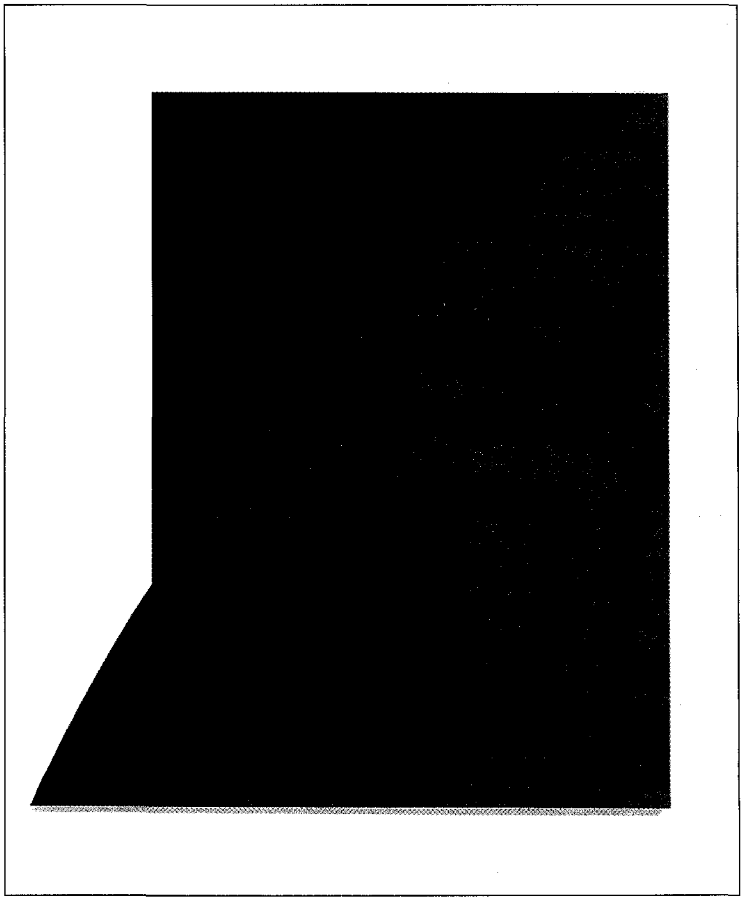
As a young artist in the forties and fifties, Kelly, who is now 73, fell in love with the profound simplifications of modernism. He liked the way in which the elements of art—such as line, color, shape—could speak for themselves when freed from the responsibility to render the literal appearance of the world. While schooling himself in the modern masters (the late Matisse of the cutouts may be his most important inspiration), he began to play that most seductive, fascinating, and dangerous of modernist endgames, which is to skirt the edge of emptiness.

Kelly is a late artist in the modernist tradition, which means that he is working with the remnants left by the great pioneers of abstract art. The late artists in any tradition typically behave in one of two ways. Either they press the inherited tradition very hard—exaggerating, forcing, highlighting—in order to find some last remaining energy. Or they become exceedingly elegant, playing with the discoveries of the pioneers, polishing the pieces, and developing a mannered, often exquisite, endgame. Such artists often make up in intelligence what they miss in originating fire.

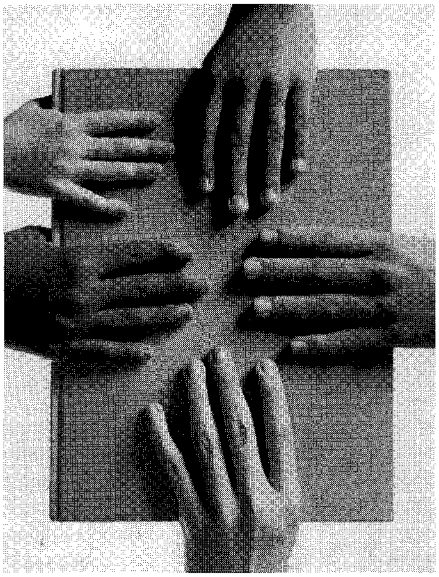
Kelly partakes of both late strategies. He has put pressure on the remnants of the abstract tradition, increasing scale, making environments of a room, devising new shapes for pictures and taking away the personal brushstroke, and pushing both the geometric and the organic (or biomorphic) styles of traditional abstraction as far as they can go. At the same time, his pictures are unfailingly elegant—and bring a stark stylishness to a white-washed room. Unfortunately, there is little patience in our messy postmodern moment for a refined late modernist. And the critical language often employed to describe his work—equally a product of late modernism—is misleadingly mechanical and crudely academic: "hard edge," "reductive," "picture plane," "color-field."

That language doesn't do him justice. What's most interesting about Kelly is the irrepressible sense of play that he brings to his endgame. The order, division, and authority of a wall rouses in him a gently subversive wit. Among his inspirations is the artist Jean (Hans) Arp, whose little leaping shapes—which seem to spring from the dreams of animals and plants—relax the severities of edge and boundary. Kelly achieves a similar effect on a larger scale. His billowing forms awaken a white wall, animating a room the way a playful breeze does when it stirs the curtain. Even when working with geometric forms instead of biomorphic imagery, Kelly creates a softening, optical buzz that challenges everything strict about an edge or a wall. This does not mean his pictures are loose. Using an asymmetrical shape like that found in *Blue Relief With Black,* he achieves a balanced, secure

Kelly's *Blue Relief With Black:* He creates a softening buzz even when working with severe geometric shapes.



Photograph courtesy of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.



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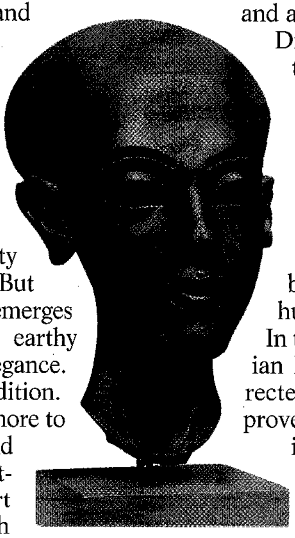
composition through the carefully adjusted tension between colors. (It is in these subtle, almost dressy effects that his native elegance shows.) Not surprisingly, Kelly has made the wall part of the image, creating environments as well as pictures. Several airy forms seem to dance through the top tower room of the Guggenheim, giving it a lyrical lilt.

It might seem a small thing to relax a wall. But the walls of a room can also symbolize the walls within: Kelly's paintings represent, at best, a serious loosening of the internal tyrannies. Joy, after all, is close to emptiness. It is open and without purpose. It favors the simple over the complex. If Kelly's art is too elegant to be entirely joyful—elegance being a distraction to joy—his late work has a smart gaiety rarely found in contemporary art. There is nothing more foolish, among the chin pullers of our time, than the pinched, dreary, puritanical instinct that makes no place in art for pleasure and the decorative.

What is missing from Kelly's art is supplied by Frank Lloyd Wright's building. An artist like Wright—or Brancusi—also works with both biomorphic and geometric forms and also is driven toward simplicity and the dream of purity. But the work of such artists emerges from richer soil. An earthy roughness offsets their elegance. They are earlier in the tradition. They owe less to artfulness, more to spiritual passion and the kind of deep-rootedness that is utterly distinctive. Kelly's art does not compete or clash with the Guggenheim. It adds a wonderfully light accent. It enhances the master's space.



At the Met, Nefertiti and her courtiers, circa 1350 B.C., come startlingly alive.

IN OUR TIME, EXHIBITIONS OF ART MUST BE vast in scale and comprehensive in scope to be considered ambitious or important. This has more to do with monument-building than with art. Even a living 40-year-old artist will often be represented by hundreds of works. We do much the same with books about significant figures: A 900-page biography seems more impressive than a 600-page biography. Not only is this taste for the elephantine vulgar, but it also coarsens our responses to art. Art requires a special kind of alertness. On a lucky visit to a museum, you will be alert enough to see—I mean really *see,* with everything in you brought to bear and in focus—once or twice. The rest of the time, you'll just be browsing or getting an education.

I like ambitious exhibits that do not suffer from elephantiasis of the eye. Two wonderful examples are now on display in New York. The show of **Matisse** drawings at C&M Arts (through December 7) is a small masterpiece of its kind. Its scale in every respect is satisfying. The Matisse scholar Jack Flam has written a fresh, not overlong or pedantic essay on the subject. The quality of the drawings is high. Although they vary in date and style, there is no deadly attempt to be definitive. The number on display, 38, does not tax our pleasure.

The arrangement is provocative: A small show can convey an extraordinary sense of Matisse's range. This impression derives from careful selection rather than from mobbing the eye with art. Near a charcoal of a nude—thoughtful, lushly rubbed, velvety in its light—there's a simple pen-and-ink that looks as easy as a summer smile. Then there may be a drawing in which Matisse's line has many different visual weights: here slow and doodling, there heavy, and there again quick and to the point. And each weight will seem right and alive in relation to the others.

Drawing was only one of Matisse's instruments, but this show is orchestral in its richness of feeling.

Like the Matisse, **Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women: Images of Beauty From Ancient Egypt** at the Metropolitan Museum of Art conveys a big subject not with a big hunk but with a brilliant slice. In the past few years, the Egyptian Department of the Met, directed by Dorothea Arnold, has proved itself to be one of the most imaginative curatorial groups in any American museum, not only reinstalling the Met's permanent galleries but regularly devising small and delightful shows that bring Egyptian art vividly to life.

This particular example—accompanied by a good catalogue and coinciding with the renovation and reinstallation of the museum's Armana collection—isolates images of women from the Armana Period (ca. 1353–1336 B.C.). Many of the reliefs and sculptures on display are small. In a large show or permanent collection, such works can get lost in the crowd. Here, they are given space and time. Several are masterpieces, as beautiful as anything in Egyptian art. And the show's particular "slice"—images of women—is unexpectedly moving. Egyptian art can seem massive and inhuman, but Nefertiti and the women of her court here come to life in startlingly personal and various ways. One sculpture even shows the queen with the slightly sagging breasts and belly of an aging woman. The ancient Egyptians—often dizzyingly distant—have never drawn closer. ■

Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

They snake-charm Deadheads, they wow cold-eyed hipsters. Downtown jazz's latest emissaries to the world are three guys named Medeski, Martin & Wood.

Medeski, Martin & Wood (left to right): Billy Martin, John Medeski, and Chris Wood.

POP MUSIC CHRIS NORRIS

Groove Theory

Medeski, Martin & Wood IS NOT A LAW FIRM, says the press release. It's a "groove band." A telling bit of genre-minting, this. Not only does it help spin-control the moniker's alarming similarity to Emerson, Lake and Palmer, it also addresses what is a very peculiar problem for a bunch of unassuming downtown jazz wonks: popularity.

Medeski, Martin & Wood is a band that sold out two nights at Irving Plaza despite the fact that its lead instrument is organ. It's an instrumental group that, without the benefit of lyrics or guitars, opened for both A Tribe Called Quest and Los Lobos. MMW is not a jazz combo, partially because of the term's claustrophobic overtones (the band mixes James Brown funk and Sun Ra space-jam) but also because jazz combos don't sell concert T-shirts. It's a . . . groove band.

Actually, the term gets at something quite trendy in nineties rock methodology: an instrumentally driven, "organic"-sounding funk combo, a genus that encompasses everything from the seventies-funk mob Groove Collective to the beatnik-hip-hop band Soul Coughing to the Dave Matthews Band. All these bands groove, more or less, and range in audience dance response from the b-boy head-nod to the sorority shimmy. What makes Medeski, Martin & Wood unusual, though, is that they're selling improvisation as much as groove—they're selling jazz, really—and they're doing it amazingly well.

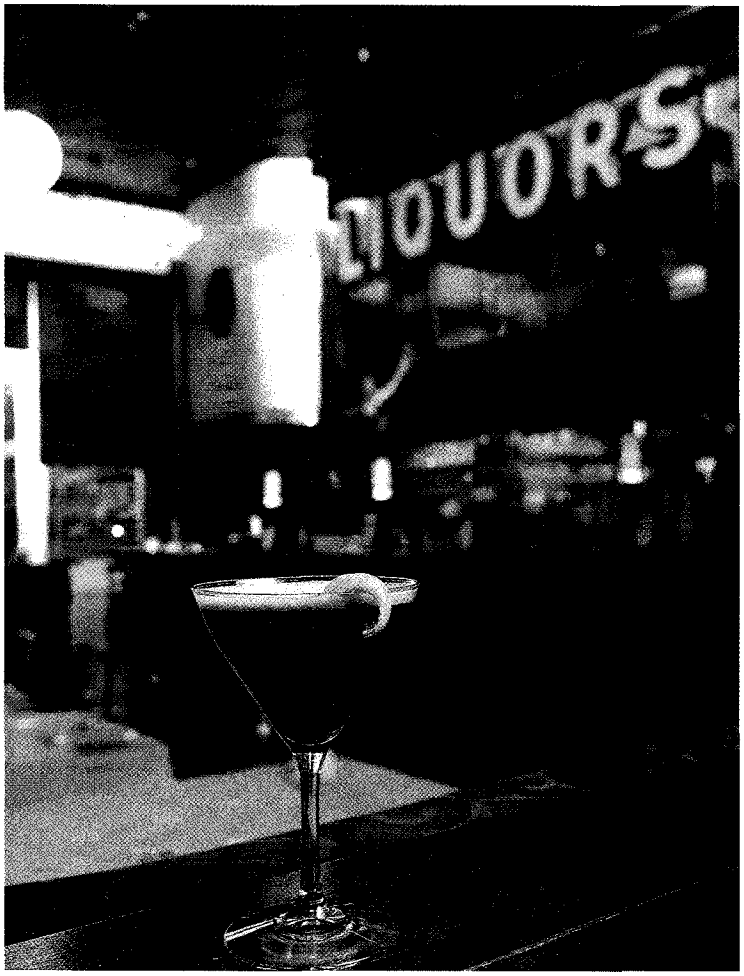
Medeski is the group's jazzman, a meticulous keyboard stylist who sounds as schooled in Ahmad Jamal as in Jimmy McGriff. He's an able helmsman for this kind of enterprise, giving shape to atonal funk with big, sanctified Hammond-organ chords, inciting a rocking, New Orleans boogie on grand piano. Bassist Chris Wood and drummer Billy Martin are unimpressive improvisers, but vamp stylishly and without hubris. Martin's arsenal of Meters shuffles is alone enough to recommend him, and the trio's ability to infect a crowd the size of theirs with the thrill of melodic exploration says a lot about the power of pithiness, rapport, and playing within one's means.

Medeski, Martin & Wood also have the advantage of a distinctly chic timbre. Everyone from R&B soulman D'Angelo to the Beastie Boys to Beck is fetishizing analog keyboards these days, finding the talismanic qualities of these wonderfully dated, pre-digital instruments. And with four or more of these, Medeski has a whole secret history at his fingertips, each keyboard evoking hidden vinyl treasures: the opening organ shimmers of Miles Davis's *In a Silent Way*, the strutting chicken-shack Hammond B-3 of Jimmy Smith, the sticky-asphalt Clavinet of Herbie Hancock's *Headhunters*, Booker T. and the MGs. This is no small part of the MMW allure, definitely what got them on the *Get Shorty* soundtrack. At this particular pop moment, Medeski, Martin & Wood would sound cool just playing scales.

They're not, though. On the road and on record, MMW come off like a band on a mission. Their new *Shack-man* (Grammavision) shows them moving beyond the invocations of bluesy soul-jazz on their debut, *It's a Jungle in Here,* and the more cinematic *Friday Afternoon in the Universe. Shack-man* is a collection of transporting sonic experiments, with the trio forming creepy and insistent ostinatos out of odd sonic nuggets, worrying a wah-wah organ riff or a plinking beer bottle, tinkering and conjuring in the ghostly breezes of Hawaii (where the album was recorded in the titular shack). The ambience is a bit like the clatteringly atmospheric avant-garage-band works from Los Lobos, with the added interest of improvisation. The changes are episodic, as in funk, rather than conversational, as in jazz, which probably rewards the vibe-surfing of a Deadhead more than the concentrated listening of a jazz fan.

This fact has been noticed. At their Monday-night residency this month at the *(continued on page 126)*

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko.



The reel world: A Metropolitan on the bar at the Screening Room on Varick Street.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Two Thumbs Up

Chef Mark Spangenthal's boffo American cooking is a hit at the Screening Room in TriBeCa.

The Screening Room—A SUAVELY DRESSED-DOWN restaurant-bar-lounge with its own pocket-size movie house—looks and feels like it ought to be the downtown hangout of the next fifteen minutes. At least. "You expect to see John Kennedy Jr. wheeling up to the door," one of my pals observes. "He actually lives just a few blocks away," another reminds us. My chums tonight just happen to be a handful of more-or-less-serious citizens whose métiers and marital links keep them floating effortlessly on the cusp of Nightlife Now. "So where is everybody?" they ask. Well, it *is* only Monday. Still, the flea-market look is comfortably chic. The price is right. And the food is . . . well, not exactly great, but delicious and satisfying to the soul.

The dreamwork of two young corporate malcontents in love with the movies, the Screening Room may test the theory that location is all that matters. An isolated corner of Varick Street, the restaurant feels like an atoll on the way to New Jersey. We've convened from both sides of Manhattan's emotional uptown-downtown divide for dinner, too late to make the movie in the adjacent mini–art house. That's why they call it the Screening Room. (A flick without dinner is an option, too.) The tall sweep of upholstered ceiling, the shadowy lounge on the balcony, classic hideaway booths, and a few swags of maroon velvet give the place an abandoned-small-town-anywhere feel. LIQUORS, spelled out in three-foot-tall red letters over the old-fashioned bar, works like a command. Habitual wine drinkers, the five of us are suddenly, unanimously ordering serious drinks: three martinis, Stoli Ohranj with OJ, even a semi-serious Pimm's Cup. As for the food, expectations are zero. I wasn't wild about chef Mark Spangenthal's cooking at the now-defunct Markham; there it seemed elegant but stodgy. Now he's cranked up the flavor pitch. This food is robust, properly cooked, and good to look at—just what you'd hope a chef might learn passing through the kitchens of Alfred Portale, Tom Valenti, and Rick Laakkonen.

Crisp greenery adds freshness and nutritional camouflage to most of the starters. House-smoked trout and new potatoes are layered in chicory swizzled with horseradish vinaigrette. Lemon balances the richness of melting Parmesan on just-fried artichoke studding a grassy garden knoll. Grilled red peppers are almost hidden under peppery arugula in a Chianti vinaigrette on the goat-cheese salad. The chef is pleasantly obsessed with the leek. "If you don't cook it long enough, it tastes like straw," he tells me later, "but when it's tender all the way through, it has a sexy feel in the mouth you don't get from any other vegetable." And sure enough, there it is: in lobster salad with beets, white beans, and sliced potatoes in a ginger vinaigrette. And again, in luscious macaroni flecked with spinach, tomatoes, and more Parmesan. For me, a sane dinner here would be a starter portion of that macaroni and any salad—perhaps just greens in a lively herb vinaigrette—and a teaspoon or three of the obscenely rich caramel-drenched lemon icebox cake on graham-cracker crust.

But we've moved on to entrées, $14.50 to $21, handsome on heavy white plates: a first-rate shell steak with fries and buttermilk-battered onion rings. Luscious crisp-crusted salmon, rare at the core and balanced atop runner beans and Swiss chard with tangy tomato preserves. Juicy lamb shank sliced from the bone on a tangle of fettuccine. And duck, the breast grilled, the leg braised in chili-touched beer, accompanied by chili-stewed hominy, black beans, and corn bread. We can scarcely do justice to dessert. Lush devil's-food cake with caramelized bananas and chocolate-malt ice cream and that haunting lemon confection are almost painful to eat and a torture to leave behind. If you're as greedy as we are or feeding a stevedore, expect to spend $40 to $50 per person for a cocktail and three courses (tax and tip included). That makes the prix fixe a deal: For $30, you get salad, lamb shank or macaroni, and dessert, plus a ticket for the movie and priority seating.

When we return midweek, the youthful crowd we expected to see has staked its claim. A long table flanking the bar has the look of a class reunion. We loiter at the bar, ordering a lobster roll from the lounge menu—the gourmand's idea of an aperitif. It arrives as our guests do, and becomes a splendid prelude to dinner: a luxury of homemade mayonnaise, Parker House roll, and bread-and-butter pickles brewed by the chef over the summer. Alas, the kitchen has slowed a bit, and bare walls make the dining room feel slightly

(continued on page 142)

Photograph by Minh + Wass.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET PETER KAMINSKY

Latin in Translation

At Alejandra's Adopt on Avenue B, bouillabaisse with plantains, pineapple-and-chicken sandwiches, and shrimp puffs that don't call for Rolaids.

A TWANGY GUITAR PLAYED IN THE GOSPEL STYLE of Pop Staples accompanied a street choir as it sang a Spanish version of "Will the Circle Be Unbroken," hoping to attract penitents to the Iglesia de Dios Pentecostal on the corner of 12th Street and Avenue B. I paused to consider the state of my soul and then, in pursuit of more worldly pleasures, crossed the street to **Alejandra's Adopt** (190 Avenue B, near 12th Street; 353-2299), an intriguingly named restaurant on this eastern fringe of the Known Dining World.

Owner Richard Wright, who is also a partner at Shark Bar and Mekka, came up with the idea for this Latin-inspired restaurant while vacationing in Brazil. Alejandra was the name of a young tagalong from the shanty-filled favelas who adopted Wright's group during their stay. Rather than simply turn out Brazilian beach food, Wright puts his original dishes in the category of "comida de bodega"—i.e., food made from ingredients found in a city bodega, like yuca, plantains, and sweet potatoes.

Wright signed on Leslie C. Parks, who was sous-chef at Cafe Beulah before she cooked under Alan Harding at the late, sorely underappreciated Nosmo King and honed her flair for organic and seasonal produce. Here, she is assisted by Melissa O'Donnell, who arrived via Marguery Grill and First; it is refreshing to see an all-woman kitchen in a field that is still heavily dominated by guys.

From the lime-green walls to the tin wainscoting, rattan sofas, and tin lanterns suspended from hawsers, Alejandra's Adopt projects a bouncy beach-shack eccentricity that carries over into the food. On my first visit, the soup of the day was a tomato-rice bisque that avoided the usual reliance on lots of butter and cream and allowed the clear tastes of sweet corn, basil, and black-eyed peas to ring through. We dipped crispy tostones and fried sweet plantains into a tangy salsa of sweet potatoes, coriander, chili pepper, mango, bell pepper, and black beans. Fried-shrimp appetizers are usually aperitifs for Rolaids, but Parks's bolinho de aipim (yuca stuffed with fried shrimp) is exquisite and light.

Chefs often fixate on one ingredient as they explore new uses. The pineapple receives the full benefit of Parks's current line of inquiry. Green salad is served with a sprightly lime-and-pineapple dressing. The frango, corn, abacaxi sandwich is a classic pressed sandwich with chicken and pineapple. A richly glutinous oxtail stew is simmered for three hours in ginger and pineapple, and the result is a mix of wintry comfort food with zesty tropical "overtastes" (the culinary version of overtones).

On the non-pineapple part of the menu, the grilled breast of chicken is elevated from its too-frequent state of boring desiccation to a salty and juicy morsel that benefits from a marinade of lime and chili. Bouillabaisse fans will cheer an ingenious variation in this seafood stew that also features plantains, fennel, and orange peel as well as a hunk of gravy-absorbing toast with a spread of jalapeño peppers, garlic purée, and ground black pepper.

For dessert, Parks offers a parfait glass filled with a sweet and creamy yogurt laced with ground fresh fruit. I found that it went particularly well with my daughter Lily's dessert, a Brobdingnagian chocolate-chip-macadamia-and-coconut cookie.

Alejandra's Adopt is open for coffee and light food Tuesday through Saturday from 8 A.M. till 3 P.M. Dinner, Tuesday through Thursday 6 P.M. till midnight, Friday and Saturday till 2 A.M., and Sunday till 11 P.M. Brunch, Sunday 11 A.M. till 5 P.M. Cash only; beer and wine. Appetizers average $3.50; salads and sandwiches, about $6.50; entrées range from $9 to $13.

IF CHEFS WERE AWARDED FREQUENT-FLIER MILES AS THEY moved from kitchen to kitchen, Gennaro Picone, owner-

Rio with brio: Melissa O'Donnell and Leslie C. Parks, the all-woman team at Alejandra's Adopt.

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

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Christopher, age 8
Adrian, age 6

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chef at **Gennaro** (665 Amsterdam Avenue, near 92nd Street; 665-5348), could make a free weekly commute to his native Lipari, an island between Sicily and Naples. You may have tried his food at Bice, Malvasia, or Barolo. Now he is fully the master of his own very small dining establishment.

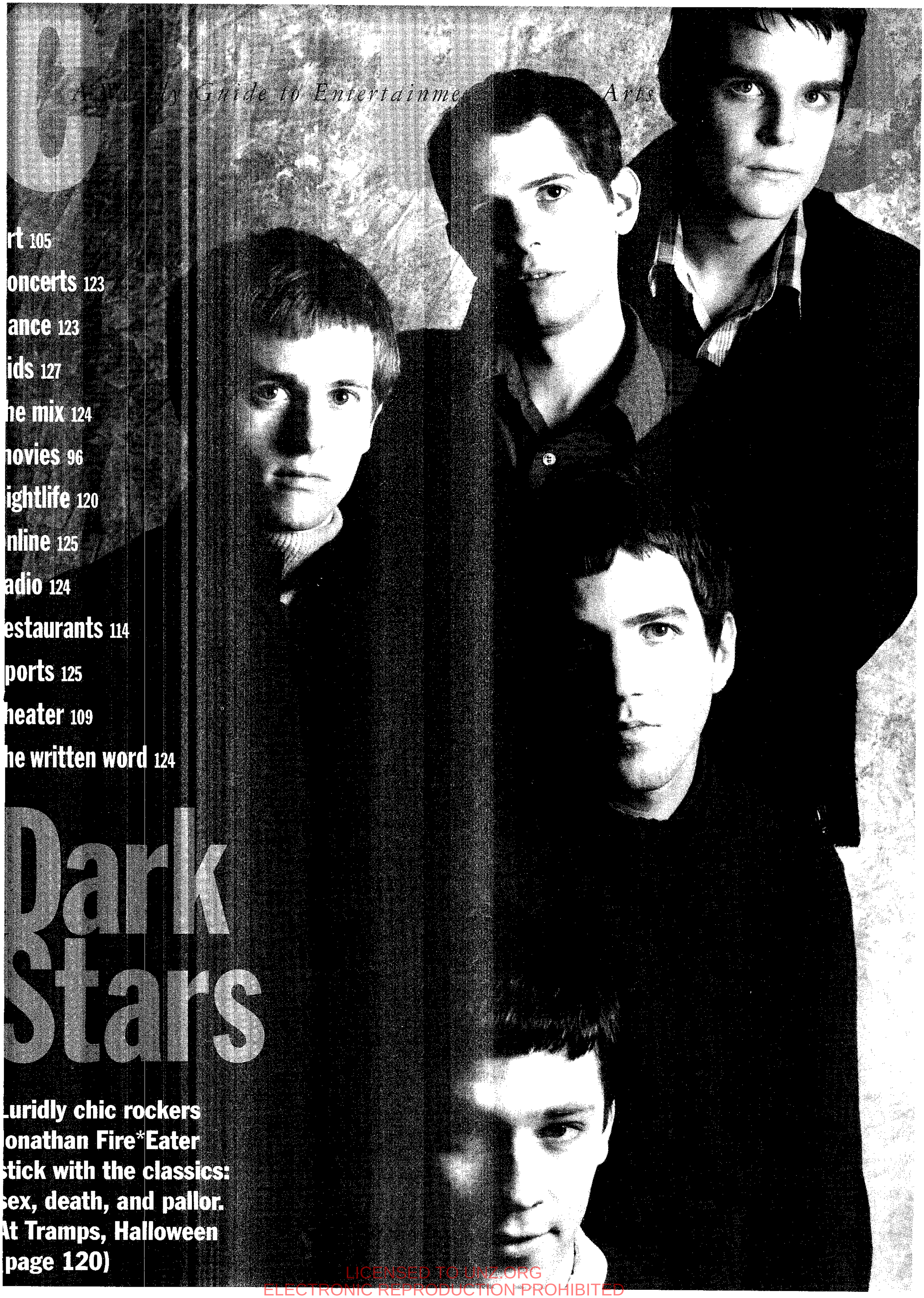
Although he describes his food as Sicilian, it is closer in spirit to the purist cuisine served by Stanley Tucci and his brother in *Big Night* than it is to the ocean of red sauce and mozzarella served across the street by Tucci's rival. Which is not to knock on good old-fashioned red sauce (or gravy, as it is known in most New York Italian neighborhoods). But Southern Italian cookery is more accurately rendered by Picone's skillful hands.

Case in point: his grilled squid, broiled to perfection and served atop a bed of couscous with sultana raisins and pine nuts. A crown of frisée and avocado dressed in olive oil and balsamic vinegar provided nice texture (even if the avocados were not yet ripe). And handmade gnocchi in a creamy sauce of tomato and basil was delicious. Picone re-creates rigatoni con melanzane from his mother's kitchen. In less-sure hands, it could easily have drowned in cheese glop. Here, a modest amount of eggplant, tomato, and oven-dried ricotta produce a dish more akin to a precise chamber piece than to a lush symphony.

The unhappily named stinco di agnello (braised lamb shank) was robed in a satiny red-wine sauce and came on a bed of pearly Israeli couscous; a fusion cuisine between Sicily and North Africa developed in the centuries that the island was ruled by the Moors. To describe galleto al limone as Cornish hen roasted with lemon (as the menu does) is to undersell a marvelously flavorful dish. After marinating the hen in garlic, rosemary, paprika, and crushed red pepper, Picone roasts it, then crisps it at high heat before coating it with a fortissimo sauce of lemon, capers, sun-dried tomatoes, and roasted peppers. Tortino di patate e funghi was the definitive interpretation of a Northern dish: potatoes and mushrooms are dressed with a black-olive vinaigrette and topped with baked goat cheese.

The one problem I had with Gennaro is probably the same one Picone has: The place is small, which is compounded by serving plates way too big for the coffeehouse-size tables. If you want a great dinner for two, this is a wonderful new restaurant. If there are four of you with any girth at all, you will feel crowded.

Gennaro is open Monday through Friday from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. and Saturday and Sunday till 11 P.M. Cash only; a small but good selection of Italian wines in the $20 range. Appetizers average $6.50; pastas, $7.50; entrées, $10.95. ▬



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A W[illegible]ly Guide to Entertainme[illegible] Arts

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Dark Stars

uridly chic rockers onathan Fire*Eater tick with the classics: ex, death, and pallor. At Tramps, Halloween (page 120)

movies

North by Northwest...Melville at MoMA

Opening
While You Were Sleeping

Claire Danes (above) lies in wait—quite stylishly—for Leonardo DiCaprio in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Director Baz Luhrmann's utterly absorbing, stridently unconventional adaptation—in which the lovers are Prada-clad hipsters and the Montague boys roll around town to the sounds of the Beastie Boys—opens this Friday.

New Films

The Associate—Whoopi Goldberg stars as an underestimated Wall Street financial analyst who invents a fictitious male business partner. Also starring Dianne Wiest. Directed by Donald Petrie. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Crown Gotham; Embassy 1; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square.*

★**Basquiat**—The painter Julian Schnabel wrote and directed the movie, and in his conception, Jean-Michel Basquiat (Jeffrey Wright) is an innocent, a sacrificial victim of the rabid art world. It's the old story: Too much too soon, and the kid couldn't handle it. Schnabel downplays Basquiat's hard-drug habit (we don't even realize he's on heroin until late in the movie), and he doesn't really explain why Basquiat couldn't pull himself back from the edge. Probably Schnabel doesn't know. This Basquiat is not responsible for anything, least of all himself, and art cannot save him. It's a grim myth, and not entirely believable, but Wright is very touching. (Denby; 8/19/96) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Beautiful Thing—Two teenage boys, both from troubled homes, fall in love. Adapted by Johnathan Harvey from his award-winning play. Directed by Hettie MacDonald. (90 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Big Night**—Gentleness in a movie can be the surest road to boredom, but the gentleness of this lovely comedy (directed by the actors Stanley Tucci and Campbell Scott) is a form of strength. Some time in the late fifties, in a nowhere resort town on the Jersey Shore, two brothers, Italian immigrants, desperately try to keep a gourmet restaurant afloat. The older bother, Primo (Tony Shaloub), is a superb chef, a solemn worshipper of Bolognese and Roman kitchens. But his kid brother, Secondo (Stanley Tucci), knows that the local customers are not ready for risotto. Down the road, an older Italian immigrant, the vulgarian Pascal (Ian Holm), runs a successful red-sauce joint. Pascal is at home in the America of huge, finned Cadillacs and get-rich-quick schemes, and Secondo wants to imitate him. But he can't do it: He's trapped by his love for his stubbornly honorable brother. The movie is so delicately observed that the most ordinary scenes can be fascinating—the two men working side-by-side, for instance. Primo doesn't have much English, and Shaloub turns that into an advantage, making the chef's silence an element in his proud nature. When he can't make conversation with the florist down the street, he acts with his eyes and hands. At the same time, Secondo, who is carrying on with Pascal's lush Italian mistress (Isabella Rossellini), can't get it going with his American girlfriend (Minnie Driver), who wants him desperately. Both are nearly impotent from their American failure. Tucci and his collaborators have given *Big Night* the shape of a classic fable. Pascal offers the men one last chance: He invites his friend, the band leader Louis Prima, to come to the brothers' restaurant, and the men throw everything into a great banquet. The food should be so good, Primo explains, that you will want to die. And in some ways, he is right; the banquet brings everything to a crisis and an end. But rebirth awaits—and possibly the development of a major writing-directing career. (Denby; 10/28/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; 86th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Bound—A modern *noir* about two women (Jennifer Tilly and Gina Gershon) who attempt to rip off the mob. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea.*

Caught—Maria Conchita Alonso and Edward James Olmos star as a married couple whose lives are disrupted by the arrival of a mysterious young transient (Arie Verveen). Directed by Robert M. Young. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *59th Street East.*

The Chamber—Chris O'Donnell plays a naïve law associate who discovers that the death-row inmate he is defending is his grandfather. With Gene Hackman and Faye Dunaway. Adapted from the novel by John Grisham. (2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; 86th Street; 84th Street Six.*

Curtis' Charm—A bleak yet comic look at a day in the life of two friends—one a recovering heroin addict, the other a junkie. Based on a short story by Jim Carroll. Written and directed by John L'Ecuyer. (1 hr. 14 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

D3: The Mighty Ducks—Emilio Estevez takes his third go-round as an innocuous yet somehow inspiring junior-league hockey coach. Directed by Rob Lieberman. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *Village East.*

Dear God—Greg Kinnear stars as a postal worker, assigned to the dead-letter office, who begins answering missives to the Almighty. With Tim Conway. Directed by Garry Marshall. (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG). *Area theaters.*

"CUE" COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM WOLFF
FOR NEW YORK

Ed's Next Move—A young, lonely rice geneticist moves to New York and bumbles his way around the East Village in search of a soul mate. Written and directed by John Walsh. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Village East.*

★**Emma**—*Emma* is perhaps the most steely and demanding of Jane Austen's books—some of it is almost unnervingly cold—and for long periods, writer-director Douglas McGrath stays merrily on the surface. Gwyneth Paltrow is lovely, but she's not the most imposing Emma one could imagine. The rich and landed Emma Woodhouse is a kind of local queen with almost unlimited power—not a bad person, exactly, but a snob, a malicious wit. Paltrow is at her best when she's flirting with Jeremy Northam as Mr. Knightley, her brother-in-law and the only human being from whom Emma will bear hearing the truth. McGrath uses an old trick from Hollywood romantic comedy: Paltrow and Northam, through the most trivial scenes, exchange little smiles of amusement; they have a private reality, far removed from the merely social world around them. Yet they live in that world, and the movie becomes very passionate when Emma violates one of its important social codes. This is one of the most celebrated scenes in English literature, and it could have gone wrong in many ways, but it doesn't. McGrath quietly builds a number of things that finally pay off. (Denby; 8/19/96) (2 hrs.; PG) *Cinema 3.*

★**First Wives Club**—Three wealthy Manhattan women of a certain age, abandoned by their husbands for younger women, join forces, plotting and scheming to trip up the men. Long ago, they were college buddies, but they haven't seen one another for years, and each has been hardened by ego and screw-you distaste for anyone who lives or thinks any differently. Goldie Hawn plays an aging movie star obsessed with her figure and her Bardot-Jagger lips, a boozy Narcissa who can do little more than fake an interest in another human being. Bette Midler plays a brilliant Upper West Side frump—a tough, loving, wised-up woman who has helped her husband build his business and is now too bitter to gloss over painful truths. And Diane Keaton's goody-goody is another self-parodying job, a trampled-upon wife too frayed in her impulses to get through a single sentence without heading off in five directions. Director Hugh Wilson is a good ensemble man, bringing out the personality of each star as the three come roaring into a room like a many-headed monster. This is not an original or deeply creative film; it's a formulaic commercial comedy. But it's also genuinely pleasing and at times breathtakingly funny. (Denby; 10/7/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Freeway—A modern retelling of *Little Red Riding Hood* with Reese Witherspoon as a teen girl just trying to get to Grandma's, and Kiefer Sutherland as the Big Bad Wolf. Directed by Matthew Bright. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Funeral—In Depression-era New York, the Tempio brothers (Chris Penn and Christopher Walken) set out to avenge their brother's mob-connected death. Directed by Abel Ferrara. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R). *Area theaters.*

★**Get on the Bus**—Spike Lee's new movie isn't much as art, but it has a kind of blues-anthem emotional urgency. Fifteen men travel from South Central Los Angeles to the Million Man March in Washington, and each of them is unresolved in some way. As Lee and screenwriter Reggie Bythewood perceive it, the black man is still in chains, and whether the chains are imposed by whites or are now self-imposed is a good question. The men provoke and challenge one another in Spike Lee's usual vociferous style. Everyone says explicitly what his identity is, what his problems are, what he's screwed up about. Still, Lee works up the best material he can for his actors, and in the heat of the moment, some of the writing and acting is very good. Andre Braugher, bald, powerful, swiveling rapidly on mobile hips, plays an egotistical actor with a quick sarcastic tongue, and he is both a provocateur and a lightning rod. Ossie Davis, who has the role closest to insufferability—a saintly old man—is less fun, and is burdened with the task of delivering the screenwriter's wisest, ripest lines, but he also joins some impromptu singing and redeems himself. This gabby movie has speed and rhythm and variety. It is not a work of art but could only have been made by an artist. (Denby; 10/21/96) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Plaza Twin.*

The Ghost and the Darkness—Michael Douglas and Val Kilmer star in the true story of two hunters out to kill a couple of lions and, in the process, restore British plans for a railway through East Africa. Directed by Stephen Hopkins. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street East; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th Street Six; Brooklyn Heights.*

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday—Peter Gallagher plays a widower so bereft over his loss that he can't reach his emotionally withdrawn daughter (Claire Danes). With Kathy Baker. Adapted for the screen by David E. Kelley. Directed by Michael Pressman. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square.*

The Glimmer Man—Bloated action-star Steven Seagal plays a former government operative and Buddhist who must team with a wisecracking New York detective (Keenan Ivory Wayans) to solve a string of murders. Directed by John Gray. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; New Coliseum.*

The Grass Harp—An 11-year-old boy (Edward Furlong) goes to live with his eccentric aunts after his mother dies. Based on the Truman Capote novella. With Sissy Spacek, Piper Laurie, and Nell Carter. Directed by Charles Matthau. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 62nd and Broadway.*

High School High—Jon Lovitz stars as a private-school teacher who quits his job to teach in the inner city. Directed by Hart Bockner. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza .*

Hustler White—Bruce La Bruce co-wrote, co-directed, and stars in this story of a foreign journalist who becomes obsessed with a street hustler (Tony Ward). (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

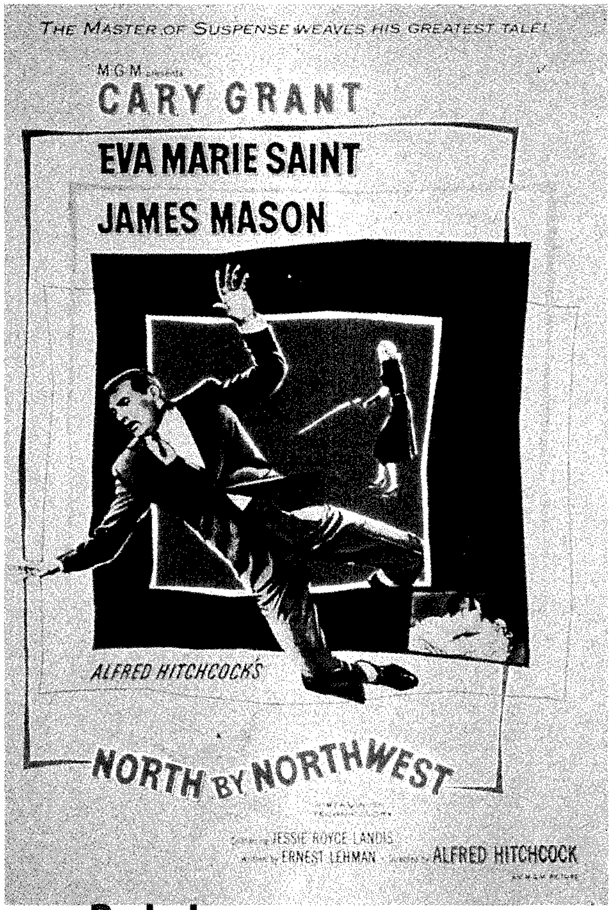
Independence Day—A gigantic spaceship hovers over the Empire State Building, opens its lower doors, emits powerful rays, and—pow!—the Empire State Building explodes into flames. Epics of destruction follow, with flames rolling down streets like water rushing through a tunnel. Will the world be saved? It all depends on a few oddballs—a wimpish young president with a hidden streak of stubbornness (Bill Pullman), a swaggering black marine pilot (Will Smith), a failed Jewish techno-genius (Jeff Goldblum), and a redneck boozer (Randy Quaid) who may have been kidnapped and "abused" by aliens on a recent visit. Aside from one small moment of mystery and terror, di-

Lupino directs William Talman on the set of 1953's 'The Hitchhiker.'

Retrospective Grande Dame

Though she was the only woman in fifties Hollywood to act, write, produce, and direct for both film and television, the late Ida Lupino (who is the subject of a retrospective at AMMI, November 2–24) has often, and wrongfully, been dismissed by critics and academics as nothing more than a master of weepy melodrama. Born into a British acting dynasty in 1918, Lupino won her first role—that of an ingenue, beating out her mother—at 14; she soon moved to Hollywood, where she was often cast as that *noir* perennial, the tough-yet-vulnerable dame. In 1948, with the second of her three husbands, Lupino formed Emerald, an independent production company, and between 1949 and 1954, she either directed, wrote, produced, or acted in nearly every feature under her aegis. Though in the sixties and seventies Lupino's work was dismissed as sexist and retrograde (her most acclaimed film, 1953's *The Bigamist,* was a sympathetic portrait of a deeply confused man), it is somewhat unfair to scrutinize her work outside of the proper historical and social context. Lupino, after all, was a woman who knew enough to deferentially credit the Hollywood patriarchy with her success; to repeatedly protest that directing was not a profession for women; to claim that she did not like pushing men around—and still get her way. **MAUREEN CALLAHAN**

Photograph by Photofest.



Revival
Spies Like Us

The unabated Hitchcock mania sweeping the city is fueled further with the one-week revival of *North by Northwest*, starring Cary Grant as a befuddled businessman and Eva Marie Saint as a spy out to get him—though it's unclear in which way. (At Film Forum, November 1–7.)

rector Roland Emmerich and co-writer Dean Devlin (whose last hit, *Stargate,* was cheesy on a smaller scale) seem eager to make everything as banal and movieish as possible, until the audience is left thinking, *If only the aliens would come!* (Denby; 7/8/96) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Manhattan Twin; Worldwide Cinemas.*

Jude—Kate Winslet and Christopher Eccleston star in the this adaptation of Thomas Hardy's novel about two cousins in love. Directed by Michael Winterbottom. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Larger Than Life—Bill Murray stars in this comedy about a man who inherits an elephant and must, for some reason, single-handedly transport him across the country. With Janeane Garofalo and, in a cameo, Matthew McConaughey. Directed by Howard Franklin. (93 mins; PG-13) *Area theaters.*

Last Man Standing—A remake of Kurosawa's classic *Yojimbo,* with Bruce Willis as a gun-for-hire during Prohibition. Written and directed by Walter Hill. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; Plaza Twin.*

★**Lone Star**—John Sayles's latest begins with a skeleton discovered among the Texas cactus and a reluctant sheriff (Chris Cooper) trying to figure out whether his dead father, a hero, was also a murderer. What starts as a criminal investigation turns into a mini-epic. Two generations of white, black, and Mexican characters become mixed up in one another's lives, and while Sayles's ambition and ingenuity is surely admirable, one can't help but wonder how many packs of three-by-five cards he used to keep track of the plotlines. Yet *Lone Star* is haunted by a sense of America as a peculiar destiny—uprootedness as a common fate. The movie never talks down to us, and we repay its trust by staying absorbed in it. (Denby; 7/22/96) (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Guild 50th Street.*

The Long Kiss Goodnight—Geena Davis plays an amnesiac housewife on the run from the government; Samuel L. Jackson is the private detective who helps her uncover her true identity. Directed by Renny Harlin. (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Looking for Richard—By juxtaposing a troubled and highly charged production of Shakespeare's play—Alec Baldwin, Kevin Spacey, and Winona Ryder grapple with the text of *Richard III*—with man-on-the-street interviews, director Al Pacino makes the play accessible, and lots of fun, without rendering it lowbrow. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Man With a Plan—Director John O'Brien's spoof of the electoral process, in which he cast his real-life neighbors—among them, a 73-year-old farmer named Fred Tuttle—in pivotal roles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Mercy—A divorced attorney defies the FBI and personally hunts for his kidnapped daughter. Written and directed by Richard Shepard. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Area theaters.*

Michael Collins—In Neil Jordan's violent and beautiful dream of the perfect revolutionary leader, Collins, the founder of the Irish Republican Army, rushes into rooms, shouting, issuing orders, always in movement, a humanist-warrior who never makes mistakes and kills without taking any pleasure in killing. Liam Neeson has the size and power to play a larger-than-life figure; he's aflame from the first scene to the last. *Michael Collins* is set in the climactic period of Ireland's struggle to free itself from Great Britain (1916–21). In Jordan's telling, the Irish people forge a national identity in spontaneous acts of violence—violence as creative passion. In a spirit of what can only be called gaiety, the irregulars firebomb police stations, assassinate British intelligence agents at a fruit stand. In scene after scene, Collins invents tactics on the run, taking whatever men, weapons, and means are at hand and throwing them into battle, all the while avoiding any direct involvement in murder himself. The way Jordan tells it, Collins is a saint of violence, a warrior uncorrupted by war, who, at the end, sickened and exhausted by death, turns to peace—and is killed for his new pacifist longings. That it might be too late for such longings—that Collins might have unleashed something that cannot simply be turned off—is a complication Jordan does not want to take on. In brief, he makes Collins easy to accept as a movie hero and simultaneously absolves him of the legacy that he left the IRA. For all its gestures toward peace and reconciliation, *Michael Collins* is in the grip of an exasperating mystique—the idealization of violence as the solution to irrelevance, boredom, historical chagrin. This movie is evidence of glory; it is also evidence of sickness. (Denby; 10/28/96) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Beekman; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Microcosmos—A hyper-realistic and erotic look at the world of insects. Narrated by Kristin Scott Thomas. (1 hr. 15 mins.; G) *Film Forum.*

Mother Night—Nick Nolte plays a U.S. spy in Hitler's Germany who, years later, is tried as a war criminal. Based on the novel by Kurt Vonnegut. Directed by Keith Gordon. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

Niki de Saint Phalle—A documentary about the French-American artist known best for her huge, reclining sculpture of a female, which one enters through the vaginal canal. Written and directed by Peter Schamoni. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Palookaville—Three lifelong friends combat their collective boredom, despair, and frustration by planning a heist. Directed by Alan Taylor. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Proprietor—Jeanne Moreau plays a French expatriate writer who suddenly finds herself in the company of former friends, lovers, and colleagues and begins to reassess her life. A Merchant Ivory film. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Romeo and Juliet—Claire Danes and Leonardo DiCaprio star in Baz Luhrmann's bold adaptation, which transposes the tragedy to modern times, text intact. With Paul Sorvino, John Leguizamo, and Pete Postlethwaite. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *Area theaters.*

★**Secrets & Lies**—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne (Claire Rushbrook). The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of the rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. Leigh can be bitter and funny at the same time; in this movie, he takes the supreme risk of mixing pathos and comedy, and he gets away with it. *Secrets & Lies* is about the separation of mothers and daughters; it's about the shame, fear, and vanity that drive people apart, even as they long for closeness and connection. Leigh doesn't rub our noses in rawness, forcing us to confront "truth"; he lets the actors discover their own truths—or rather, he encourages them to perform with just that tiny degree of stylization that allows us to enjoy the dolorous emotions, the embarrassments and humiliations, as essential human comedy. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Sleepers—See David Denby, p. 84. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Pavilion/Windsor.*

A Single Girl—See David Denby, p. 83. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Sunchaser—Woody Harrelson stars as a doctor held hostage by a teenager with an inoperable brain tumor. Together, they traverse the desert and learn some life lessons. Directed by Michael Cimino. (2 hrs. 1 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Surviving Picasso—Anthony Hopkins, playing the guy with the brush, has never seemed so happy or comfortable in his barrel-chested little frame, or so sexual. He falls for the young and beautiful Françoise Gilot (Natascha McElhone), an art student, and she becomes part of his orbit. This latest Merchant Ivory production is skillful and beautiful to look at, but there's an element of disingenuousness to it. Will Pablo Picasso turn into a nice guy? The movie is shocked that the artist is ruthless and dominating, a man who takes pleasure in manipulating other people, then turns

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

"★ ★ ★ ★

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NICK NOLTE

MOTHER NIGHT

FROM THE DARKLY COMEDIC BESTSELLER BY KURT VONNEGUT

FINE LINE FEATURES PRESENTS A WHYADUCK PRODUCTION A KEITH GORDON FILM NICK NOLTE "MOTHER NIGHT" SHERYL LEE ALAN ARKIN AND KIRSTEN DUNST MUSIC BY MICHAEL CONVERTINO EDITED BY JAY RABINOWITZ PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY FRANÇOIS SÉGUIN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY TOM RICHMOND LINE PRODUCER JOSETTE PERROTTA BASED ON THE NOVEL BY KURT VONNEGUT EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RUTH VITALE, MARK ORDESKY, LINDA REISMAN SCREENPLAY BY ROBERT B. WEIDE PRODUCED BY KEITH GORDON AND ROBERT B. WEIDE DIRECTED BY KEITH GORDON

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playful as a child. No doubt it's all true, but so what? He's a bastard, but a very famous bastard, and apparently there are benefits—erotic, material, even spiritual—in being attached to him. In the movie, Gilot narrates, and by her own admission, Picasso made her into an adult. So there isn't much interest in the question "Will she leave him?" (Denby; 10/7/96) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Paris Theater.*

Swingers—A comedy about a tight-knit group of would-be hipsters who immerse themselves in Los Angeles's "cocktail nation" scene. Written and directed by Jon Favreau, who stars with Vince Vaughn. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; 84th Street Six.*

That Thing You Do!—Tom Hanks makes his directorial debut with this sweet yet toothless story about a pre-free-love sixties pop band that rockets to fame on the strength of one single. With Tom Everett Scott and Johnathon Schaech. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *Waverly; Murray Hill Cinemas; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas; Brooklyn Heights.*

Thinner—Robert John Burke stars as a man who cannot stop losing weight. Adapted from the novel by Stephen King. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza .*

Three Lives and Only One Death—Marcello Mastroianni stars in Raul Ruiz's surreal comedy about one man's multiple, rich experiences. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; NR) *Screening Room; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Trainspotting**—Written by John Hodge, who adapted the cult novel by Irvine Welsh, and directed by Danny Boyle, the movie celebrates the days and nights of raffish pleasure of four deadbeat Edinburgh thugs. The hero, Renton (Ewan McGregor), may be a working-class squatter and a hooligan, but he's literate, he entertains us, and we want him to succeed. *Trainspotting* is far from a raw documentary, but it is precisely this evasion of realism that makes it so much fun. The boys shoot heroin and fall down in pleasure; they outrage all the proud, hapless clichés of Scottish nationalism. The style of the movie is fast, voluble, allusive; the bits of dialogue and ghastly jokes and ludicrous physical disasters are held together by Renton's narration and the wildly inventive but disciplined editing. *Trainspotting* joins the tradition of self-mythologizing male narrative in which young men will do anything for pleasure. The movie has less to do with heroin than with Henry Miller's Paris novels and the punks of twenty years ago. For all the scandalous goings-on, Renton's story is perhaps the most upbeat narrative of the season. (Denby; 8/12/96) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Trees Lounge—Steve Buscemi wrote, directed, and stars in this (meandering) story about an aimless auto mechanic from Long Island who passes most of his time in a local pub. With Carol Kane, Anthony LaPaglia, Daniel Baldwin, and Samuel L. Jackson. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Lincoln Square.*

Twelfth Night—Director Trevor Nunn's adaptation of the Shakespearean comedy, with Helena Bonham Carter, Richard E. Grant, and Ben Kingsley. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; PG) *Village East; Sutton; Regency.*

Two Days in the Valley—A murder in the San Fernando Valley sets off a chain reaction. With Danny Aiello, James Spader, Marsha Mason, and Eric Stoltz. Written and directed by John Herzfeld. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Plaza Twin.*

Unhook the Stars—Gena Rowlands stars as a lonely woman who bonds with an eccentric single mother (Marisa Tomei). Written and directed by Nick Cassavetes. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

★**Vertigo**—For those who know it, seeing Hitchcock's 1958 movie again is like returning to a country where emotions are so powerful, they come close to pain. For the uninitiated, the experience could be overwhelming. This is a very strange work, a movie whose greatness may be commensurate with its oddity. James Stewart's retired police detective feels not the slightest attraction to Barbara Bel Geddes's commercial artist, an intelligent woman completely devoted to him, but he falls in love with Kim Novak, the dreamy wife he is hired to trail. In many ways, Bel Geddes is prettier than Novak, who, poured into her clothes, quivering and sensitive but utterly remote, seems almost stupefied by her own sensuality. When the Novak character dies, Stewart, desolate, tries to turn another woman into a carbon copy of her. *Vertigo* is the most beautiful movie ever made about the fetishism that is at the heart of sexual passion for so many men. The general movement is a fretful oscillation between hapless impotence and the most overpowering desire. The movie suggests that to be sexually aroused, a man must be obsessed in some way—in love with an ideal or with an image in his head. It says that romantic love, for men, is essentially crazy. In Hitchcock, the perverse and the normal are always at war—but in this one movie, Hitchcock is shockingly romantic. (Denby; 10/21/96) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Ziegfeld.*

When We Were Kings—A documentary about the historic 1974 boxing match between George Foreman and Muhammad Ali, which took place in Zaire at the request of that country's dictator, President Mobutu. Directed by Leon Gast and Taylor Hackford. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Basquiat; Big Night; Looking for Richard; Secrets & Lies; Swingers; Trainspotting.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Chamber; The Ghost and the Darkness; Two Days in the Valley.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Freeway.* Beginning 11/1: *Man With a Plan.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *A Single Girl; Microcosmos; Niki de Saint Phalle.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Beautiful Thing; Curtis' Charm; Hustler White; Palookaville.*

Opening
The Messenger

Greg Kinnear (below), he of the rubbery face and congenial charm, plays a dead-letter officer who amuses himself by answering missives to the Almighty in 'Dear God' (opening November 1).

I OVE
NEEDING
A
BREAK

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Three Lives and Only One Death.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *D3: The Mighty Ducks; Ed's Next Move; Michael Collins; The Grass Harp; The Long Kiss Goodnight; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday; Twelfth Night.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Bound; First Wives Club; Get on the Bus; High School High; Sleepers; Surviving Picasso; The Associate; Trees Lounge.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Thinner; That Thing You Do!.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Big Night; Michael Collins; Secrets & Lies; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Long Kiss Goodnight; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Closed for Renovations.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The Ghost and the Darkness.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *First Wives Club; Sleepers; Thinner.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Bound; First Wives Club; Get on the Bus; High School High; Sleepers; The Associate; The Chamber; Thinner.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *That Thing You Do!; The Associate; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Caught.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) .(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Ghost and the Darkness.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *That Thing You Do!; The Chamber.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Palookaville; The Proprietor.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Emma.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Swingers; The Grass Harp; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Get on the Bus; High School High; Last Man Standing; The Glimmer Man.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Associate.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Secrets & Lies.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Associate.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *First Wives Club; Thinner.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Lone Star.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; Independence Day.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *That Thing You Do!; The Chamber.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Surviving Picasso.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Twelfth Night.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Bulletproof; Independence Day; John Carpenter's Escape From L.A.; The Fan; The Island of Dr. Moreau.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Vertigo.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Emma; Small Wonders.* Opening 10/30: *Unhook the Stars.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Chamber; That Thing You Do!.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Big Night; The Associate.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Michael Collins.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-

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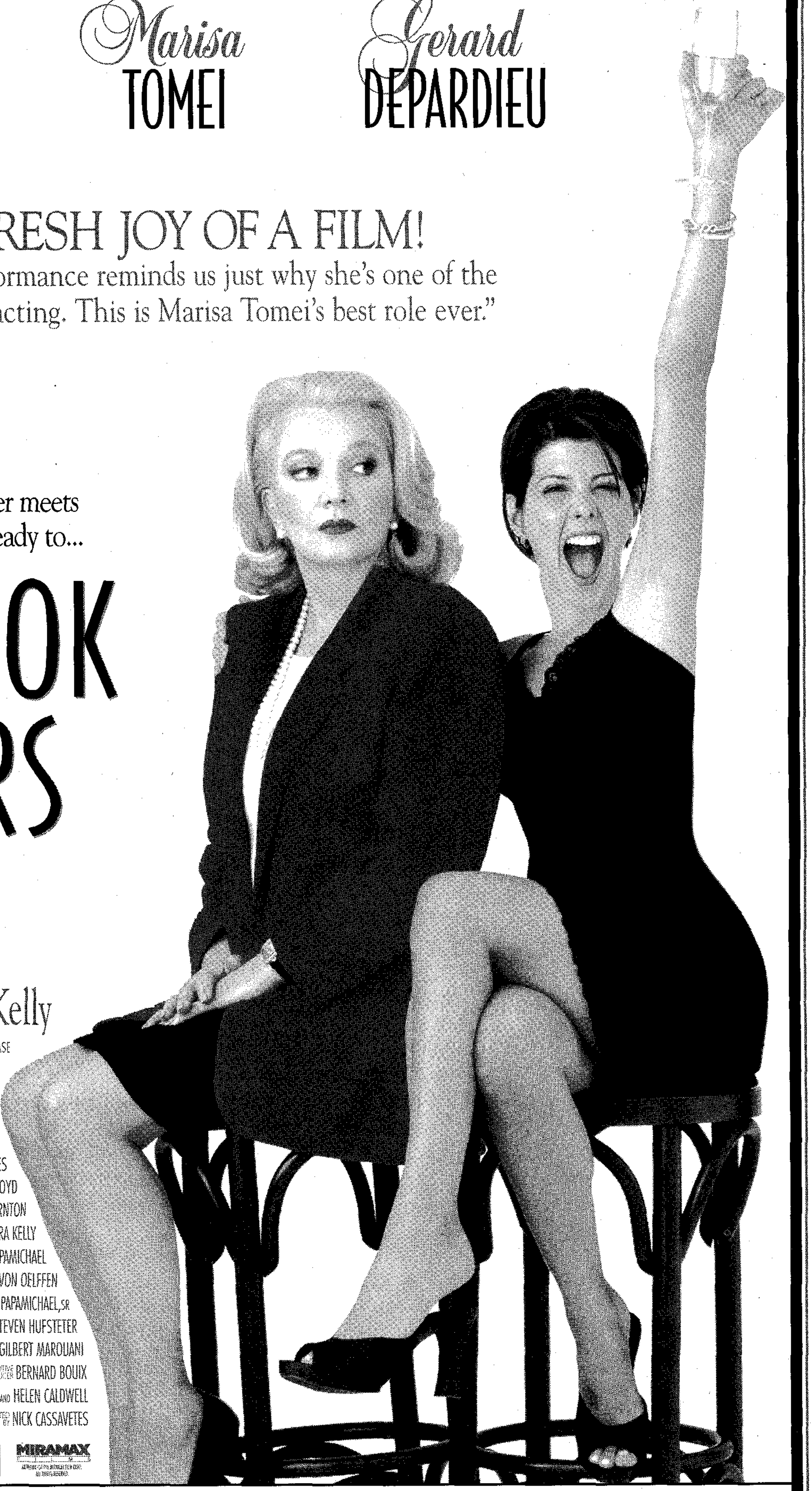

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CINE#957) *Big Night; Get on the Bus; The Ghost and the Darkness; Thinner.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday; High School High.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Sleepers.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *First Wives Club; Get on the Bus; High School High; Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *First Wives Club.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Ghost and the Darkness.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Grass Harp.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Get on the Bus; High School High; Swingers; The Chamber; The Ghost and the Darkness; Thinner.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Beautiful Thing; Big Night; Looking for Richard; Secrets & Lies; Three Lives and Only One Death.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *First Wives Club; Jude; Michael Collins; Sleepers; Sunchaser; That Thing You Do!; The Associate; The Long Kiss Goodnight; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday; Trees Lounge; When We Were Kings.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Sleepers; First Wives Club.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *High School High; The Glimmer Man; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *High School High; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Thinner; That Thing You Do!.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Twelfth Night.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *D3: The Mighty Ducks; First Wives Club; Get on the Bus; High School High; Sleepers; The Associate; The Chamber; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Glimmer Man; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *D3: The Mighty Ducks; First Wives Club; Get on the Bus; High School High; The Associate; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Glimmer Man; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *First Wives Club; Sleepers.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *D3: The Mighty Ducks; First Wives Club; Get on the Bus; High School High; Last Man Standing; Sleepers; The Associate; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Glimmer Man; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Big Night; D3: The Mighty Ducks; First Wives Club; Michael Collins; The Associate; The Chamber; The Long Kiss Goodnight; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *The Ghost and the Darkness; That Thing You Do!.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *First Wives Club; High School High; The Associate; Thinner.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *First Wives Club; Sleepers; The Associate; The Chamber; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *High School High; Sleepers; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Glimmer Man; Thinner.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Get on the Bus; High School High; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *High School High; Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *D3: The Mighty Ducks; Get on the Bus; High School High; The Associate; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Glimmer Man.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *First Wives Club; Sleepers; The Chamber; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *D3: The Mighty Ducks; First Wives Club; Sleepers; Thinner.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Michael Collins; Sleepers; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Antonia's Line; Last Man Standing; Two Days in the Valley.* Opening 10/16: *Get on the Bus.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *High School High; The Associate; The Glimmer Man; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *First Wives Club; High School High; Sleepers; That Thing You Do!; The Associate; The Chamber; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Glimmer Man; The Long Kiss Goodnight; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday.*

Retrospective
Killer Elite

The late director Jean-Pierre Melville—whose cinematic brand of classy, effortless gangster cool inspired later New Wave punks like Godard—is honored with an exhaustive retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, beginning November 1 with *Le Doulos* (starring Jean-Paul Belmondo, above). (See 'Museums, Societies, Etc.' for more info.)

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *First Wives Club; High School High; Sleepers; The Chamber; The Glimmer Man; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Big Night; D3: The Mighty Ducks; Sleepers; The Glimmer Man; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Two Days in the Valley.*

Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Get on the Bus; Sleepers; That Thing You Do!; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *The Ghost and the Darkness; The Associate.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Big Night; Sleepers; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Get on the Bus; High School High; The Chamber; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *D3: The Mighty Ducks; First Wives Club; Sleepers; The Associate; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Glimmer Man; Thinner.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Bound; D3: The Mighty Ducks; The Ghost and the Darkness.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Michael Collins; Secrets & Lies.*

Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *First Wives Club; High School High; Michael Collins; The Associate; The Chamber; The Ghost and the Darkness; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Sleepers; The Associate; The Glimmer Man.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Get on the Bus; That Thing You Do!; The Chamber; The Glimmer Man; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *D3: The Mighty Ducks; First Wives Club; High School High; Sleepers; That Thing You Do!; The Associate; The Ghost and the Darkness.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Basquiat; The Chamber; Two Days in the Valley.*

Plaza —103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Thinner; High School High.*

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Sleepers; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *First Wives Club; Get on the Bus; That Thing You Do!; The Chamber; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *First Wives Club.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *First Wives Club; High School High; Michael Collins; Sleepers; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Long Kiss Goodnight.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *First Wives Club; High School High; Sleepers; The Associate; The Ghost and the Darkness.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Big Night; D3: The Mighty Ducks; First Wives Club; Get on the Bus; High School High; Michael Collins; Sleepers; That Thing You Do!; The Associate; The Chamber; The Ghost and the Darkness; The Long Kiss Goodnight; Thinner; To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday.*

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

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Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Ida Lupino." 11/2: *Hard, Fast and Beautiful* (1951) and *The Hard Way* (1942). 11/3: *Not Wanted* (1949), Alfred Hitchcock Presents: *A Crime for Mothers* (1960), and *The Man I Love* (1946). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Angelika 57—Through 10/31: "The Latin American Film Festival." Call for program info. 225 W. 57th St. (586-1900); $8.

Anthology Film Archives—"Antonin Artaud." 11/1: *The Real Story of Artaud* (1994) and *Of Anger and Hatred* (1994). 11/2: *The Wooden Crosses* (1931). 11/3: *Tarakanova* (1929) and *L'Argent* (1928). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Brooklyn Museum—"Presidents, Politics, and Power." 11/1: *JFK* (1991), *Who Killed Martin Luther King, Jr.?* (1992), and *To Kill a King.* 11/2: *The Candidate* (1972) and *The War Room* (1993). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $6.

A Different Light—11/3: *Imitation of Life* (1959). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—10/30: *Dracula* (1931). 10/31: *Kanehsatake: 270 Years of Resistance* (1993), *Day of the Dead* (1963), and *La Ofreda: The Day of the Dead* (1989). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Through 10/31: Rita Hayworth in *Gilda* (1946). 11/1–11/7: *North by Northwest* (1959). Through 12/9: "The Silent City: New York in the Movies, 1898–1929." 11/4: *Regeneration* (1915) and "Traffic in Souls & Other Tales of New York Low Life," a series of shorts. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Sisters: Films by Russian Women." 10/29: *Reflections in a Mirror* (1992) and *The Ascent* (1976). 10/30: *Wings* (1966), *Brief Encounters* (1967), and *Tough Kids aka Teenagers* (1983). 10/31: *The Asthenic Syndrome* (1989). "The Centennial of Arab Cinema." 11/1: *Determination* (1939), *Fool's Alley* (1955), and *Omar Gatlato* (1977). 11/1 and 11/3: *The Beginning and the End* (1960). 11/2: *A Summer in La Goulette* (1995) and *Stars in Broad Daylight* (1988). 11/2 and 11/3: *The Flirtation of Girls* (1949). 11/3: *Kit Kat* (1991) and *Nah'la* (1979). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.

Japan Society—"The Offbeat World of Takeshi Kitano." 10/29: *Getting Any?* (1994). 11/1: *A Scene at the Sea* (1991). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—10/28: "BABA '96," series of commercials honored by the British Advertising Broadcast Awards. "Salute to the Cinémathèque Française." 10/28: *Sex in Chains* (1928), *Le Friquet* (1912), and *Struggle for Life* (1914). 10/29: *Nobody* (1921), *The River* (1928), and *Germinal* (1913). "Dusan Hanak: A Retrospective." 10/29: *Quiet Joy* (1985). "Claudette Colbert." 10/31: *Since You Went Away* (1944), *Zaza* (1939), and *It Happened One Night* (1934). "New Documentaries." *W.E.B. DuBois—A Biography in Four Voices* (1996). "Melville: The French Connection." 11/1: *Two Men in Manhattan* (1958). 11/1 and 11/3: *The Finger Man* (1962). 11/2: *The Silence of the Sea* (1947) and *The Strange Ones* (1949). 11/2 and 11/3: *Jean-Pierre Melville: Portrait in Nine Poses* (1970). 11/3: *Léon Morin, Priest* (1961). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—Through 12/8: "The Return of the Man in the Porkpie Hat: Buster Keaton on Television, 1949–1966." Through 1/5: "All Shook Up: Elvis Presley on Television." 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

National Museum of the American Indian—Through 11/3: *Good Medicine* (1979). 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

School of Visual Arts—10/31: "Deconstructing the Impossible: Matthew Barney's" *Cremaster 1* and *Cremaster 4.* 209 E. 23 St. (592-2011); free.

Symphony Space—"The Best Films of Our Lives, Part III." 10/29: *Dracula* (1931) and *Dead of Night* (1945). 11/5: *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977) and *The Man Who Fell to Earth* (1976). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); $8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"No Wave Cinema: 1978–87." 10/31–11/3: *The Long Island Four* (1980) and *The Offenders* (1979). 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); $8.

art

Carol Diehl...Len Jenshel and Diane Cook

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

John Anderson—Plein-air paintings of landscapes skirting the city of Toronto; through 11/15. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Ronald Bladen—A retrospective of drawings and sculptural models by this artist (1918–1988) who made his name as a sculptor during the Minimalist movement of the sixties, but began his career as a painter in the mid-forties; through 12/21. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

Iakov Chernikov/Tamara de Lempicka—Works on paper by the avant-garde Russian architect (1889–1951)/Twenty paintings and a selection of drawings by the Art Deco portraitist. Through 11/30. Friedman, 32 E. 67th St. (794-8950).

Carol Diehl—Paintings whose grid patterns of colors, words, and symbols represent systematic records of the artist's daily activities; through 11/30. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Lucian Freud—New paintings by the British artist known for his startlingly frank images of figures in interiors; through 11/16. Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. (734-6300).

Jessica Gandolf—Portraits of baseball, boxing, and football stars; through 11/27. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Barbara Hepworth—A group of cast-bronze, marble, and wood sculptures from the British artist's estate; through 11/16. Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

Henri Matisse—A survey of the artist's drawings; through 12/7. C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Everett Shinn—Paintings and pastels by the Ashcan School artist (1876–1953) known for his depictions of New York City and theater subjects; through 12/14. Owen, 762 Madison Ave. (879-2415).

Houghton Cranford Smith—A survey of landscape paintings by the American modernist (1887–1983), from his early impressionistic works to the Precisionist style he pursued from the thirties onward; through 11/15. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

Melinda Stickney-Gibson/Michael Lekakis—New paintings/A survey of sculpture. Through 11/17. Kouros, 23 E. 74th St. (288-5888).

57th Street Area

Fernando Botero—Recent paintings by the Colombian artist, among them family scenes, portraits, landscapes, and still lifes; through 11/26. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Elaine de Kooning—Paintings made between 1955 and 1965, including abstract works first seen in her 1957 exhibition at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery; two major landscapes painted in the sixties during her stay in New Mexico; and a ten-foot standing informal portrait of John F. Kennedy painted in 1963; through 11/30. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Edwin Dickinson—A 40-year survey of paintings and drawings, including works from the collections of the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Museum of Modern Art, through 11/30, at De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050), and little known works that have either never been exhibited in New York or have not been shown publicly in many years, through 11/22, at Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. (767-1852).

Eric Fischl—New paintings whose somber images of statues and figures in the interiors of Baroque churches were inspired by the artist's trip to Rome last year following the death of his father; through 12/26. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

Louise Fishman—Paintings, inspired by the artist's 1988 trip to former-concentration-camp sites in Eastern Europe, which employ grid structures to suggest an austere grief; through 11/16. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Eric Goulder—Figurative sculptures; through 11/16. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Luke Gray—Recent abstract paintings whose swirling brushstrokes suggest phenomenological effects; through 12/7. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

John Hull—Paintings of suburban interiors in which pulp-fiction-like narratives are played out; 10/31–11/29. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Man Ray—Drawings, collages, cliché-verres, paintings, photographs, and other works made by the artist in his studio on Rue Férou in Paris, where he lived and worked from 1951 until his death in 1976; through 1/4/97. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

George Negroponte—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper; through 11/16. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Gerhard Richter—New paintings, including both abstract and realist works; through 11/30. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Lucas Samaras—A survey of works made between 1958 and 1996, including objects, jeweled pieces, boxes, chair transformations, Formica cubes, mosaic paintings, and pastels; through 12/15. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Susan Jane Walp/Peter Loftus—Intimately scaled still-life paintings that unite a variety of household objects/Paintings of the Northern California landscape. Through 11/16. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Photographs by Len Jenshel and Diane Cook/courtesy of Yancey Richardson Gallery.

In Print

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

Besides being married to each other, the photographers Len Jenshel and Diane Cook also share a sensitivity to the subtleties of landscape, an uncanny ability to see beyond the obvious. In 'Hot Spots: America's Volcanic Landscape' (Bulfinch; $50)—their first collaborative effort and a first-place winner of this year's Ernst Haas/Golden Light Award for the best landscape-photography book—both photographed America's volcanoes (she in black-and-white, he in color) with an eye for their uniquely desolate environs, rather than the blatant fiery spectacle. The book signing takes place November 19 from 6 to 8 P.M. at Yancey Richardson Gallery, 560 Broadway; commuters can catch a selection of Cook's photographs in the L.I.R.R. section of Penn Station from November 4 through March 1997.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Armando—Paintings and sculpture by the Dutch artist whose themes of ladders, flags, and fences refer to World War II and the Holocaust; through 11/23. TZ'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Jean-Michel Basquiat—A selection of paintings, drawings, and objects by the late artist; through 11/23. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Willie Birch—New papier-mâché and mixed-media sculptures that transform ordinary objects, such as a gnarled walking stick or a sitting stool, into mnemonics of African-American experience; through 12/1. Ross, 568 Broadway (343-2161).

Nina Bovasso/Michael Phelan—New works by both; through 11/30. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Jeffrey Brosk—New wall sculptures; through 11/23. Rosenberg + Kaufman, 115 Wooster St. (431-4838), Wed. and Thurs. 11–7, Fri. and Sat. 11–6.

Chris Burden—Two sculptures from the artist's ongoing ship series that unite bicycle frames, plastic toys, and various other glass, metal, and plastic parts; through 11/23. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

Stephen Bush/Sally Egbert—Paintings that depict the French book character Babar in strange narratives/Abstract paintings. Through 11/30. Fotouhi Cramer, 560 Broadway (431-1304).

Don Eddy—Recent paintings that continue the artist's use of such motifs as water and flowers, but in an increasingly symbolic manner; through 11/30. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Ian Hamilton Finlay—A series of bronze sculptures that interweaves the classical ideas of Virgil with those of Robespierre and Saint-Just, theoreticians of the French Revolution; through 11/27. Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway (925-6190).

José Antonio Hernández-Diez—An installation by a Venezuelan artist that uses photographs and objects to comment on cultural cannibalism; through 11/16. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Mark Innerst—Recent paintings, including large-scale cityscapes, abstractions, and figurative works; through 11/16. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

Jasper Johns—A selection of the artist's prints from 1960 to 1996; through 12/14. Castelli, 578 Broadway (941-9855).

Brad Kahlhamer—Narrative paintings that combine images of the artist's road-trip encounters with experiences from his childhood; through 11/16. Bronwyn Keenan, 494 Broadway (431-5083).

Konrad Kaletsch/Eiichi Yoshino—Urnlike containers in which objects float in illuminated liquid/Constructions of postcards and photographs. Through 11/16. Foster, 62 Crosby St. (966-9024).

Harriet Korman—New abstract paintings in a palette limited largely to black, white, and grays; through 11/16. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Li-Lan—Paintings of stamps, envelopes, postcards, and other postal imagery; through 11/27. API, 470 Broome St. (343-2599).

Joseph Marioni—Monochromatic paintings that use color to elicit visual intimacy and emotional immediacy; through 12/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Wendy Miller—Recent gouache paintings whose curvaceous letters, biomorphic shapes, geometric planes, and concentric-ringed mandalas explore the painting process as a site for healing and transformation; through 12/7. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

Margaret Morrison—Paintings inspired by artist's West Virginia surroundings; through 11/30. Woodward, 476 Broome St. (966-3411).

Mungo Thomson—Sculpture and mixed-media works that use the everyday language of road signs; through 11/23. Martz, 580 Broadway (334-3348).

Bruce Nauman—Two new video installations and bronze sculptures of hands and thumbs; 11/2–12/14. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Albert Oehlen—Paintings that were conceived within the virtual space of a computer screen, applied digitally to the canvas, and then remanipulated directly by the artist's hand; through 11/16. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Balder Olrik—Large-scale computer manipulated and painted photographs by a Danish artist; through 11/23. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Matthew Ritchie—Paintings, sculpture and wall drawings that comprise a project titled "The Hard Way"; through 11/23. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Brian Rutenberg—Recent paintings that play on the abstract qualities of water; through 11/30. Cavin-Morris, 560 Broadway (226-3768).

Beverly Semmes—An installation of a new oversized, motorized dress sculpture by this artist whose work is also on view at the Whitney Museum of Art at Philip Morris (see "Museums"); through 11/30. Klein, 40 Wooster St. (431-1980).

Richard Serra—New sculpture; through 12/14. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (228-2828).

David Shaw—New works; through 11/16. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Martin Sjoberg—Large-scale Cibachrome photographs and mixed-media sculptures and wall hangings that suggest a Gen-X-style allegory of the Western world; through 11/14. Silverstein, 476 Broome St. (226-0640).

Richard Snyder—Large-scale painted wood constructions; through 11/9. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

Donald Sultan—Recent charcoal and conté drawings of billiard and beach balls, pomegranates, and buttons, and small-scale paintings of fruits and vegetables that explore the relationships between abstract space and recognizable forms; 10/30–12/7. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Piotr Uklanski—A fully functioning disco floor in red, blue, yellow, and white that covers the entire floor of the gallery; through 11/16. Enterprise, 558 Broome St. (662-1693).

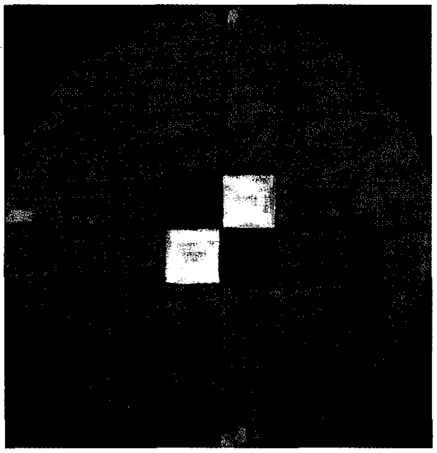
Trevor Winkfield—Paintings whose colorful imagery and complex compositions suggest architecture, children's books, and game cards; through 11/16. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Lisa Yuskavage—Paintings of women in erotic poses and an installation of the cast-plaster sculptures from which they are derived; through 11/16. Boesky & Callery, 51 Greene St. (941-9888).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Talent More earthbound than the diagrams in Alfred Jensen's paintings but similarly obsessive and coded in meaning, Carol Diehl's patterns and symbols swing between tallies of her mundane daily activities to a deeply autobiographical consideration of herself. But even in an atypically austere painting like *Sight* (below), the overall effect is an unexpected combination of motion and reflection. At Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 East 70th Street; through November 30.



Photograph courtesy of Hirschl & Adler Galleries.

Other

Carl Andre—A survey of the artist's minimal sculptures from the past 30 years; through 11/24. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Ann Daly/Nancy Davenport—An installation that uses everyday forms of documentary evidence—snapshots, found objects, and tracings—to create a narrative about an imaginary collector/Photographs of panoramic landscapes that suggest acccidents about to happen. Through 11/24. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930).

Renée Green—An installation that probes the notion of sites of memory by focusing on Kent State, Ohio, as a location; through 11/24. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366).

Pamela Harris/Lorna Bieber—Recent paintings by the former and photographs by the latter on the subject of "home"; through 11/17. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Ellsworth Kelly—Seven new paintings on shaped canvases by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through 1/19. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Pieter Schoolwerth—An installation of three conceptual-art projects that is meant to evoke a Gothic cathedral; through 11/24. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770), Wed.–Sat. 10–6.

Andy Spence—A survey of the artist's paintings from 1976 to the present; through 11/24. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Brenda Zlamany—Paintings of snakes in an Old Master style; through 11/24. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). "New World Orders: Casta Painting and Colonial Latin America," an exhibition of eighteenth-century *casta* (caste) paintings that were produced chiefly in Mexico, Peru, and Ecuador, and illustrate the results of the intermingling of the three major racial groups that inhabited Spain's colonies in the New World—Indians, Spaniards, and African slaves; through 12/22.

Jordan-Volpe—958 Madison Ave. (570-9500). Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century paintings from the Brooklyn Museum's collection, including works by Church, Mount, and Sargent; through 12/7.

Stone—113 E. 90 (988-6870). Paintings by Scottish artist Derrick Guild, furniture by Barcelona architect Antonio Gaudi and Catalan designer Joan Busquets; through 11/26.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "The Subverted Object," with works by artists continuing the Dadaist and Surrealist legacy, including Ray, Oppenheim, Westermann, others; through 1/4.

Winston Wächter—111 E. 65th St. (327-2526). "Pop: Then and Now," with works by Lichtenstein, Oldenberg, Rosenquist, Thiebaud, Warhol; through 11/29.

57th Street Area

Associated American Artists—20 W. 57th St. (399-5510). Twentieth-century Latin American painting, with portraits by Elizondo and Galan, plus a Toledo gouache; through 11/30.

Janis—110 W. 57th St. (586-0110). Painting and sculpture by twentieth-century masters including Brancusi, Leger, Mondrian, Pollock; 11/1–12/21.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885). Pieces from the Asia Society's permanent collection, spanning the last couple of millennia; through 12/6.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). An installation of Antonin Artaud's "real" drawings by the Trickster Theater; through 12/21.

Feature—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Paintings by Bill Komoski, woven cube sculpture by Jim Isermann, and photography by Roman Slocombe; through 11/23.

Franklin Furnace—112 Franklin St. (925-4671).

Technology and its effect on authorship, with works by LeWitt, Lawler, the Guerrilla Girls, others; through 12/21.

Weber—142 Greene St. (966-6115). Twenty-fifth anniversary show features works by the gallery's younger artists, among them Bloodgood, Chu, Mori, Scardillo, and Tronvoll; through 11/16.

Other

Columbia University—Wallach Art Gallery, Schermerhorn Hall, Broadway at 116th St. (854-5573). Sir James Thornhill's painted copies of Raphael's large gouache paintings, called *cartoons*, used to create Sistine Chapel tapestries; through 12/21.

I.C.E.—521 W. 23rd St. (727-3612). Sculpture and paintings by De Chirico, Gerardi, Martini, Youl, others; through 12/1.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). Art dealing with how sentimental images genuinely affect us, including works by Albenda, Brack, Jacquette, Martinez, others; through 11/27.

Photography

Julia Margaret Cameron—Victorian portraits and studies; 11/1-12/28. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Chuck Close—Prints made from Polaroids of Close's best-known subjects, including Lichtenstein, Katz, and Bleckner; through 11/23. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Mary Courtney-Clarke—Photographs of Berber women in remote areas of North Africa; through 11/30. Witkin, 415 Broadway (925-5510).

Lee Friedlander—Works from his newest book, *The Desert Seen;* through 11/23. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Nan Goldin—Photographs of children taken over the past two decades by this photographer who is currently the subject of a retrospective exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art (see Museum listings); through 12/15. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Landscapes of the Civil War: Newly Discovered Photographs From the Medford Historical Society; through 11/10. . . . "Reunions: The Lost Children of Rwanda"; through 11/10.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "Chim: The Photographs of David Seymour." The first full-scale retrospective of works by this photojournalist who was a founder of Magnum Photos; through 11/3. . . . "Berenice Abbott: Portraits, New York Views, and Science Photographs From the Permanent Collection"; through 11/3. . . . "Brian Weil: In Memoriam." Images from Weil's series on the Hasidic Jews of Williamsburg, Brooklyn; the Miami Police Department; professional boxers and wrestlers, and the worldwide AIDS epidemic; through 11/3.

Tseng Kwong Chi—Self-portraits taken around the world — in front of Lady Liberty, with Mickey Mouse, posed before a Buddha in Kamakura — before the artist's death from AIDS in 1989; through 11/30. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Michael Lavine—Portraits of new alternative artists, including Amy Adler, Renée Green, Wayne Gonzales, and Toland Grinnell; through 12/22. Team, 527 W. 26th St. (279-9219).

Lovett-Codagnone/Pierre Molinier—Collaborative photographs that question stereotypes and ideas of normality/Fetishistic photographs, photocollages, and photomontages by the French artist (1900–1976) whose work explored his own sexual identity. Through 11/17. XL, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

Abelardo Morell—"Home and the World," recent camera obscura work plus new images of maps; through 11/30. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Stephen Sack—Photographs that depict the backs of the pages of engravings used to illustrate the Comte de Buffon's *Natural History*, a 44-volume work published in 1749; through 11/23. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Cindy Sherman—Faces, masks, and faces behind masks with a sci-fi weirdness; through 11/23. Metro, 150 Greene St. (219-2027).

Masao Yamamoto—Postcard-size photographs dealing with issues of memory, aesthetics, temporal changes; through 11/17. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Zabriskie—16 Washington Mews (998-8750). Works by twelve French photographers, including Baldus, Colomb, Jahan, Requillart, others; through 11/15.

Museums

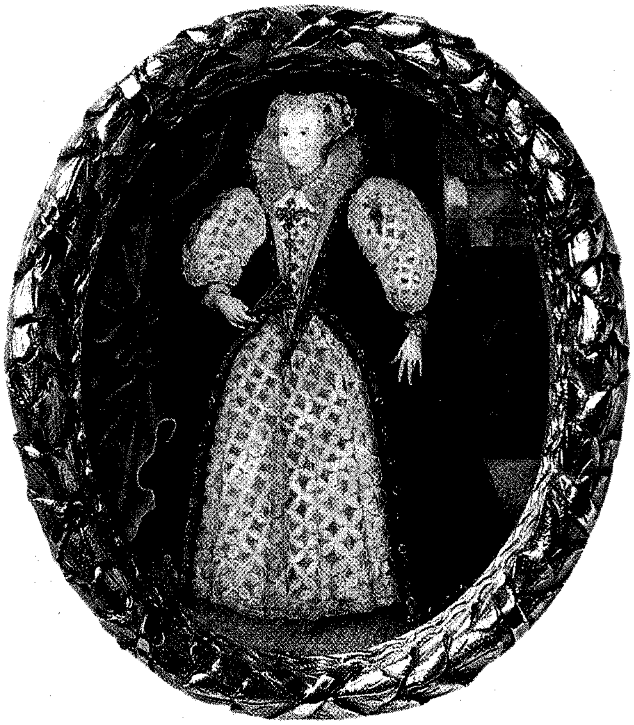
Alternative Museum—"Media Mind—Les Levine: A Recent Survey." A survey of the artist's projects since 1989; through 11/2. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Michael Lucero: Sculpture 1976–1995." A survey of the artist's whimsical sculptures, many of which combine ceramic elements with found objects; through 2/16. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Leonardo's Codex Leicester: A Masterpiece of Science." On loan from William H. Gates III, the only manuscript by Leonard da Vinci still in private hands combines drawings and text to explain the whole of nature; through 1/1. . . . "Okavango: Africa's Last Eden." Large-format color photographs taken in the Okavango Delta of Botswana, Africa, by wildlife photographer Frans Lanting; through 1/5/97. . . . "Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799–1885)." Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist/naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Korea, and Thailand organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Queens Museum of Art and the Grey Art Gallery & Study Center; through 1/5. . . . "Treasures From the Asia Society: Selections From the Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection"; through 12/6. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Brooklyn Museum—"In the Light of Italy: Corot and Open-Air Painting." An exhibition of landscape paintings by 48 European artists who worked in Italy between 1780 and 1840, among them nineteen paintings by Jean-Baptiste Corot (1796–1875) made during his first visit to



Retrospective

Little Wonder

The ever-assiduous Metropolitan Museum of Art has *mounted two complementary exhibitions of portrait* miniatures, which will be on view until just after the New Year. One group is drawn from the Met's own considerable hoard of finely wrought Lilliputian images; the other is borrowed from the formidable collection of Queen Elizabeth II. The genre—which flourished from the mid-sixteenth century through Victorian times—was practiced successfully by adepts without genius, but it also attracted several major artists. Chief among them, as the Met's displays reveal, were Germany's Hans Holbein the Younger, a brilliant draftsman in the realistic mode and an intuitive psychologist; the more fanciful Nicholas Hilliard, court painter to Elizabeth I (above, his *Portrait of a Noblewoman,* ca. 1585–90); and François Clouet, whose work has a witty French elegance. The purpose of these small portraits—usually executed in medallion format, sometimes on small boxes—shuttled between the public and the private, instruction and romance. Fixing, for the benefit of history, images of royalty, political figures, and eminences in the arts, these likenesses often had the grace to make their subjects look idiosyncratically human instead of reducing them to icons. In their more intimate mode, the miniatures provided a visual, tangible (and conveniently portable) talisman for a lover, actual or would-be. Once photography became widely accessible, in the mid-nineteenth century, the painted portrait was eclipsed. Today, government heads are immortalized by camera pros with a gift for the fatuous. Society has itself commemorated glossily by the Bachrachs of the trade. Plebeian lovers make do with a creased or faded snapshot tucked into a wallet. The captivating portrayals at the Met make one long for the comeback of what Hilliard called *"the cunning artifice."*

Tobi Tobias

Photograph © Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II/courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Italy; through 1/12. . . . "Latin American Photography: A Spiritual Journey." Photographs depicting different aspects of Latin American culture by artists who are native to Central or South America, or have spent a significant part of their lives there; through 1/19. . . . "The Evidence of Things Not Seen: Drawings by Glenn Ligon"; through 2/9. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10-5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Mixing Messages: Graphic Design in Contemporary Culture." Works by various graphic designers, among them Fabien Baron, Art Chantry, April Greiman, Chip Kidd, and Paula Scher; through 2/16. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tue. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3. $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Jean-Léon Gérome and the Classical Imagination"; through 2/15. . . . "Nineteenth-Century Photographs of Greece and Rome From the Collection of the Berkshire Museum" through 2/15. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: *A Place Called Abroad*." An installation of a street-like environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschicte 1880–1983"; through 6/29. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Day of the Dead." Popular objects associated with the Mexican holy day known as the "Day of the Dead"; through 11/22. . . . "The Liberated Print: The Portfolio in Puerto Rican Graphics"; through 1/12. . . . "Adál: Out of Focus Nuyoricans." A series of twenty computer-generated portraits created by the Puerto Rican artist Adál in 1995–96, and an accompanying poem by the poet/playwright Reverendo Pedro Pietri; through 10/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery & Study Center—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." A survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Indonesia, the Philippines, South Korea, and Thailand organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the Queens Museum of Art; through 12/23. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8:30, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Guggenheim Museum—"Ellsworth Kelly: A Retrospective." The most comprehensive survey ever presented of the artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 1/15. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Max Beckmann in Exile." The first exhibition to examine the German Expressionist's work made during his years as an expatriate in Holland and the United States; through 1/5. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Louis Kahn Drawings: Travel Sketches and Synagogue Projects." A survey of the architect's drawings and models for synagogues; through 12/15. . . . "From Court Jews to to the Rothschilds: Art, Patronage, and Power." The first exhibit to examine the cultural life of court Jews in Germanic lands; through 1/19. . . . "The Illegal Camera: Photography in the Netherlands During the German Occupation, 1940–1945"; through 12/1. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Corot." The first American retrospective of the French artist's work in 35 years gathers some 150 paintings from public and private collections; through 2/2. . . . "Masterpieces in Little: Portrait Miniatures From the Collection of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II"; 11/5–1/5. . . . "Eugène Cuvelier, Photographer in the Circle of Corot." A selection of prints by this French photographer who made studies of the Forest of Fontainebleau in the late 1850s and early 1860s in close association with Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and other painters of the Barbizon school; through 1/12. . . . "Images of Women: Nineteenth-Century American Drawings and Watercolors"; through 2/2. . . . "Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women: Images of Beauty from Ancient Egypt"; through 2/2. . . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30. . . . "Artists for Victory." A commemoration of the historic juried exhibition of contemporary art, "Artists for Victory," held at the Metropolitan Museum in 1942–43"; through 1/12. . . . "Two by Two." An exhibition comparing men's and women's clothing from 1700 to the present; through 11/17. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum at F.I.T.—"Moon Over Pearls: Gene Moore's Tiffany Windows and Beyond." A survey of the designer's window installations for Tiffany & Co. from 1955 to 1994; through 1/4. . . . "From Printed Line to Woven Flower, Exploring Textile Patterns"; through 1/11. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (760-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Museum for African Art—"The Art of the Baga: A Drama of Cultural Reinvention"; through 1/5. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"A Place for Us: Vernacular Architecture in American Folk Art"; through 1/5. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jasper Johns: A Retrospective." The first in-depth survey of the artist's work in nearly 20 years; through 1/21. . . . "New Photography 12: Richard Billingham, Thomas Demand, Osamu Kanemura, Sophie Ristelhueber, Georgina Starr, Wolfgang Tillmans"; through 2/4. . . . "Antonin Artaud: Works on Paper." An exhibition of the drawings of the writer, critic, film actor, stage director, and poet, including approximately 70 works dating from 1937 to 1948 and a small selection of photographs, first editions, and letters; through 1/7. . . . "Projects: Pieter Laurens Mol"; through 11/12. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; 11/2–3/23. . . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Arlt"; 11/2–4/6. . . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29. . . . "Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"Powerful Expressions: Recent American Drawings"; through 1/5. . . . "The Artist's Eye: Jacob Lawrence Selects Paintings From the Permanent Collection"; through 1/12. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—"Woven by the Grandmothers: Nineteenth-Century Navajo Textiles From the National Museum of the American Indian"; through 1/8. . . . "Contemporary Navajo Weaving: The Gloria F. Ross Collection of the Denver Art Museum"; through 1/8. George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"alt.youth.media." An exhibition of zines, Web sites, CD-ROMS, and audio, video, and print projects by young media artists speaking out on youth culture; through 11/5. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sun. 12–6, Sat. 12–8; $4, $3 artists and seniors; free for visitors under 21.

New York Public Library—"A History of Women Photographers." A historical survey of women's contributions to the field of photography; through 1/4. . . . "The Romance of the Stone: Lithography, 1796–1825"; through 1/11. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Robert Fulton: An American Leonardo?" Letters, sketches, and paintings by the eighteenth-century American painter-inventor; through 1/5. . . . "Scaasi: The Joy of Dressing Up." A retrospective of works by the designer; through 1/5. . . . "Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884–1933"; through 11/24. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Fine Line: Rembrandt as Etcher"; through 1/5. . . . "Seventeenth-Century Dutch Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; through 1/5. . . . "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery': Presidential Races from Washington to Truman"; through 1/5. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions." An survey of works by contemporary artists from India, Thailand, the Philippines, South Korea, and Indonesia organized by the Asia Society and presented simultaneously at the Asia Society and the Grey Art Gallery & Study Center; through 1/5. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"In the Spirit of Resistance: African-American Modernists and the Mexican Muralist School." An exhibition focusing on the influence of the Mexican muralists and printmakers of the Taller de Gráfica Popular on African-American artists from the thirties through the fifties; through 12/1. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art 2." An exhibition of works culled from the museum's collection curated by Jean-Christophe Ammann, director of the Museum für Moderne Kunst in Frankfurt, Germany; through 1/5. . . . "Nan Goldin: 'I'll Be Your Mirror.'" The first retrospective of works by this photographer known for her gritty images of the sexual and cultural urban underground of the past two decades; through 1/5. . . . "Collection in Context: Breuer's Whitney—An Anniversary Exhibition"; through 12/8. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Beverly Semmes: She Moves." An installation by this artist who uses monumental scale to comment on clothing as a form of cultural and personal expression; through 1/4. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (570-3633), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 10/31 at 10 and 2: "Important French Furniture, Ceramics, Tapestries, and Carpets." On view from 10/26. 10/31 at 5: "Korean Works of Art, Including a Private Collection." On view from 10/26. 11/1 at 10, 11, and 2: "Japanese Works of Art." On view from 10/26. 11/2 at 10 and 2: "Japanese Prints." On view from 10/26.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 11/1 at 11: "Comic Collectibles." On view from 10/26. .

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 11/6 at 1: "European and American Paintings and Sculpture." On view from 11/2.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 10/30 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade American Paintings." On view from 10/26. 11/2 at 10 and 2: "French Furniture." On view from 10/26.

theater

Hwang Turns *Golden*...Send In the Clowns

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Chicago—Roxie Hart, a Jazz Age murderer, offs her lover and becomes a media darling. Kander/Ebb/Fosse's 1975 musical vaudeville is back, with a stellar cast: Ann Reinking (who also choreographed), Bebe Neuwirth, Joel Grey, and James Naughton. $47.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/14 opening. *Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Juan Darien: A Carnival Mass—Julie Taymor and Elliott Goldenthal's vivid puppet pageant, retelling an Uruguyan folktale of a jaguar that is turned into a boy, and back again. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In Previews for an 11/24 opening. *Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center (239-6200).*

Present Laughter—Frank Langella stars in Scott Elliott's revival of Noël Coward's drawing-room comedy, making matinee-idol moves. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In Previews for an 11/18 opening. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Rehearsal—Jean Anouilh's dark, wistful play, arguably his finest, returns under Nicholas Martin's direction. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 10/31 for an 11/21 opening. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—Miss it at the Public earlier this year? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chimère—A few blocks from the original site of P. T. Barnum's American Museum, to which a very different tradition of animal act traces its roots, Zingaro, the French "equestrian theater" troupe, has arrived. The group, which uses horses as the focus of a meeting between circus techniques and dramatic performance, is making its American debut under the auspices of BAM with its latest production, a dreamlike evocation of Indian equestrian culture. $75. Through 11/10. At *Battery Park City;* call *307-4100* for tickets, *718-636-4100* for information.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

The Cocoanuts—In their early days, the Marx Brothers formed the habit of touring their farcical vaudevilles as live stage shows before committing them to film. Chelsea's American Jewish Theater, having successfully dusted off Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman's original (1925) script for a knockabout farce about the Florida land boom—the basis for the movie that introduced the Marxes to Hollywood—and given the latter its first professional New York revival in 61 years, has recently moved it uptown. $45 Tues.–Thurs., $47.50 Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $60–70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 thereafter. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grace and Glorie—Tom Ziegler's Broadway-debut play is the story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhattan careerist (Lucie Arnaz) determined to save her, willing or otherwise, from the ravages of real-estate development and its attendant sadnesses. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393). 2 hrs.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Sheena Easton as Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Hughie—Eugene O'Neill began his life in a seedy hotel at Broadway and 43rd; a few blocks up the street, Al Pacino is currently inhabiting the seedy hotel in which that life drew (metaphorically) to an end. This moody chamber piece about a self-deluding small-time hustler—the playwright's next-to-final Broadway production, staged posthumously in 1964—now runs, following considerable critical acclaim and a second extension, through 11/2. $55; a limited number of seats are available to the

Opening Blue Two?

Advance word has it that The New Bozena's new-minted "slacker vaudeville" show is the next Blue Man Group: 'Tubes.' You be the judge: three avant-garde clowns mixing traditional red-nose-and-curly-wig goofs with random insurrections and a little grunge. Or, in their own estimation, "clowns with the look and feel of quality leather."

Photograph by Marc Joseph.

general public beginning at 10 on the day of performance for $20. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Circle in the Square, 50th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (239-6200). 1 hr. 10 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, now has an American cast, which includes Stephanie Beacham, Kim Hunter, James Warwick, and Nick Hanson. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (unbald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Sex and Longing—A new comedy by Christopher Durang, starring Sigourney Weaver as a woman who attempts to assuage the melancholy sense of displacement that is the abiding, inescapable burden of sad humanity by trying to have sex every fifteen minutes. Did that sentence end up the way you were expecting? $25–$45; a limited number of $15 student rush tickets will go on sale two hours before each performance. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/10/96. *Cort, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/2/94. Through 1/5/97. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Skylight—New York last saw that fine playwright David Hare in December, when Lincoln Center's short-lived production of *Racing Demon,* a drama about the current crisis of faith in the Church of England, seems to have proved somewhat too parochially British for American audiences. They shouldn't have that problem with this less polemical, more inward drama focusing on the reunion, after three years, of a wealthy restaurateur and a schoolteacher, discussing a love affair that may or may not have run its course. Don't miss the American stage debut of Michael Gambon, known to TV audiences here from Dennis Potter's *The Singing Detective* and the more recent PBS show *Maigret*—and to Sir Ralph Richardson simply as "the Great Gambon." $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $35–$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita, Cats*) recent-

Opening

Age of Paranoia

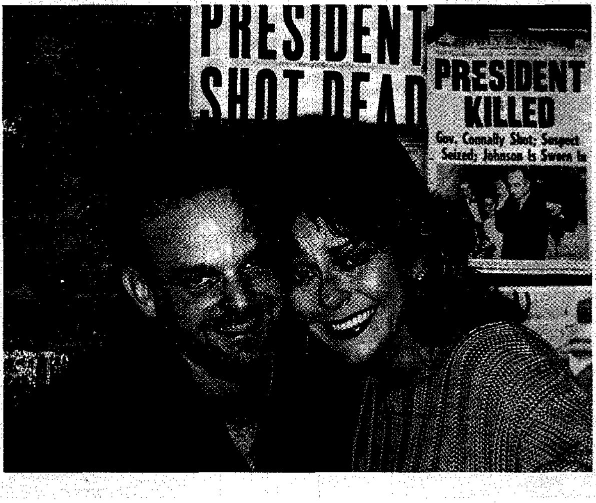
Tennessee Williams and Oliver Stone have more in common than we ever imagined: Conspiracy theories on a grander order than a cable from Shep Huntley. Political subtext beyond the is-he-or-isn't-he sexuality of Brick and Sebastian. In *Red Devil Battery Sign,* first performed in 1975 and never in New York City, Williams turned hallucinogenic, adding a vision of the apocalypse, Oswald, and the Vietnam War to types recognizable from better-known plays. "There's moments of *Orpheus Descending* here, a little *Streetcar* right there," says director Michael Wilson, who's worked his way through the Williams canon to this puzzling work.

"He started writing the play in 1973, when Senator Ervin was on TV all the time and they were trying to silence Martha Mitchell," Wilson says. Red Devil's looped-out heroine, Woman Downtown, combines Mitchell's big mouth with Blanche Du Bois's alcoholic sexuality. "It's a period when we were paranoid," Wilson says. "And Woman Downtown is a paranoid heroine. Look at the TV then—shows like *The Twilight Zone* made us think 'Are we going to be invaded by aliens?' "

There's a sense of experimentation about putting on this Williams play, like putting together the pieces of a puzzle. Sifting through the play's multiple drafts for this WPA Theatre production, Wilson settled on one of the most time-specific, making the play's action simultaneous with the week in which JFK was shot, Oswald killed, and LBJ first addressed Congress as the president. All these events are seen in a video installation of period footage.

Earlier productions, including David Merrick's 1975 Boston run starring Claire Bloom and Anthony Quinn, have failed spectacularly, Wilson says, because the history was too close and the productions too realistic. "Is this just the babble of an aging alcoholic playwright genius whose powers are diminished?" Wilson asks, rhetorically. "*I* think it's a play that should be done a lot, for people to see how strong he was until the end. If we don't succeed, then someone else should figure it out."

ALEXANDRA LANGE


PRESIDENT
SHOT DEAD
PRESIDENT
KILLED
Gov. Connally Shot; Suspect Seized; Johnson Is Sworn In

Photograph by Michael Dion.

ly took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

aking Sides—Ed Harris stars as an American Nazi-war-crimes investigator, sparring with suspect conductor Wilhelm Furtwangler (Daniel Massey) over the question *Is art neutral?* $32.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/17/96. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

ictor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Blues Are Running—Brothers Marcus and Paul Giamatti star in Michael Christofer's two-man, six-couple tale of mistaken identity, murder, and multiple roles. $32. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 11/3 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

akewalk—A personal reminiscence, of the kiss-and-tell variety, by playwright Peter Feibleman about his relationship with Lillian Hellman. Starring Linda Lavin. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews start 10/18 for an 11/6 opening. *Variety Arts, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

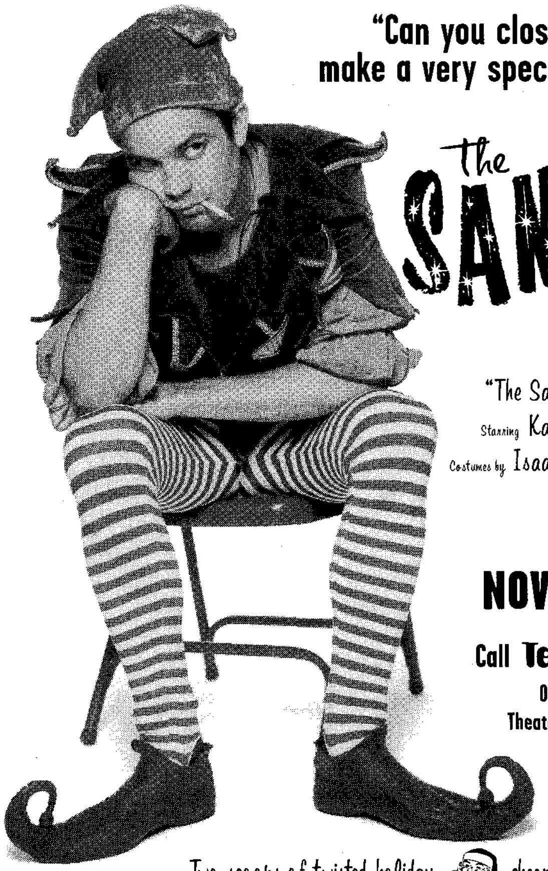
Demonology—A new comedy by Kelly Stuart juxtaposing sex, sabotage, and breast-feeding at the headquarters of a baby-food manufacturer. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Previews start 10/30 for an 11/10 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd (279-4200).*

olden Child—David Henry Hwang's new drama. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Previews start 10/29 for an 11/17 opening. Through 12/1. *The Public Theater's Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

The Importance of Being Earnest—Oscar Wilde's best-known and most giggle-generating farce gets a glamorous revival, with Eric Stoltz and Melissa Errico starring as the quip-crossed cousins, and Nancy Marchand as resident battle-ax Lady Bracknell. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Nine Armenians—An intimate portrait of three generations of an Armenian family by Leslie Ayvazian. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. In previews for an 11/12 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Red Devil Battery Sign—The New York premiere of one of Tennessee Williams's final works, starring Elizabeth Ashley and James Victor. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *WPA Theatre,*



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Street Scene—A revival of Elmer Rice's 1929 Pulitzer Prize–winning play, a Depression-era urban tragedy of immigrants, lovers, and radicals. $15. Thurs.–Sat., Mon. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/28 opening. Through 11/17. *Willow Cabin Theatre Company at Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St.(886-1889).*

This Is Our Youth—A new play by Kenneth Lonergan set on one larcenous evening in 1982 New York. Starring Josh Hamilton. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. In previews for a 10/30 opening. *INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St.(279-4200).*

The Waiting Room—Refugees from vanity's trenches fill Lisa Loomer's doctor's office, where women seek cures for ancient and modern physical and emotional traumas caused by corsets, foot-binding, and breast implants. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/31 opening. *Vineyard Teatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

When the World Was Green/Chicago—The Signature Theatre Company's Sam Shepard season opens with these two one-act plays. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for an 11/7 opening. *The Joseph Papp Public/ Susan Stein Shiva Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Winter Is the Coldest Season—$25. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St.(239-6200).*

Now Playing

431 of My Closest Friends—Bris as family spectacle, from the writing team of Miriam Kouzel Billington, Peter Goldman, and David Presby. $35. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Americana—$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Baseball in Zanzibar—Set in a New Orleans mental-health clinic, Ty Adams's new play mines that dramatic chestnut—the line between imagination and insanity. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 10/27. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (388-8196).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri, and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing.* $15-$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700)*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Einstein: A Stage Portrait—John Crowther stars in Willard Simms's one-man play. $22.50–$27.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 11/10. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).*

Evolution—A multidisciplinary rock-music extravaganza. $30; $10 student rush tickets available one hour before curtain for all performances. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Fit to Be Tied—Farceur Nicky Silver, who's been more than a little successful channeling Noël Coward—we just mean artistically, of course; don't let him suggest otherwise—follows up last season's *The Food Chain* with a new vehicle for the dizzying Silver wit. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. Through 11/10. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say *propitious* time. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8 Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Full Gallop—Following its successful run at Manhattan Theatre Club last fall, Mary Louise Wilson's one-woman show about *Vogue*'s Diana Vreeland, the woman who invented both contemporary fashion and—to hear her disciples tell it—the color red, is back on Off Broadway for a return engagement. $37.50–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of this year's more melancholy theater trends is the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $40. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a *magisterium* of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $25–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $30–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

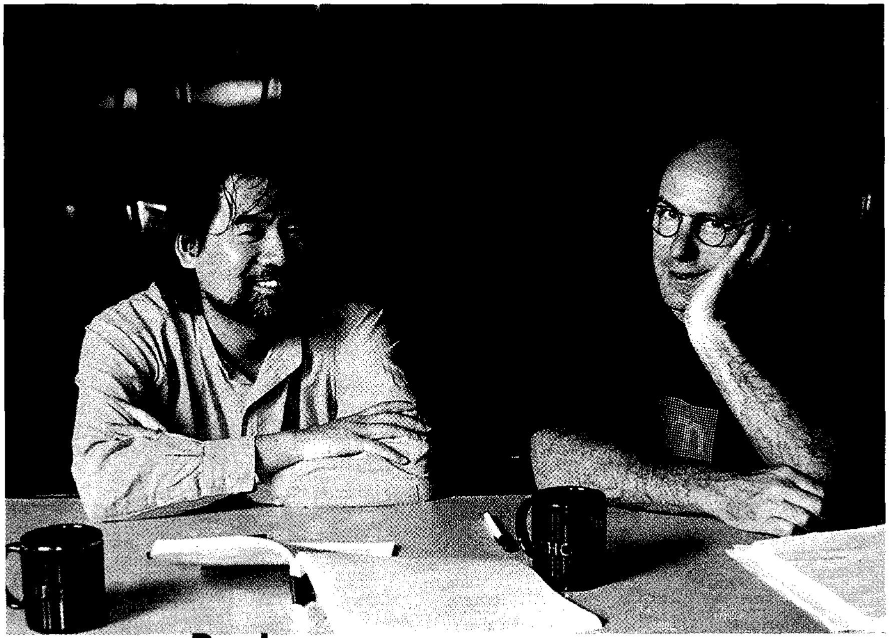
Matty—A one-man show about baseball star Christy Mathewson, written and performed by Eddie Frierson. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St.(239-6200).*

Missing/Kissing—A double bill of new short comedies by John Patrick Shanley. $33 Tues.–Thurs., $35 Fri.– Sun. Through 11/10. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize-nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. $42.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway at 76th Street (580-1313).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Political Animal—H. L. Mencken never minded paying income tax; dollar for dollar, he liked to say, democracy was the best entertainment value going. Writer/performer Douglas McGrath—who's just finished adapting and directing the Gwyneth Paltrow film *Emma*—takes that proposition to heart with this one-man election-year comedy about a more than usually feckless aspirant to the nation's highest office. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at



Previews
Culture Shock

'M. Butterfly' author David Henry Hwang returns to the Public Theater after a thirteen-year hiatus with 'Golden Child,' directed by James Lapine. Set in twenties China, the play parallels one family's attraction to Western teachings with the cultural upheaval outside its garden wall.

Photograph by Charlaine Brown.

Talent

Lone Star

This year, the Signature Theatre Company devotes its season to America's favorite movie star–cum–playwright, Sam Shepard. The Shepard-fest begins with two one-acts, *When the World Was Green (A Chef's Fable)* and *Chicago,* followed by a new production of *The Tooth of Crime* (with Second Stage Theatre) and other little-seen, Western-inflected works, including the musical *The Sad Lament of Pecos Bill on the Eve of Killing His Wife.* Past Signature luminaries have won Pulitzer Prizes after their tributes—Horton Foote for *The Young Man From Atlanta* in 1995 and Edward Albee for *Three Tall Women* in 1994. For subscriptions to the series, call 967-1913.

2:30, Sun. at 3. Through 11/17. *Promenade, 2162 Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Radio Gals—A comic musical about an Arkansas music teacher who, in defense of freedom of the airwaves, the First Amendment, and other American stuff, defies the big broadcasting boys by operating a radio station out of her living room. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Six Characters in Search of An Author—Pirandello's revolutionary work, revived by the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 33 Bowery (677-0060).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(279-4200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's one-woman show about the unmistakable but unmentionable fact of female anatomy. $15–$18. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

View of the Dome—"Theresa Rebeck's play—in which Emma, a young Washington lawyer, is the only full-time role, while six other actors portray 23 parts among them—lacerates in all directions, for the most part without overstepping the bounds of suave irony. No one escapes, from the political movers and shakers (who shake more than they move) to peripheral grotesques like an elderly southern couple on an Alaskan cruise. For as the author knows, we are all in this mess together, 'together' meaning that everyone pulls the same bone in his own, selfish direction." (Simon, 10/14/96.) $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Off–Off Broadway

Absent Friends—Alan Ayckbourn's comedy. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave. (924-8699).*

Alone at the Beach—Richard Dresser's comedy about six people sharing a house in the Hamptons. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Raw Space Theatre, 529 W. 42nd St. (841-0234).*

The Collection/One for the Road—$15. Mon.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Workhouse Theater, 41 White St. (978-8923).*

Death in a Landslide—$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (726-8142).*

Edward the Second—A downtown interpretation of Christopher Marlowe's classic treacherous tragedy. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Expanded Arts, 85 Ludlow St. (253-1813)*

Marie and Bruce—Wallace Shawn's revealing look at a co-dependent couple. $12. Thurs., Fri., and Mon. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Through 11/2. *Creative Place Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave. bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (539-8462).*

Recreation—Penn Jillette (of Penn & Teller) has written a black comedy about the gap between action and desire. $15. Thurs.–Mon. at 8. Through 11/17. *Currican, 154 W. 29th St. (736-2533).*

The Sixth Commandment—A trip into the mind of a militant anti-abortionist. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/3. *Phil Bokowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (501-2386).*

Snarp's Cameo—$12. 10/31 and 11/1 at 8, 11/2 at 8 and 10, 11/3 at 7. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (966-4844).*

Sun Flower—Elizabeth Perry's one-woman show about the life of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the original suffragette. $15. Thurs., Sat. at 8, Fri. at 9, Sun. at 3. Through 11/3. *Homegrown Theatre, 2628 Broadway (961-0962)*

Photograph by Susan Johann.

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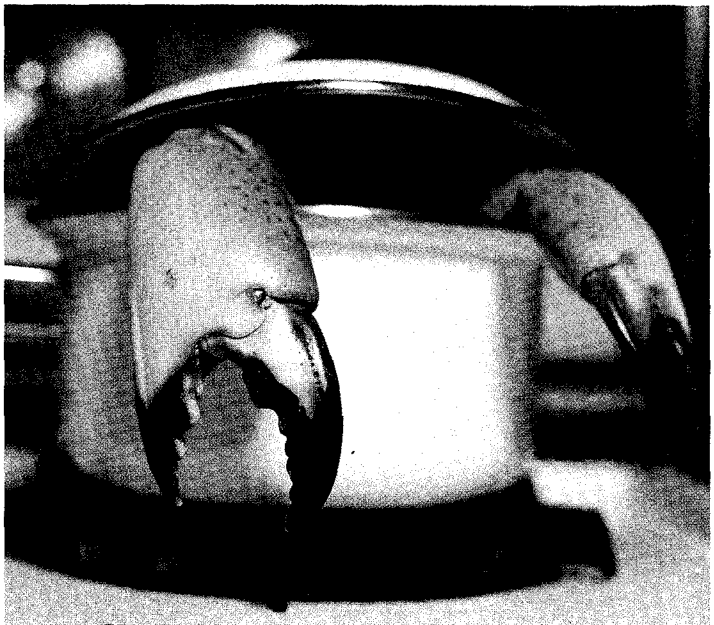
Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. Try chef Abdul Sebti's seared-tuna salad, pappardelle al funghi, and Kentucky-bourbon steak in a peppercorn sauce. *475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Dean & DeLuca Cafe—The flagship of Dean & DeLuca's ultramodern, high-style cafés that are scattered between upper Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, this coffee bar offers much more, including gourmet sandwiches and salads and the same luscious pastries available at the market's bakery counter. *121 Prince St. (254-8776). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Shopping

Flying Crabs

Just about now, lines are starting to form at Miami's famed seafood restaurants with those eager for a taste of the season's first batch of hard-shell stone crabs. The sweet, meaty crustacean claws are now available in New York via FedEx. A call to South Beach Stone Crabs will get you a delivery by 10:30 the following morning. (888-299-CRAB.)

F.illi Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. *186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Ronnie Andren.

portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

l Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

reenwich Cafe—Open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Try the veal couscous and the Mediterranean antipasto plate. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ips—It had to happen eventually: a drag-themed restaurant (dress optional) with "prestigious drag memorabilia," entertainment, and, somehow, a clientele ranging from professionals to families. The Continental menu includes stuffed mushrooms, veal chops with fried leeks, and steak-frites. *2 Bank St. (675-7710). (M) AE, MC, V.*

'ose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

evilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

io Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

sunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

'illa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

'e Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

'ambou—There's a new flavor on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-callaloo tart with scotch-bonnet-and-tomato salsa, and coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. The relaxing, tropical dining room and bar have already attracted such boldfaced names and beautiful faces as Harry Belafonte, Marisa Tomei, Iman, and Roshumba. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

'obby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

'rew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample among the city's largest selection of single-malt scotches and tequilas. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mendy's —This kosher midtown deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. *61 E. 34th St. (576-1010). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in rustic pink—if you can picture that—duplex surroundings. Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, zuppa di pesce, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Waterfront Ale House—This cozy Kips Bay bar and restaurant has outlasted lots of other microbrew-pubs, and the American food—fish and chips, house-smoked barbecue ribs, venison-and-black-bean chili—is the best accompaniment to the house beverage. *540 Second Ave., at 30th St. (696-4104). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Appetito Ristorante—A good bet in midtown for Italian food like black linguine with seafood sauce. *47 W. 39th St. (391-5286). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Aquamarine—A trailblazer on the Hudson waterfront, this new restaurant plays up its exceptional location with a sculpture garden, a river walk, sunset views, and patio dining. The American menu features curry-dusted Chilean bass with mashed potatoes, and black-pepper-glazed pork chop with a potato crisp. *Hudson River and 26th St. (243-9500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops, and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

From left, chef Patrick Tan, Tao, headwaiter Desmond Chang.

ASK GAEL

Malayboo? Are you kidding?

The splendid fusion cooking of Silk never quite won the neighborhood. So owner Henry Tao shed his Italian suit for a bright-red T-shirt to launch Malayboo. A Malaysian chef from Singapore dishes up stretched-out roti cani pancakes to scoop up chicken curry, and exotica perfumed with lemongrass, coconut, and jasmine at gentle prices. (Ten dollars tops at lunch; dinner entrées to $18.95.) I don't recommend the bland pad thai, but braised eggplant is rich and peppery. Poached Hainanese chicken can be exquisitely juicy. Three scoops of the darkest green-tea ice cream I've ever seen on berries is a finale to share. (378 Third Avenue, near 27th Street.)

'hotograph by Steven Freeman.

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37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music—this month, it's Nina Murani and her trio—between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. *32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Charlton's—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Comfort Diner—Fifties-theme diner, with an updated menu of retro faves like Mom's meatloaf, Thanksgiving on a roll, malteds, milkshakes, and egg creams. Try brunch on the weekends, when this neighborhood empties out. *214 E. 45th St. (867-4555). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas loung and a casual, couch-filled living room where loc office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463 (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

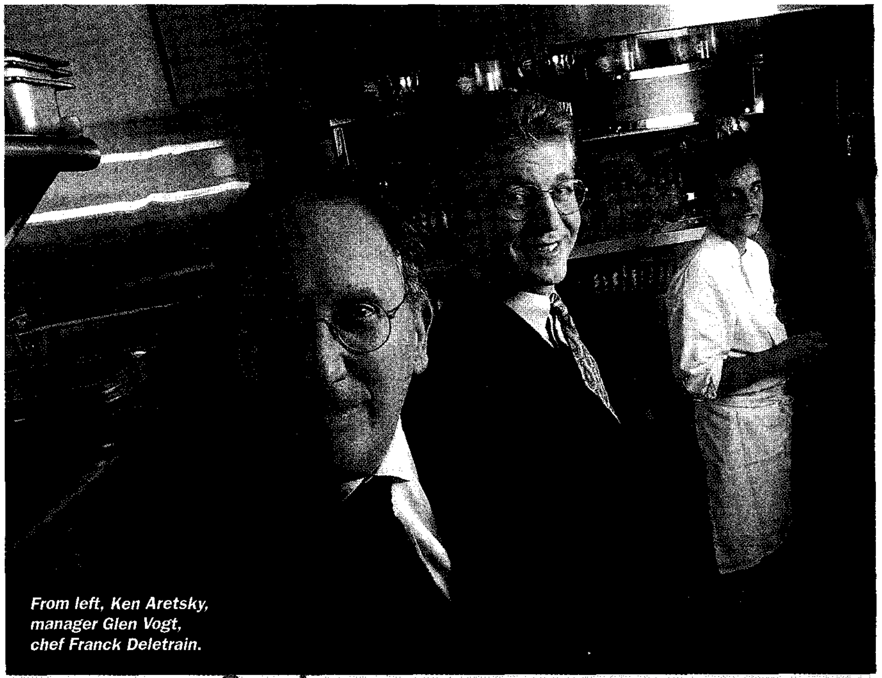
The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed th cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestr And the place remains a classic 30 years later. Th Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got i start in the seventies. The pool room is where th rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foi gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd S (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, includin broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a roo where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) o the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italia fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. Th chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Ital to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishe are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688 2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—With a little imagination, you feel a if you're in the south of France in this rusti countrified restaurant in midtown. The prix fixe i a smart way to take advantage of house special like caramelized-thyme-onion tart, roasted monkfish with cumin-eggplant caviar, and lavender scented crème brûlée. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd S (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishe like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. Afte three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins t relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitche



From left, Ken Aretsky, manager Glen Vogt, chef Franck Deletrain.

Opening
Patroon Saints

Itching for real estate of his very own, veteran restaurateur Ken Aretsky (Butterfield 81, "21") bought the old Christ Cella space and christened it Patroon (Dutch for landowner*). Private dining nooks in the kitchen and wine cellar, a Spanish-cedar humidor, multiple lounges, and a classic New York menu—think tenderloin, veal chop, stuffed quail—lend the refurbished culinary landmark a retro-luxe feel. (160 East 46th Street.)*

Photograph by Warren Salowe

still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chefs in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regents—There's live music nightly in this American restaurant, decorated in the British colonial style. Tuna tartare and salmon trout are a sampling of what's available on the menu. *317 E. 53rd St. (593-3091). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Van Van Van—This convenient pit stop for midtown office workers offers the currently trendy pan-Asian fusion of Korean, Chinese, and Japanese cuisines. Try the yakiniku or shabu shabu cooked tableside. *335 Madison Ave., nr. 43rd St. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Zaro's Bread Basket—Most famous for its baked goods, this quick-service midtown shop is also handy for takeout sandwich and salad lunches. *466 Lexington Ave., at 46th St. (292-0175). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Fashion Cafe—The notion of model-owned restaurants seems just a tad unlikely, but this midtown café gives the curious a megadose of stylish stimulation, from ongoing videos to weekly fashion shows. Nibble daintily on grilled balsamic chicken sandwiches, grilled portobellos, and apple pancakes. *51 Rockefeller Plaza (765-3131). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeout and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Primavera—Theater-district Northern Italian offering prix-fixe dinners and house specials like veal porcini, fettuccine salmonati, and scallopine con porcini. *234 W. 48th St. (586-2797). (E) AE, MC, V.*

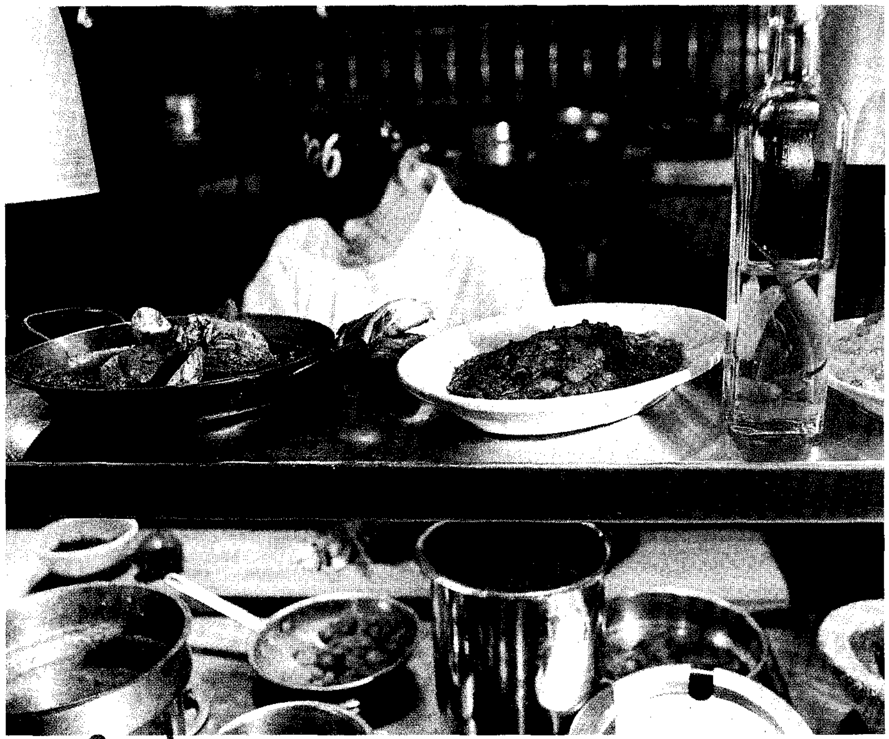
La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044;*



Opening

Mexican Mission

A gastronome's tour through Veracruz inspired Laura and Bobby Shapiro—owners of uptown's renowned Akron Meat Market—to open Zócalo around the corner (174 East 82nd Street). Some of the unfamiliar flavors they brought home show up in dishes like banana-leaf-wrapped grilled clams in peanut-and-tomato sauce and a pasilla-spiced seafood soup.

Photograph by Robert Wright.

24). *(M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Remi—Even the blockbuster mural of Venice isn't enough to distract diners from elegant Italian cuisine, with roasted baby goat and unique pastas like ravioli with tuna and ginger. In warmer weather, dine (and smoke cigars) alfresco. *145 W. 53rd St. (581-4242). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This Theater District oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes standards like rack of lamb for two, Dover sole, and chocolate soufflé with Grand Marnier ice cream. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Sullivan's Restaurant & Broadcast Lounge—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The menu, half steakhouse-American and half Chinese, features such diverse selections as surf-and-turf and litchi-tea-smoked duck with sesame cakes. Live jazz nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Central Park South—A newcomer to the Central Park South strip of hotels and restaurants, specializing in globally inspired American food like tuna tartare with curry oil, lotus-root chips, grilled veal chops, and Arctic char with sautéed vegetables. Jacket required, unless you eat in the bar, which has its own, more casual menu. *150 Central Park So. (765-1444). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (486-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was

Restaurant Theater Distinct

Many French restaurants, particularly those of the quick-bite-before-showtime variety, have the same menu from the day they open until the day they serve their last boeuf bourguignonne (and they *all* serve boeuf bourguignonne). Up until May, the comfy West Side bistro Chantal (257 West 55th Street) was no different. "After ten years, we were doing the same old stuff," recalls owner Chantal Gin. "We needed to make a change." Throwing off the shackles of bistro tradition, she hired a non-French chef, Jay Shaffer, whose style is of the high-flavor/low-fat school as practiced by Jean-Georges Vongerichten and David Bouley. Shaffer's pan-seared, herb-crusted scallops are plump, crisp, juicy, and redolent of chervil, tarragon, basil, and thyme. More subtle is his cod in saffron-and-tomato broth, which is richly fragrant yet extremely light. Grilled tuna served with a spinach risotto inside strudel dough is an ambitious dish, made more so by the bright flavors of the accompanying carrot-and-ginger sauce. Desserts include an ambrosial honeydew consommé with sherbet and a bracingly piquant lemon tart. Chantal's rejuvenation proves that even long-running hits, on or Off Broadway, can benefit from the occasional infusion of new talent.

PETER KAMINSKY

Photograph by Steffen Thalemann.

George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

afe Word of Mouth—This second-floor perch is a cozy oasis for breakfast, brunch, dinner, or tea, and the contemporary American menu features updated comfort food like corned-beef hash with eggs, Irish soda bread, and an eclectic array of salads and sandwiches. *1012 Lexington Ave., nr. 72nd St. (249-5351). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

ampagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

olony—This Upper East Side pan-Asian bistro features Thai, Vietnamese, and Malaysian cuisine in a room resembling Disney's version of a Polynesian village—except for the waitresses in Nicole Miller. Some of the cooks are fugitives from the wildly popular Ollie's. *1199 First Ave., at 65th St. (249-7338). (M) AE, MC, V.*

i-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

urricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

etizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ne Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ark Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ost House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

he Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

el & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, the kitchen is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test the chef's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Twins Restaurant—With a staff consisting entirely of identical twins, this is the only restaurant in town where you're meant to see double. The menu features American food with a doubles theme, from twin lobsters every Tuesday night to double chocolate fondue. There's an outdoor garden and space for private parties. Children under 10 eat free (until 9 P.M.) when accompanied by an adult. *1712 Second Ave., at 89th St. (987-1111). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Wilkinson's Seafood Restaurant—This elegant seafood restaurant in Yorkville features fresh renditions of favorites like Maryland crab cakes with black-bean-and-corn salad, and sautéed red snapper with roasted-garlic-and-rosemary sauce. Late-night complimentary cheese buffet, plus a large selection of vintage ports and cognacs. Dress is something more than casual—sneakers, jeans, and T-shirts are verboten. *1573 York Ave., nr. 83rd St. (535-5454). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Niko's Mediterranean Grill & Bistro—This uptown grill specializes in the cuisine of the moment: Mediterranean, with influences from Greece, Israel, Turkey, and Italy. Sample large portions of moussaka, lamb with orzo, grilled fish, kabobs, and—strangely—brick-oven pizza. *2161 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

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nightlife

Vega...Galás...Funky Halloween

Concerts

Black Crowes—A few phone calls to Blues Traveler and Lenny Kravitz and these velvet-trouser revivalists could practically restage the seventies. Brothers Chris and Rich Robinson have the stringy hair, gaunt looks, and hip-shimmy down pat, and their mastery of early-seventies Rolling Stones–isms make the simulation unbeatable. They actually *look* like siblings of Ron Wood. 10/30–11/1 at 7:30 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). $28.50. 10/30–10/31 is sold out.*

Diamanda Galás—10/31 at 9 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $18–$32.50.*

Barry Harris—The first in a season-long series of solo piano performances. 11/1 at 8 P.M. *Stanley H. Kaplan Playhouse at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. Sold out.*

Korn; Pharcyde—L.A.'s wonderfully loopy hip-hop outfit the Pharcyde join forces with the skate-punk thrash of Korn, a rather more dour affair. 11/6 at 7:30 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $18.50.*

Marilyn Manson—A protégé of Nine Inch Nails's *enfant terrible* Trent Reznor, this condescendingly "evil" shock troop is aiming for Alice Cooper–of–the–nineties status. Certainly, Satan-worshiping and desultory cavorts with marital aids do get attention, but it's sad to see a band push such predictable buttons so close to the millennium. (Whither the Gen-X Ozzy?) Their new record's called—duh-huh—*Antichrist Superstar.* With N.Y. Loose. 10/29 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. Sold Out.*

Mighty Mighty Bosstones—Their role as ska emissaries to the alt-rock nation lately eclipsed by No Doubt, this collection of Boston true believers keep on skanking. 11/1 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $15.50.*

Liam O'Flynn—The uillean pipes legend. 11/2 at 8 P.M. *Tishman Auditorium at the New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St. (545-7536). $16.*

Parliament Funkadelic—George Clinton maneuvers the Mothership into town, bringing his retinue of scary monsters, superfreaks, and some of the most irrepressible funk anthems in world history to show New York what Halloween is all about. 10/31 at 7 P.M. and midnight. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $30. 7 P.M. show is sold out.*

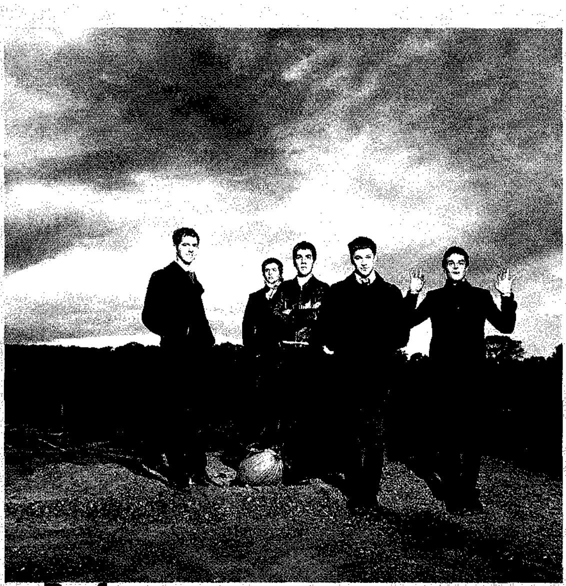
Type O Negative; Life of Agony—Dark, brooding, post-metal nastiness. 11/1 at 7:30 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum, Long Island (307-7171). $13.*

Glen Velez—The frame drum virtuoso teams up with percussion ensemble Handance and special guest Art Baron. 11/1 at 8 P.M. *Tishman Auditorium at the New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th St. (545-7536). $16.*

Grover Washington Jr.—The jazz-fusion star, lately redeemed in straight-ahead circles with a recent hard-swinging affair. 11/2 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatr 2124 Broadway at 74th St. (307 7171). $35–$45.*

Randy Weston's African Rhythms Trio—Th jazz pianist, lately ensconced in a ferocious, simmering West African rhythr section. 11/1 at 7:30 P.M. and 9:3 P.M. *Jazz Cafe at Flushing Town Hal 137-35 Northern Blvd., Flushing (71 463-7700). $20.*

Weslia Whitfield—The impeccabl cabaret diva performs a program c American popular songs with gue trumpeter Harry "Sweets" Edisor 11/3 at 3 P.M. *Sylvia and Danny Ka Playhouse at Hunter College, 68th St. Lexington Ave. (772-4448). $25.*



Performance

Light My Fire*Eater

"Sure, Halloween's a good time for us," says Stewart Lupton, 21, singer for the sepulchrally chic rock band Jonathan Fire*Eater (Tramps, October 31). "Labor Day's good, too." Fair enough; no true *artiste* wants his music turned into a holiday theme song. But this self-professed Edgar Allan Poe fan, whose pallid countenance suggests a hunky Eddie Munster, who sings lyrics like "Honey, you sure look good dead," whose very name sounds nicked from Washington Irving, *must* feel a certain inner resonance this time of year. On its latest EP, ***Tremble Under Boom Lights,*** the D.C.–by-way–of–East Village quintet finds an artful mix of garage-rock élan, raconteurish lyricism, and "Monster Mash" organ—an aura seductive enough to prompt a major-label bidding war. And onstage, the bowl-cut and modishly attired members come off part ***Lord of the Flies,*** part ***Children of the Damned***—a depraved-private-schoolboy image not exactly offset by Lupton's recent visit to rehab. Still, there's a rustic, midwestern wistfulness to the whole affair. Lupton is a painfully courteous frontman, apologizing profusely for lackluster performances or bowing from the waist when applauded. And even the song "Winston Plum: Undertaker"—a thoughtful look at a small-town professional—seems fueled by nostalgic yearning as much as morbid curiosity. "Yeah," Lupton agrees. "It's a horrible era to live in now. But I'm sort of accepting it." Life, he says, is not so dark. "I'm not a goth or anything. I wear white and coffee-colored clothes sometimes."

CHRIS NORRIS

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—wit great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz and folk artists of all stripes. 10/2 Lina Koutrakos; Mario Canton 10/30: That twin-guitar Texas fretburner Junior Brown; Flaco Jimene 11/2: Comedian Richard Lewis. *15 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beer on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Shows nightly at 9. 10/2 Rasputina; Long River Train. 10/3 Paladins. 10/31: Thin Lizard Daw 11/2: Chrome Cranks. 11/3: Texas the Reason. *169 Ave. A, at 11th S (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk stateside explosion and, twenty yea later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. 11/2: Skeleton Key. *31 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blue serie, comfortably down-home, wit living-room couches behind th stage. Dedicated to bringing us th best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 10/29: Chris Pa and Blufire. 10/30: Ernie Williams an the Wildcats. Bobby Ratcliff. 11/1 Rosco Gordon. 11/2: Gary U. Bonds. 11/4: Better Off Dead. 11/ Peter Conway. 11/6: Sweet Dadd Cool Breeze. Every Sunday, it's th Open Blues Jam. *73 Eighth Ave., be 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Cone Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Mali lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to the famed trash rock party "Green Door NYC. Mondays are given to the jungle D salon "Konkrete Jungle." 10/31: Loc hardcore-punk stalwarts Murphy Law. 11/1: A night of ska with Inspector 7, Slackers, and others. *15 St. Mark Pl. (674-7959).*

Continental Divide—A dark, grimy, shot

Photograph by Tom Wolf

gun shack of a rock club, hosting some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful low-lifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

he Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 10/30: Sun Ra Intergalactic Lounge with Thurston Moore and Rashied Ali. Every Tuesday, it's the electro-funk rotating-D.J. showcase party Analog. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

ez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Hidden beneath the Time Cafe, Fez takes some ambition and assertiveness to access on a crowded night. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

ving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 10/29: Hometown heroine Suzanne Vega presents songs from her fine new *Nine Objects of Desire,* a soulful and strikingly varied record that wends from bossa-nova to subdued hip-hop, melding the intimacy of her earliest coffeehouse folk with the artier techno dabblings of her last effort, 1992's *99.9° F.* She plays with Jason Faulkner. 10/30: John Mellencamp, performing in support of the NARAS Foundation's "Grammy in the Schools Program." 10/31: Orange 9mm; Local H. 11/2: Mexican ska band King Shango. 11/6: Paula Cole; Holly Palmer. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

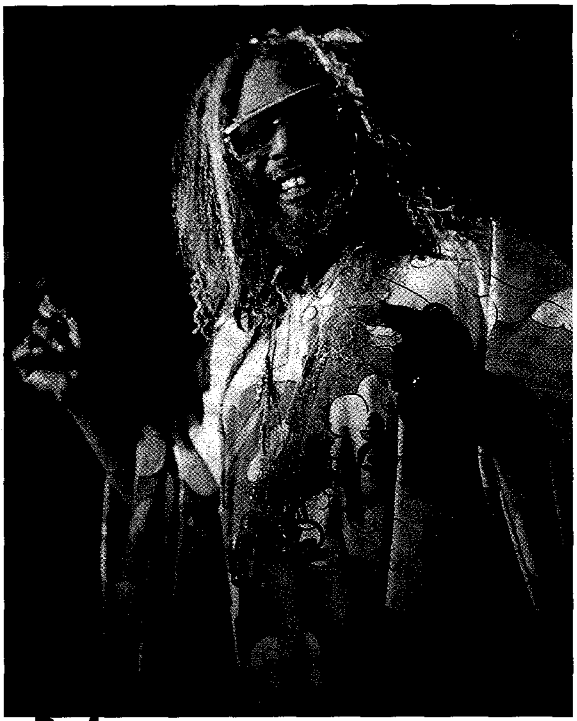
nitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 10/29: Boston's spellbinding guitarist Joe Morris, author of a strikingly new, pointillistic vocabulary for post-bop guitar. He plays with another, more *naïf* guitar stylist, Arto Lindsay. 11/4: Avant-saxophonist David Murray's new big band the New Legacy Jazz Orchestra. 11/6: T.J. Kirk. *74 Leonard, bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

lanny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. 10/29: The wonderful blues duo Satan and Adam. 10/30: Sonny Rhodes. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

laxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 10/31: Martin Phillips and the Chills. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

lercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 10/29: Jonathan Fire★Eater; Railroad Jerk; Speedball Baby. 10/30: Ex 4 Non Blondes singer Linda Perry. 10/31: Dragmules. 11/1: Dink; Blinker the Star. 11/2: Martin Phillips and the Chills; Spent; Magnetic Fields singer-songwriter Stephen Merritt. 11/3: Chainsaw Kittens. 11/6: Jeffrey Gaines; Madeline Peyroux; Thornetta Davis. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

addy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*



Performance

Trick or P-Funk

Though in costume year-round, George Clinton always gets extra down for the holidays. (His last big New York appearance was on the Fourth of July.) He brings the juggernaut Parliament-Funkadelic to the Roseland October 31.

hotograph by Paul Banes/LGI.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

odeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 11/4: The Antihootenany" with Lach. 11/5: Election Day party with Oren; Tricia Scotti; Alex Sniderman; Dean Kostlich. *94 Ave. A (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 10/29: Horace Andy. 10/30–10/31: Proto-rap musical poet Gil Scott Heron. 11/4: Ray Barretto and Adalberto Santiago. 11/5: Congos. 11/6–11/7: Angela Bofill. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 11/1–2: Henry Prego Big Band. 11/5–7: vocalist Michael Feinstein. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by getting there early. 10/31: Jonathan Fire★Eater. 11/2: A Reggae celebration of the Grateful Dead with Mighty Diamonds, Joe Higgs, Judy Mowatt, Wailing Souls, Chalice. 11/6: Mavericks. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's mid-size, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. 10/29: Safe and Sound, a benefit for two Brookline, Mass., abortion clinics troubled by violence, featuring Boston rock stars Letters to Cleo, Morphine, Gigolo Aunts, Bill Janovitz, Fuzzy. 11/6–10: Ray Davies. Show at 8:30 P.M. *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 10/29: Lost Marbles; Rusty String Band. 10/30: Nasio Fontaine; Private Project. 10/31: Mephiskapheles; Blue Meanies. 11/2: NRBQ. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. *315 W. 44th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands, charges accordingly. 10/29–11/3: The explosive young multi-saxophonist James Carter Quartet tears it up; Nnena Freelon and Her Trio. 11/5–10: Joe Henderson Big Band. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years old, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 10/29–11/3: Hank Crawford/Jimmy McGriff Quartet. 11/5–10: Dee Dee Bridgewater featuring the Jacky Terrasson Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sullivan's—Broadway's newest retro-fifties snuggery is being kicked off with sounds appropriate to the pose. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Mark Thompson plays piano; on Wednesdays, he's joined by the other two members of the Mark Thompson Trio. Thurs.: The Danny Mixon Trio. Fri.: "Stuff," featuring Gordon Edwards and friends. And Fridays are given over to a revolving assortment of R&B talent. The whole scene is under the supervision of the Letterman *Late Show* musical director (and restaurant co-owner) Paul Shaffer; conveniently enough, he only has to run down a flight of stairs or two in the Ed Sullivan Theater to be on it. No cover; there's a two-drink minimum on Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway,* *at 53rd St. in the Ed Sullivan Theater. (541-1697).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 10/29–11/3: Marc Cary Group. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars, and a scant $4 cover. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 10/29–11/3: The fine tenor-saxophonist David Sanchez leads a quartet that includes pianist Edsel Gomez, bassist John Benitez, drummer Adam Cruz, and percussionist Richie Flores—playing music from his simmering, Latin-tinged record *Street Scenes.* 11/5–10: Legendary bebop drummer Roy Haynes leads a quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. Through 11/2: Saxophonist Bob Kindred, pianist Ted Rosenthal, and bassist Steve LaSpina. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights; Thursday, it's Chupacabra Night with Arnold Acevedo. Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 10/29: New Talent Night. 10/30: Comedy Fiesta. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Ray Romano; Tony Woods; Greer Barnes; John Joseph; Lewis Sheffer. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9 and 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 10/27: Jim Norton; Quentin Higgs; Matt Burke; Gregory Carey; Nancy Redman; Brian McFadden. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 11/1–2: Marc Maron; John Gaffigan; Rich Francese. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 9:30 and midnight. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston St. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11 and Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 10/31–11/2: Eddie Brill; Dave Attell; Mark Maron. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Talent

Banshee Blues

Shock diva Diamanda Galás, the Morticia Addams of avant-garde music, makes her Carnegie Hall debut this Halloween. She'll be singing her new 'Malediction & Prayer' (text by Baudelaire and Pasolini, songs by Johnny Cash and Son House) loud enough to raise the . . . you know.

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 11/16: Ar drea Marcovicci. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinne at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44 St. (840-6800).*

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, th stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighbo hood offers "Opera With Taste," a seri of programs featuring selected arias pe formed by a rotating ensemble of up and-coming young stars from the Metro politan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The pri fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 an 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an em phasis on opera and operetta (frequentl shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bold er) are the keynote of this Village land mark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th S (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Michael Devine pla Tuesdays through Saturdays, 5:30–8 P.M Through 12/31: Barbara Carroll pla 9:45 P.M.–12:45 A.M. $10 music charg no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madiso Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—No less a personage tha Bobby Short comes home to roost, oc cupying his favorite haunt through De cember 31. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:4 $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Mad son Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Stop by for the dancing o Friday and Saturday evenings from 8:30 t 12:30, backed up by the romantic stylin of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and h trio. $15; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61 St. (940-8185).*

Claire—Jazz vocalist David Downin Thurs. and Sun. at 9, Fri. and Sat. at 9:3 Sun. at 1. No cover, no minimum. *15 Seventh Ave. (255-1955).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performe nightly. $6–$15 cover, plus a two-drin minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Eighty-Eight's—Various performers nightl $12; two-drink minimum. Weeknight first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:3 Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleig rocking the room at the newly rename BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his grou the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 t 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debross St. (226-4621).*

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen tooted h last clarinet line at the old Michael's o East 55th Street. The cabaret has no moved across town to the Parker Merid en Hotel, trading saloon ambience f that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon i the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Funer & Ragtime Orchestra should be quite home. They play Mondays at 8:45 and 11. $25 co er, plus a two-drink minimum. *Bar Montparnass Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272)*

Rainbow and Stars—Maureen McGovern returns t this increasingly prominent venue with her swe yet powerful voice celebrating the music Harold Arlen in conjunction with the release her new CD *Out of This World.* Through 11/2 $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner re quired at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65 floor (632-5000).*

Windows on the World—At the recently opened (an somewhat immodestly named, frankly—bu hey, this is New *York*) Greatest Bar On Earth, p anists Ernie Scott and Greg McKenzie can b found on hand seven days a week; a small com bo is added to the mix Thursday through Satu day. This week, The Catch plays alternative fun on Thurs. (Halloween); Groove Culture pe forms its mix of jazz/swing/blues on Fri.–Sa No music charge Sun.–Wed.; Thurs.–Sat., $1 per person after 9. *1 World Trade Center, 107 floor (524-7000).*

Photograph by Paula Cou

in concert

Krystian Zimmerman...Charles Ives Tribute

Classical Music

Tuesday, October 29

yn Terfel, Bass-Baritone—Performs works by Schubert, Finzi, and Vaughan Williams with pianist Malcolm Martineau. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $18–$75.*

ew York Philharmonic—Performs works by Bruckner, Hindemith, and Brahms with pianist Krystian Zimmerman; Herbert Blomstedt, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$65.*

amber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performs Brahms's *Quintet for Clarinet and Strings* with the Emerson String Quartet. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $22–$30.*

Wednesday, October 30

nnish Chamber Orchestra—Performs works by Sibelius, Mozart, and Beethoven with pianist Olli Mustonen; Jukka-Pekka Saraste, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $30.*

del Rahman, Pianist—Performs work by Ravel, Schubert, and Schumann. *Miller Theater, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; $15.*

Luke's Chamber Ensemble—With soprano Heidi Grant Murphy, performs an all-Bach program. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $60 for the series.*

Thursday, October 31

ew York Philharmonic—Performs works by Mozart, Fauré, and Bizet; Bobby McFerrin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 6:45; $15–$65.*

argemusic—Works by Schubert, Mozart, and Prokofiev. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Friday, November 1

ew York Philharmonic—Performs works by Mozart, Fauré, and Bizet with pianist Chick Corea; Bobby McFerrin, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$65.*

lia Linde, Guitarist—Selection of her Latin American and Swedish classical-guitar music. *Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (249-8950), at 8; $15–$25.*

SM Philharmonia—Performs works by Berlioz, Hindemith, and Copland; James Paul, conductor. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-3300), at 8; free.*

Saturday, November 2

harles Ives and His World—The Bard Music Festival presents a tribute to composer Charles Ives. In the afternoon, the Colorado String Quartet performs works by Ives, Max Reger, and Horatio Parker. In the evening, the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leon Botstein, performs works by Ives, John J. Becker, and Carl Ruggles. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2:30 and 8; $15–$25.*

New York Philharmonic—See 11/1.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Sunday, November 3

Vienna Symphony—Performs works by Mozart and Beethoven with pianist Rudolf Buchbinder; Rafael Frühbeck, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; $20–$45.*

Alan Gampel, Pianist—Presents a lecture-recital titled "Chopin: A Young Virtuoso." *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $15.*

New York Wind Soloists—Perform works from "The Roaring Twenties" by Villa-Lobos, Hindemith, and Nielsen. *John C. Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway and 122nd St. (749-3300), at 3; free.*

Jean-Efflam Bavouzet, Pianist—Performs work by Debussy and Ohana. *Miller Theater, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 3; $15.*

High Standards—An afternoon of classic American song, with Weslia Whitfield and the Mike Greensill Trio. *The Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Lexington and Park Aves. (772-4448), at 3; $25.*

Charles Ives and His World—The Bard Music Festival presents a tribute to composer Charles Ives. The Yale Glee Club and the ASO Chamber Players perform band and choral music from the turn of the century. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3:30; $15.*

Choirs of the Church of St. Luke's in the Fields—Perform Bach's *Actus Tragicus*, commemorating the lives of people who have died of AIDS. *Church of St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. (633-2167), at 4; free.*

Bargemusic—See 10/31, at 4.

Bachworks—Performs Bach's *Cantata 106* and *Cantata 80*. *St. Paul's Evangelical Church, 315 W. 22nd St. (724-9315), at 5; $10.*

Musica Viva—"The Music of Venice" from the Renaissance and Early Baroque period. *All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. (794-3646), at 7; $20.*

Monday November 4

Juilliard Orchestra—Performs work by Tchaikovsky and Bruckner; Otto-Werner Mueller, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (769-7406), at 8; $7–$15.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Verdi's *La Traviata*, 10/29 at 8, 11/2 at 1:30; Verdi's *Rigoletto*, 10/30 at 7:30, 11/2 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen*, 10/31 at 7; Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*, 11/1 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $23–$250.*

New York City Opera—Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*, 10/31 at 8; Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*, 11/1 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen*, 11/2 at 1:30; Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, 11/2 at 8; Gilbert & Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore*, 11/3 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $18–$82.*

Amato Opera—Gomes's *Fosca*. 11/1 and 11/2 at 7:30. *Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Zhongmei Dance Company—10/29 at 7, 10/30–11/1 at 8, 11/2 at 2 and 8, and 11/3 at 2 and 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Orfeo—The Pascal Rioult Dance Theatre presents the world premiere of this evening-length ballet. 10/31, 11/1, and 11/2 at 8. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $25.*

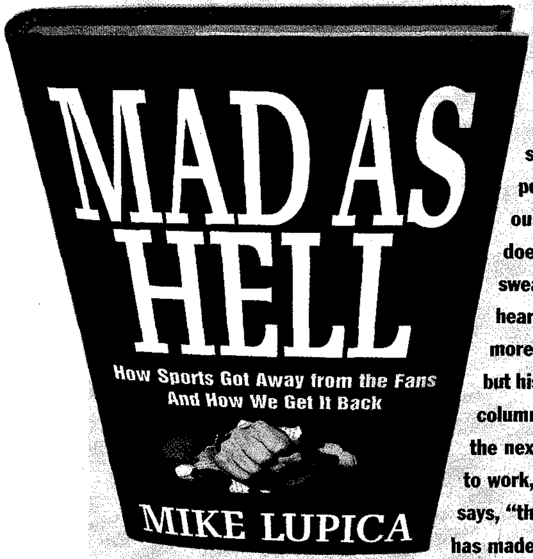
Performance
Silk Stockings

The Zhongmei Dance Company weaves together indigenous dance styles and traditions from seven regions in China in their evening-length work 'Silk River,' a cultural history stretching from the Mongolian steppes to Guizhou province.

the mix

Leonardo's Codex Leicester...Lupica's Rant

In Print
Mad Mike



Knicks-Pacers playoff game, Indianapolis, 1993. One of those wrenching, overstuffed dramas. The thing finally ends very late in the midwestern night. Back on East 42nd, a *Daily News* editor is screaming into the phone, demanding copy from his reporters. Mike Lupica sits at a table along the baseline furiously tippity-tapping on his computer keyboard. Lupica doesn't see the crew-cut drunken guy in the Notre Dame sweatshirt lurching toward him from the stands. He can't help hearing the guy: "Yo, Mike! You gotta talk up Detlef Schrempf more when you're on TV!" Lupica keeps staring at his laptop, but his forehead wrinkles in amazement. A few minutes later, his column buzzing through a phone line, to come out the other end the next morning as ink on the hands of a fan riding the F train to work, Lupica shakes his head. "Don't these people know," he says, "that writing is kinda hard?" Well, no, partly because Lupica has made it look easy for a long time. On top of his *News* and *Esquire* columns, he's a witty presence on ESPN's *The Sports Reporters* and has somehow found time to write four mysteries. Now his fifth sports book appears, perfectly timed in the wake of Roberto Alomar's salivary assault. *Mad as Hell: How Sports Got Away From the Fans and How We Get It Back* (Putnam; $22.95) is a rant. Basically, Lupica is angry at everyone—players, owners, fans, the media—and, as usual, he's very funny. What's new are his admirable, if far-fetched, ideas for balancing the influence of money in pro sports (while admitting he's gotten rich too), and that he surrenders a few pages to other voices (Doc Rivers proposes that tickets for lousy games cost less). But Lupica's real, and unstated, purpose is to make sportswriting relevant. Sportswriters in New York think they're lucky because they can stir controversy once in a while; Lupica knows sportswriting is dying. In a sports culture bloated with mindless talk radio and round-the-clock TV highlights, he remembers when Jimmy Cannon ruled the world. *Mad as Hell* tries to make the poor slobs sitting at typewriters—uh, laptops—important again. CHRIS SMITH

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—10/29: Weber's *Abu Hassan*: Overture and Dvořák's Symphony No. 9 in e, Opus 95, *From the New World.* 10/30: Warlock's Capriol Suite and Dvořák's Violin Concerto in a, Opus 53. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Frankenstein: Modern Prometheus—10/28 at 10 P.M.: A new radio adaptation of Mary Shelley's novel in time for Halloween. With Joseph Franchini, Craig Wichman, Clyde Baldo, Jodi Botelho, Robert Hess, Vito LaBella, Susan Muir, and John Prave. WBAI, 99.5 FM.

Pearl Jam Live From Berlin—11/3 at 3:20 P.M.: K-Rock, 92.3 FM.

New York & Company—10/29: Shabtai Teveth on his book *Ben-Gurion and the Holocaust*; Richard Bausch talks about his new novel *Good Evening, Mr. and Mrs. America, and All the Ships at Sea;* Sally Bedell Smith discusses the life of Pamela Harriman in *Reflected Glory;* Anthony Heilbut on the great gospel diva Marion Williams. 10/30: Sarah McClendon talks about her 50 years of covering presidents in *Mr. President! Mr. President!* Suzannah Lessard on the beauty and danger in the Stanford White family in *The Architect of Desire*; Peter Korn on a year in the life of an abortion clinic in *Lovejoy;* Craig Morris curator at the American Museum of Natural History, on the new exhibit "Leonardo's Codex Leicester." 10/31: Judith Reitman discusses the crisis in the American Red Cross in *Bad Blood;* Kenneth Silverman on the career of Ehrich Weiss in *Houdini;* George Nash talks about *The Life of Herbert Hoover;* Rick Bayless and his *Mexican Kitchen.* 11/1: Pop star Bela Fleck; the revival of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest.* 11/4: Reporter David Brinkley tells why *Everyone Is Entitled to My Opinion;* Amir Aczel on unlocking the secret of an ancient mathematical problem in *Fermat's Last Theorem;* Abel Ferrara and writer Nicholas St. John on their new film *The Funeral.* 11/5: Designer Oscar de la Renta gives
some tips; Julia Child on baking; Mo
Rosenblum extols the virtues of olive
11/6: South African novelist Andre Brin
on his *Imaginings of Sand;* Dr. Alan Coop
er untangles the English language fo
you. Leonard Lopate hosts. Weekdays
noon. WNYC, 820 AM.

The Written Word

Joseph Brodsky Tribute—10/29 at 8: Wi
Susan Sontag and Derek Walcott. Th
Miller Theater, 116th and Broadway. $1

Amos Elon—10/29 at 6:30: Will read ex
cerpts from his new book *Founder: A Po
trait of the First Rothschild and His Tim*
The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Av
(423-3224); $10.

Random House Literary Breakfast—11/7
8:30: "The Writing of John O' Hara
With Louis Begley, David Brown, Shel
Foote, Fran Lebowitz, and Gay Tales
Fred's, Barneys New York, 10 E. 61st S
(940-7480); $35.

Lectures and Panels

Mary Morris—10/28 at 6:30: Author
four novels, including *House Arrest*, tw
collections of short stories, and two tra
el memoirs, including *Nothing to Decla
Memoirs of a Woman Traveling Alone.* NY
Main Building, 31 Washington Pl., Roo
703 (998-7370); free.

Bladen's Poetic Affinity—10/28 at 7: Wi
Bill Berkson, Anne Lauterbach, Rapha
Rubinstein, and John Yau. Dougl
Dreishpoon moderates. Sculpture Cent
167 E. 69th St. (879-3500); $5 suggest
contribution.

Andrew Sullivan—10/29 at 8:15: Speaki
on the diverse electorate of 1996. Al
Brinkley moderates. 92nd Street Y, 92
St. and Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $18.

**The State of American Democracy: The Ba
bara Jordan Lecture**—10/29 at 6: Wi
Elaine Jones. The New School, 66
12th St. (229-5488); $10.

The Contemporary Relevance of Corot—10/30 at 6:3
Painter Wolf Kahn is joined by Lennart Anders
and Raoul Middleman to share their thoughts
Corot's work. Reservations required. Nation
Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-488
$8, $5 Academy friends and students.

A Morning for Women on Wellness—11/2 at 9: A pan
of distinguished speakers will address the latest i
sues in wellness for women: Marcia Storc
Stephanie V. Seremetis, Annemarie Colbin. Aft
the opening panel, there are roundtable discu
sions on specific topics. To register, call 229-56
and refer to course No. 0951. $25 includes brea
fast. The New School, 66 W. 12th St.

Conservation Activist Dave Foreman—10/30 at 8: Dire
tor of the Wildlands Project. The Great Hall of t
Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St. (343-1776); $8, $5 st
dents. Tickets purchased at the door will cost $10

Will Crutchfield on Bel Canto Opera—11/4 at 7: T
inaugural Dale Harris lecture. Features sopra

Photograph by Steven Freema

Online
The Horror . . .

roto-geeks Arthur C. Clarke ("Open the pod door, HAL"), Roger Cor-ıan ("*Can I please have some root canal?*"), and Stan Lee ("Catches ıieves just like flies") hold court at the Sci-Fi Channel's Online confab)ctober 31–November 3; see listings). http://www.scifi.com

Marguerite Krull. The Great Hall of the Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St. (343-1776); free.

race Paley—11/6 at 8: "Literature: Does It Speak to the Modern World?" Louis Koch Auditorium, Yeshiva University's Midtown Center, 245 Lexington Ave., bet. 34th and 35th Sts.; free.

owerful Expressions—11/6 at 6:30: An artists' panel with Will Barnet, Robert Birmelin, Sidney Goodman, Nancy Grossman, and Jerome Witkin. National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); $8, $5 Academy friends and students.

Events

ıll Gala—10/31 at 7:30: To benefit the Crohn's and Colitis Foundation. International Toy Center, 200 Fifth Ave., bet. 23rd and 24th Sts. $60 in advance, $75 at the door.

ılking Book Festival of Literary Arts—11/4 to 11/9: A diverse group of contemporary literary artists will convey their sense of what "America" means and take the "temperature" of society during this festival of the literary arts, part of the New School's University Diversity Initiative. 11/4 at 7: "Facing the State of the Union," with June Jordan, Jane Lazarre, and the Last Poets. 11/5 at 7: Poets from the PBS series *The United States of Poetry* will read from their works. Guests include Allen Ginsberg, Bob Holman, Naomi Shihab Nye, Pedro Pietri, and Sue Wallis. For more information on these and other events planned for the festival, please call 229-5667, ext. 333. All events are free, except "The Tongues of Fire Choir" 11/9. Events at the New School will take place at Tishman Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St.

ırt for Kids' Sake" Silent Art Auction—11/7 to 11/9: The proceeds will benefit the school's scholarship fund, which supports more than 40 percent of the student body. Works by Donald Baechler, Willie Birch, Sarah Charlesworth, Roy Lichtenstein, Brice Marden, Elizabeth Murray, and Ruth Orkin will be included in the auction. Final bids must be tendered by Saturday, 11/9, at 7 P.M. Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway, bet. Broome and Grand Sts., second floor (477-5316).

Exhibitions

ıe Treasures of the San Diego—11/1–2/28/97. Sunken treasures from the 1600s. Among the artifacts on display: four cannons, navigational instruments, an ivory chess set, swords, helmets, and more. The Philippine Center, Fifth Ave. and 45th St. (922-3019); $4, $2 children over 12.

A Tribute to Cars and Fashion—Through 11/10, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. every day: Robert Isabell transforms General Motors's Fifth Avenue showroom with vintage GM cars. 767 Fifth Ave., at 59th St. Free.

Online

SCIFI.CON—Spend Halloween weekend online chatting with sci-fi celebrities: Stan Lee from Marvel Comics on 11/1 at 6 P.M.; Arthur C. Clarke on 11/1 at 9:30 P.M.; Roger Corman on 11/2 at 5 P.M. All chats are at the Sci-Fi Channel's "Dominion" Website. (*http://www.scifi.com*)

Jon Bon Jovi—Speaks out for LIFEbeat, the music-industry organization that works to fight AIDS, on America Online: 10/28 at 9 P.M.

Emmylou Harris—Musical genius Emmylou Harris will chat with fans regarding her new boxed set, *Portraits*. On America Online: 10/28 at 9:30 P.M.

Want a Satellite Dish?—Director of Sony DSS Marketing Greg Gudorf discusses the system and gives away a $750 system as a prize. On CompuServe in the Conference Center: 10/29 at 9 P.M.

Addams vs. Munsters Marathon—Two classic TV stars in one event. Butch "Eddie Munster" Patrick and Lisa "Wednesday Addams" Loring will be chatting online about growing up on a set. On America Online: 10/29 at 9 P.M.

Gen-X Financial Whiz—Beth Kobliner, author of the best-selling book *Get a Financial Life: Personal Finance in Your Twenties and Thirties,* chats with twentysomethings about how to refinance high-rate student loans and credit cards; how to begin investing in mutual funds; and how to find low-cost auto loans and mortgages. At the Money Magazine Website: 10/29 at 9 P.M. (*http://money.com*)

Stock Market Tips—Financial guru–author Eric Tyson discusses the stock market and the ins and outs of the financial world. On WOW! in the Convention Hall: 10/29 at 9:30 P.M.

Olivia Goldsmith—The author of the best-selling *The First Wives Club* will discuss the movie, the men and women who inspired it, and her new book at The Book Report on America Online: 10/30 at 10 P.M.

Natalie Cole—Multi-Grammy winner Natalie Cole will talk with fans about her life following a second divorce, her triumph over drug addiction, and her new album, *Stardust*, the follow-up to 1991's *Unforgettable, With Love*. On America Online in an Oprah Online Auditorium event: 10/30 at 9 P.M.

Mario Cuomo—The former governor of New York hosts a chat about Election Day and the race for the presidency. On America Online: 10/31 at 9 P.M.

Wes Craven—The legendary horror-film director gives some of his spooking secrets. On America Online: 10/31 at 10 P.M.

Tiffani-Amber Thiessen—The star of Fox's *90210* and NBC's movie-of-the-week *Buried Secret*, on America Online: 11/1 at 10 P.M.

Candace Gingrich—The author of *The Accidental Advocate* and stepsister of Newt Gingrich talks politics. On America Online in the Planet Out area: 11/3 at 7 P.M.

Sports

1996 NYC Marathon—11/3 at 10:50 A.M.: There was nary a dry eye at the finish of last year's 26.2-mile race (the coldest race day ever) when the women's victor, Tegla Leroupe of Kenya, dedicated her win to her recently deceased sister. This year Tegla, along with 29,980 others (including 225 disabled marathoners), is hoping for her third straight win. The man to watch for is Kenyan Cosmas Ndeti, who enters his first Big Apple race with three Boston Marathon victories to his name. Every finish is worth watching and cheering, but expect the first wave to cross the line in just over 2 hours. *Starts at Verrazano-Narrows Bridge; finish line at Tavern on the Green, Central Park.*

NIA Master Classes—11/4-6: Finally, a kinder, gentler group exercise class. The latest gym craze is NIA (Neuromuscular Integrative Action), a non-impact, whole-body workout that combines martial arts with dance. The creators of NIA are flying in from Portland to personally instruct their NYC students for the first time ever. Four classes only. *Classes held at Equinox Sports Clubs (West side, 721-4200; East side, 439-8500), Reebok Sports Club (501-1429); and West Side YMCA.*

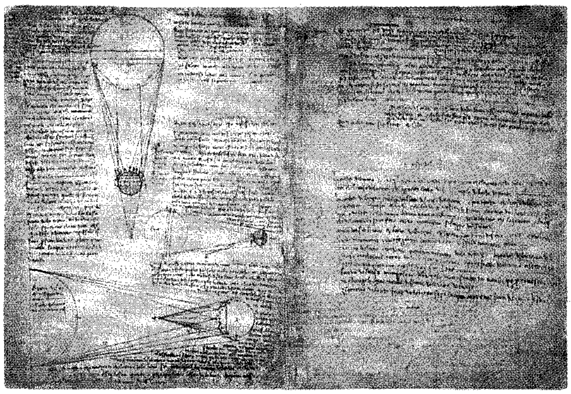
Sleepy Hollow Ride—11/2 at 9 A.M.: Extend your Halloween fun by a few days and bike the 45-mile round-trip route from the Bronx to Sunnyside, Washington Irving's manor house near Tarrytown. Tour the house and return via Metro North (bring a bike pass) or the Croton Aqueduct, a packed-dirt trail that's suitable for road bikes. Helmet required. *Meet at Van Cortlandt Park, Broadway at 242nd St. (932-2300, ext. 243); $7 entry fee for house.*

Brooklyn Dodgers Walking Tour—11/2 and 11/3 at 12:30 P.M.: If you're still despondent over the loss of this great team, work through it on a 2-hour tour of Brooklyn Heights. The route showcases the spot where Sandy Koufax was signed and the site where the gang celebrated the end of the "subway curse." *For meeting place and reservations, call 465-3331. $14; $3 discount if you wear or bring Dodgers memorabilia.*

Hockey—11/2: Devils vs. Tampa Bay Lightning at 1:05 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 11/4: Rangers vs. Tampa Bay Lightning at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network).

Football—11/3: Giants vs. Arizona Cardinals at 1 P.M., Giants Stadium (FOX).

On View **Comfortably straddling the sixteenth and twentieth centuries, Leonardo's Codex Leicester: A Masterpiece of Science (on exhibit through January 1 at the American Museum of Natural History) features the only Leonardo manuscript still in private hands (Bill Gates's), interactive displays offering interpretations of the pages, and a demonstration room for experiments that the genius conducted or imagined. Call 769-5100.**



ıotograph: bottom, courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

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Mason *continued from page 30*

the same pieces in a Christie's ad in *W,* I can assure you he felt pretty betrayed."

News of Al-Ayoub's defection was particularly riveting to those who had observed her in the throes of a giddy, fast-paced instant-best-friendship with the merchant prince, whom she met last December when socialite Betsy Bloomingdale brought her to lunch at the Fifth Avenue apartment of Sotheby's chairman Al Taubman and his wife, Judy.

Since then, Mouna and her royal pal had been spotted together cruising the Caribbean, nightclubbing in Paris, and posing for the cameras at *Vanity Fair*'s Oscar-night party at Morton's in Los Angeles. So it was assumed by most of their mutual friends that when she decided to sell a portion of her vast collection, it would be handled by the prince she referred to until July as "my best friend."

Does she regret her decision? "From a business point of view, no," she says. "But if I was wrong not to call Dimitri, all I can say is I'm sorry. I'm a human being who makes mistakes. But it just didn't seem that important at the time."

Al-Ayoub's behavior has divided many in her social orbit into warring camps. "I know that Dimitri was a wonderful friend to Mouna," says Bloomingdale. "But I guess business is business. You know, I think Dimitri had quite a glamorous time with Mouna," she adds wryly, "and I believe she paid for all those trips."

One Park Avenue confidant of all concerned sees it differently. "It's certainly become very fashionable to dislike Mouna," he says. "This is a pretty tough crowd, and it looks like she's blown her chance of being accepted in New York. She's alienated a lot of perfectly nice people over just a few million dollars, which is nothing to her. It's what the French call a *suicide mondaine*—social suicide."

One friend swift to defend Al-Ayoub is Judy Taubman's brother Boaz Mazor, who, as a representative for Oscar de la Renta's line for Balmain, has supervised many couture fittings with Al-Ayoub. "She's a very vulnerable girl and I love her," says Mazor. "There's a wonderful gypsy side to her. Uncultured and a little wild. And there are certain things about the protocol of high society in New York and Paris that she's not willing to take. It's that wonderful barbarian side of hers."

So what is the upshot of this storm in a demitasse? Nan Kempner, a socialite who gives frequent lunches to lure potential customers to Christie's, summed it up: "I guess Mouna won't be getting any hot meals at the Taubmans' any time soon." ■

Norris *continued from page 91*

Knitting Factory, MMW played weekly t a packed-to-the-rafters crowd in blon dreadlocks, tie-dyes, and backpacks—th biggest and youngest one I've seen at th club. As with so many perplexing live-music phenomena these days, this is largely product of Grateful Dead trickle-dow In their indie-rock-style van tours of th country, Medeski, Martin & Woo opened twice for the jam-band pheno Phish, a surrogate Dead for 70,000 ne hippies per show. Numbers like these– plus a network of Websites and bootleg that render radio and MTV nearly irrele vant—are a major force.

But then, so are the times. In som ways, Medeski, Martin & Wood may b the crest of a wave. Their rootsy orga struts have clear corollaries in the tw sax romps of guitar star Charlie Hunter quartet, the prankish Monk–Rahsaa Kirk–James Brown refractions of th band T. J. Kirk (which plays the Knittin Factory November 6), and the antic im provs on Henry Mancini from the ne Oranj Quartet. These are the rumbling coming from recent Berklee and Ne England Conservatory grads, musician as in love with Mingus swing as wit Hendrix fire and hip-hop snap. Th post-sixties musical references, plu the fact that the musicians ar young, usually white, and dress lik groovy T.A.'s, make them the perfe emissaries to Lollapalooza, the HORD tour, and other camps in the post-MT Balkans. (Saxophonist Javon Jackson atmospheric *A Look Within* and Joshu Redman's avowedly non-jazz recor *Freedom in the Groove* may share th sensibility but aren't plugged into th same culture industry.)

Forgive the marketing speak. Given th tie-dyed carnival currently surroundin them, these Knitting Factory ambassado to the world push all sorts of buttons, an though I like them quite a bit, I'm def nitely guilty of bristling. Hoarding, cultis snobbery is every bit as indefensible i jazz as it is in indie rock, but I couldn help feeling strange when the crowd we berserk simply because Chris Woo pulled out his acoustic bass—a cool-loo ing, "old-school" instrument—or whe the rhythm section's fairly unconvincin swing on Mingus's "Wig Wise" got th Deadhead roar. But that's my proble not theirs. Unlike the preceding jaz crossoverists—the clubby, posturin "acid-jazz" movement of the earl nineties—MMW are too busy playing ac tual music to notice. "We're hoping t keep that line always there," Medeski tol me, "of being in-between, not just for li tening or just for dancing." There's roo in that groove for everyone. ■

kids

Rubber Rats...Scaredy Cats...

Happening

Fear Without Loathing

A couple of Halloweens back, white gloves methodically mixed bubbling liquids in a bay window on the ground floor of a Brooklyn brownstone as independent filmmaker Matt Mitler and several of his friends muttered "Double, double toil *and trouble . . ." in falsetto tones—over speakers projected* onto the sidewalk. Four years of performance spectacles by Mitler and his wife, Karen, a stylist and craftsperson, have earned them accolades in their Park Slope neighborhood. "Big crowds gather and people thank us profusely for weeks afterwards," Mitler says with a smile, "but you know they expect something a little better each year." Even coaching the girls who live upstairs to lower—in the sneakiest way—the rubber spider on a string into the crowd below takes time and patience, and the couple fret about whether they can possibly outdo last year's Mary Shelley's Frankenstein tableau. The special effects, at least, are down to a low-budget science: Black fluorescent lights (from C.L. Lighting) are pulled off the shelf, along with an assortment of beakers and test tubes (collected from Canal Surplus and neighborhood stoop sales). This year, they'll scavenge some branches from Prospect Park that were downed by the World Series–delaying storm. Still to be bought are the Smoke Cookies (from Trengove Studios), which emit a trail of thick smoke; Model Magic (from Pearl Paint), a lightweight modeling compound that's perfectly suited to the business of sculpting expanded foreheads and warty noses; and dry ice (from Diamond Ice Cube Company) for the open-air cauldron. The labor-intensive effort of spooking the neighbors is not without its perks, Mitler concedes: "I've overheard kids say they would never throw an egg at our house."

BARBARA ENSOR

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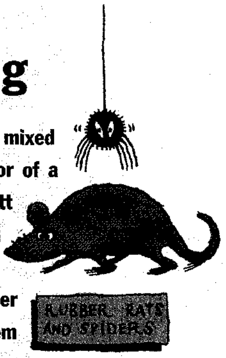
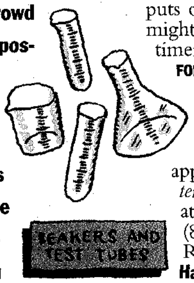
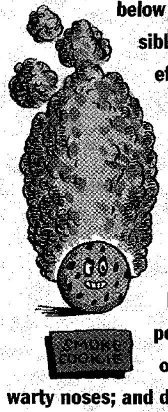
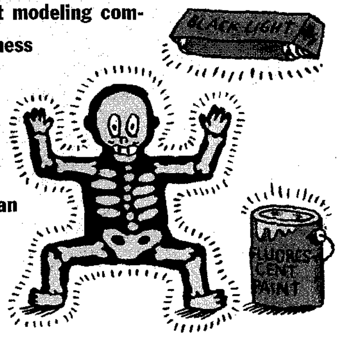
OVER
SCREEN









Children's Events

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

t Takes Place in a Village—To see what a real parade looks like: rampant exhibitionism, mixed with lots of marching bands, that isn't selling patriotism or anything else—with the possible exception of cross-dressing—go directly to the annual Village **HALLOWEEN PARADE.** 10/31 at 7; participants (which could be you) assemble at 6 on Dominick St. between Sixth Ave. and Varick St. The parade proceeds up Sixth Ave. to about 22nd St. for just about an hour. Beforehand, a more subdued version, the also-annual **CHILDREN'S HALLOWEEN PARADE,** assembles at the Washington Square Arch at 3:15 and proceeds around the park for about an hour, with much banging and hooting. Organizers suggest that at the latter "all adults must be accompanied by a child." ●●

Masked Museum—Tour the haunted mansion (every half-hour on the mezzanine floor), with its open coffins, mad-cap laboratory, and macabre library. Kids can get their faces painted, interview a tell-all vampire (on CMOM-TV), get palms read, and compose haunting music on computers. Or get your hands sticky making Day of the Dead skeleton puppets, embellishing trick-or-treat candy bags, or—if you're under the age of 4—making "orange goop." Continuous costume-making is for kids 5 and up. Through 10/31. Call for hours. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223); admission $5, $2.50 seniors and children.●

All You Need Is Love—*The Velveteen Rabbit*—slightly adapted to include a naysaying older brother—keeps its central plotline, in which the fancy gizmo-ish battery-operated toys lose out to a tousled stuffed rabbit. Love and imagination are the heroes of the story. For children ages 5 and up, 11/2 and 11/3 at 10:30 and 12:30; 11/9 and 11/10 at 12:30, at **THEATREWORKS/USA.** The Promenade Theatre is at 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959). Tickets are $18.50.

Un Deux Trois—Dancers from the New York City Ballet perform three pas de deux excerpted from *Swan Lake, Sleeping Beauty,* and *The Nutcracker Suite.* The program, which will involve some audience participation, is for children ages 5 and up. 11/2 at 3. **ARTSCONNECTION,** 120 W. 46th St. (302-7433); $6. ●

Big Apple Circus—"The Medicine Show," a new show by our beloved homegrown circus, is staged as a small-town 1890s folly. Little kids especially appreciate the fact that no seat is farther than 50 feet from the action, the better to see acts like the Muttville Comix (a troupe of performing dogs rescued from shelters worldwide), not to mention the texture of the elephants' skin. Performances to 1/12/97 are under the big top at Lincoln Center's **DAMROSCH PARK** (268-0055); $10 to $49.

Confectionary Tales—If going from door to door for candy corn has gotten old, consider another option: enrolling kids ages 7 to 11 in a cooking party on the big night, where they can manufacture their own mini-pizzas, caramel apples, cupcakes, and chocolates. Children should bring costumes for the final see-and-be-seen party at the end. 10/31 from 5 to 8, (adults invited). **PETER KUMP'S SCHOOL OF CULINARY ARTS,** 50 W. 23rd St. (410-4601). Reservations required; $30.●

Kids for President!—Drawing on letters kids ages 5 to 14 have written about how they would run these United States, *Child's Play Touring Theatre* puts on a musical that's sometimes serious—and might occasionally bring a tear to the eyes of sentimental adults-in-tow. 11/2 at 2. **BROOKLYN CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS** at Walt Whitman Hall is located one block from the junction of Flatbush and Nostrand Aves. on the campus of Brooklyn College (718-951-4543).●

Now You See It—Rabbits appear, ghosts float, appearances can be deceiving at J. P. Jarrett's *Altered Reality Magic Show.* Saturday matinees are at 12:30 and 3 at **THEATRE EAST,** 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528); $12 for adults, $10 for children. Reservations required.

Halloween Help—Aid for anxious parents deluged with requests to transform tots into witches, mummies, and astronauts. Kids get advice and materials for costume-making: Masks are essentially paper plates with recycled flotsam affixed; costumes are your basic paper bag, custom-altered accordingly. The hands-on **HUDSON VALLEY CHILDREN'S MUSEUM** performs this valuable service on an ongoing basis, every fifteen to twenty minutes until Halloween. Tues. to Fri. 10 to 4, Sat. 10 to 5, Sun. noon to 5. 21 Burd St., Nyack (914-358-2314); $4 admission, $1 materials fee to make a costume.●

Moral Dimension—**NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER'**s *The Sick Boy,* about a bunch of kids who are warned not to go trick-or-treating at a sick boy's house, draws inspiration from Ryan White's true story. 10/31 through 12/8. Thurs., Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7, and Suns. at 3, with an additional matinee 11/29 at 2. 422 W. 57th St. (315-1737); $5 to $10.

Toil and Trouble—The ghosts of Banquo and Hamlet, Lady Macbeth and King Lear, collide in "William Shakespeare's Haunted House." The too-frightening-for-under-5s fun-house performance is 10/30 to 11/2 at 7, 9, and

Cue

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llustrations by Paul Corio.

10:30 at the **CLEMENTE SOTO VELEZ CULTURAL AND EDUCATIONAL CENTER,** 107 Suffolk St., bet. Delancey and Irvington Sts. (388-7265); admission is $10, $5 children.●

Nautical Scare—Ride the **CIRCLE LINE**'s Haunted Harbor Cruises for a high-stakes costume contest (a free cruise for 25 is the first prize) and a ghoulish commentary on the New York skyline. Tickets are $20 for adults, one child rides free with an adult, and additional children are $9. 10/31 (from 7 to 9). Boats leave from Circle Line Plaza, Pier 83, W. 42nd St. at the Hudson River (563-3200). ●

Leaping Lizards—Take a priest who moonlights as "Priesto" the magician, add a turbaned 12-year-old who performs with reptiles and amphibians, throw in a professional oboist (no stranger to magic herself), and you have what sounds like an intriguing family show called "Ladies and Lizards of Legerdemain." 11/2, at 7:30. **OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE AUDITORIUM,** 72nd St. and 15th Ave., Bensonhurst, Brooklyn (718-236-8300); $7 ●

Androcles and the Lion—A one-act opera about a tough guy (in this case a lion) who chooses not to be a bully, that has entertained audiences for millennia, performed by the After Dinner Opera Company. Music composed by Seymour Barab. 11/6 at 3. **MARK GOODSON THEATER,** 2 Columbus Circle (477-6212). Admission is free. Seating is on a first-come-first-served basis. Doors open at 2:45.●●

"La Belle et la Bête"—Adapted from the 1756 French fantasy by Madame Marie LePrince de Beaumont, **PUPPETWORKS**'s hand-carved marionettes—joined by a live actor as the Beast—perform in fifteenth-century French attire. The tale of alchemy, alienation, and true love is accompanied by the moody romantic music of Jules Massenet. Weekends, 11/9 and 11/10, 11/23 and 11/24, 12/7 and 12/8, 12/21 and 12/22 at 12:30 and 2:30; $7 for adults, $5 for children. 338 Sixth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-965-3391). Reservations are required.

Underwater Eerie —Come in costume to a fishy Halloween party (for kids ages 3½ to 4½). 10/31 at 1:30; $14.75 for one child and one adult. Reservations are required.Next week, once the face paint has been put away, find out a thing or two—not all of it scary— about a whole family of fish. Shark-a-Rama, 11/9, is for kids ages 4 to 8 from 10 to noon and for kids ages 6 to 8 from 1:30 to 3:30. $18.50 for one child and one adult. The New York Aquarium, W. 8th Street and Surf Ave., Coney Island (718-265-3474). Reservations are required.

Don't Try This at Home—In *Joseph Gabriel Magic on Broadway,* Gabriel—a longtime Vegas performer who began his career at age 10—literally lights up the stage, which he shares intermittently with parrots, macaws, doves, cockatoos, elaborate sets, and audience volunteers. Performances are Wed. through Sat. at 8, with additional matinees Sat. at 2 and 5 and two shows on Sun., at 3 and 6. **LAMB'S THEATRE,** 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780); $35 to $45.

Monster Mash—**THE BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**'s annual Halloween bash sends kids in costume on a parade that twists through the haunted house and horror hospital, on past the rocking house of funk to the audience-thrill theater and pumpkin patch. 10/31 from 6:30 to 8:30. 145 Brooklyn Ave (corner of St. Mark's Place); 718-735-4402. All-inclusive admission is $4, with a maximum of $16 per family.

***Toy Story* Slides**—The movie that made Buzz Lightyear and Woody household names is re-enacted on ice. **WALT DISNEY'S WORLD ON ICE—TOY STORY,** with yet a different kind of technical wizardry and the voices of Tom Hanks and Tim Allen pretty much intact is, okay, a little tacky. But admit it: Disney has got your kid figured out to a degree that can be frightening or consoling, depending on how you look at it—or your priorities on that particular day. 11/7 to 11/10 at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,** 2 Penn Plaza; 11/19 to 11/24 at the **NASSAU COLISEUM,** 1255 Hempstead Tpke., Uniondale, New York; 11/26-12/1 at the **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ARENA,** East Rutherford, N.J. Call for schedule and ticket information: 212-307-7171. Tickets are $13.50 to $37.50.

Williams *continued from page 38*

organism America, Wall Street is bidding to be the brain of organism New York.

New-media firms seem like the easiest fit. New York has already seen the creation of 27,000 new new-media jobs in the nineties, and one Coopers & Lybrand study says that number will double in two years. These jobs tend to congregate south of Chambers Street, where the space is plentiful, the rent is cheap, and landlords have some idea how to interface with goateed 25-year-olds.

"We were looking at space because we were in hypergrowth, and a lot of the places that we were looking at didn't have any connectivity, they didn't have the piping or the bandwidth already built in," says Brad Szollose, co-founder of K2 Design, a firm that designs Web pages for IBM, America Online, the Public Theater, and others. "We looked at at least fifteen different places up in the Soho area."

What they chose was Rudin Management's sixties-era 55 Broad, the former Drexel headquarters that has been reborn as the New York Information Technology Center. Open for a year, it is already 60 percent filled with high-tech firms. The place is utterly hot-wired with ISDN, T1, and T3 cable. It's got its own Web page, www.55broadst.com ("We had 60,000 hits the first week our Web page was up," says one leasing agent).

The first tenant was N2K (Need to Know), an Internet music company—and this month's hot high-tech initial public offering—that asks of its employees a postcollegiate level of motivation and a jazz fluency. One of the most recent is Westcon Service Corporation, a computer-training company that moved downtown from the Empire State Building.

Says K2's Szollose, "We had the chance to have an entire area built exactly the way we wanted, and it already had the connectivity that we needed. Also, we would just be closer to all these other high-tech companies that are also doing great work. A lot of clients on our list are Fortune 500, and had some of their headquarters down here already.

"There's an incredible amount of added value to being down here," says Szollose in impeccable nineties-speak. "We have access to all these technologies. You just hop on the elevator or walk down the hall. There is camaraderie here. The nineties are not about 'There's competition, and they are the enemy.' They're about camaraderie: 'How can I help you? What synergies can we bring to the table?' "

It is, apparently, a beautiful thing. "We bring artists down here, programmers," Szollose says. "Most of our employees come to work in jeans every day. It sort of adds its own culture down here."

This is infectious. Even the artists ar talking synergy. "You get to be at the beginning of a start-up," says Kat Jurati. "S I get to go say 'Hi' to Bill Rudin. Ever day, I get to see him."

Then there is the new breed of hipste traders breaking free from the pinstrip chains. "Lots of traders live down her and trade out of their home," Lombard the developer, says. "They don't even hav a secretary. They may be part of Smit Barney or whatever, but they do it out c their home."

Soon, you apparently will be free t work round-the-clock, never having t commute anywhere. Indeed, some developers, like Elghanayan, say explicitly tha the "workaholic" is their target tenant.

"There will be a shift from a pure offic environment to a home-office environment that will happen in the urban center," says Greenburger. "And if you tal with people who work at home, thei greatest problem is isolation, and some c them return to a communal workplac because they don't like the isolation. Yo know, if I was a financial consultant or lawyer and I wanted to have a work-at home office, am I going to have a work at-home office in Queens or Brooklyn o Teaneck? No. But if I had it on Wa Street, fine."

Rockrose, in negotiation to lease spac to Kinko's for a "cyber café" at 45 Wall, i designing "home occupation" space int most of its residential units in that building. Either separate rooms or niches, thes spaces are designed, in Elghanayan' words, "to run a business out of."

"At least three quarters of our residents, uptown and everywhere, have computer, fax—some kind of workstation," Elghanayan says. "We've designe these apartments just for that marke We've even wired 45 Wall with ISDN an T1. Rudin's convinced us that this is th wave of the future, so we have the sam computer capabilities that [55 Broad's Information Technology Center] does, bu for residential."

Rudin, evidently, is something of a Pie Piper. "I had a guy from the Londo School of Economics in all day yesterda They're going to write a case study on ou building," he says of his high-tech mecc "We own four other buildings downtow So what we're going to do is wire-connec those buildings to 55 Broad—55 will b the hub, and this is going to be a networ a sort of Rudin network of technolog from the buildings."

This notion may or may not mak sense even to Rudin himself, but his family's company has cut its vacant space i the area from 600,000 to 100,000 squar feet. Progress like that creates synergie of its own. ■

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Dynamite Gal, Beautiful, Sensuous—Slim, with all the attributes of a winner, nonsmoker, loves to laugh. Seeking a personable, financially secure man, 48-59, interested in a long-term relationship. Note and phone. 3346 ✉

Celebrate Life!—With an empathetic, enthusiastic CEO - a handsome, diverse, romantic nice guy, 5'10", warm, 43. Seeks affectionate, vibrant lady, tallish, under 37. Phone/photo gets reply. 3347 ✉

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Brown-Eyed Beauty, PhD—Very pretty, very fit, 40s, Jewish, warm, great smile, seeks self-aware, successful soul mate who is interesting and interested. Looking to share my love of sports, good conversation, spirit of adventure, laughter, romance; to love and be loved. Wanted: a smart, attractive, fun-loving man, 40s-50s, interested in a loving relationship - for keeps. 3340 ✉ ☎

Gay Jewish Male—Ageless but approaching 40, is hoping to meet another man to build a life with. I am financially secure, considered good-looking, healthy and fit. If you are young in heart and enjoy all that life has to offer, then respond to: 3281 ✉

Charismatic English Lady—International type with global appeal, 40, Jewish, very attractive, musical, seeks serenity with worldly, wise and wonderful gentleman with humor, who is capable of being a friend, mentor and luminary. 3203 ✉ ☎

Boat Bum—50, boyish, charming, unique. Seeks lovely grown-up woman, 35-45, for life partner in NY and afloat large crewed power yacht, US and foreign waters. Boating experience not important, humor and life experience are. Photo/note. 3323 ✉

Female Rocket Scientist—Looking for her match. Witty, pretty, funny, sometimes funky, 34, 5'8" - formerly a scientist, now successful businesswoman. Seeking a secure man who on occasion would prefer the unconventional to the sedate, is attractive, bright, funny, literate, upbeat and in his 30s. 3258 ✉ ☎

Tall, Vivacious, Shapely Redhead—Financially successful, creative, down-to-earth. Great kids (mostly grown). Lots of interests, from museums to sports to talking and walking. Protestant background, liberal views. Missing only one thing: a great guy, 48-58, to share it with. Please send letter, photo, phone. 3348 ✉

On A High—Very pretty, slim, affectionate female attorney, Jewish, on a crest personally and professionally, seeking a bright, attractive, tall professional (42-52) to share the ride. Varied interests include tennis, biking, theater, outdoors. I'm a doll, and you should be too. Photo essential. 3243 ✉

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female doc with beauty and brain
seeks very handsome, very smart pr
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life full of love and laughter. 3324 ✉ ☎

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of special gentleman who is also a seni
citizen. White, widowed, Christia
considered attractive. Enjoy trave
theater, eating out - particularly enj
good conversation, people and childre
How about you? 3270 ✉

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professional male, 46, Catholic, Brookl
resident, never married, unpretentiou
seeks sincere female for love an
marriage...forever and ever. 3338 ✉

Spring Into Fall Again—40-year-ol
handsome, intelligent, successful entertai
ment attorney, often told resembles Robe
Redford (no kidding, see for yourself
athletic, 6'2", blondish hair, blue eye
seeks intelligent, beautiful, lithe, sensuou
sensitive, fun woman, 25-35, who enjo
long romantic walks in Central Par
Kensington Gardens and the Caribbea
and discussing vicissitudes of lif
Photo/note. 3319 ✉

rictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $36.50 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for YM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. *Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders* :cepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 12-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York agazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a YM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE

Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

telligence, Candor And Charm—ught in a tall, adventurous, 30s woman. 2", good-looking, 40, single white ale, looking for opinions, fun and the d field trip. Love politics, conversation, nic food and offbeat movies. Photo/ ief note. 3242 ✉

ry Pretty, Ivy League-Educated— ", 108 lbs, athletic, single, white Jewish nale, 35, nonsmoker. Likes golf, tennis, vel - loves the country, also the culture the city. Seeking financially secure, letic, warm, classy, very good-looking ensch under 47, who's interested in rriage and children - for a life full of ve, laughter and happily ever after. 12) only. Photo a must. 3299 ✉ ☎

oking For Me?—I'm a Jewish male D, attractive, intelligent, warm and nest. You're a Jewish professional man (JD, MD, etc.), 39-45, pretty, tural, loving, sincere, an all-American... d I've been looking for you. (212)/ 16) preferred. Photo, please. 3251 ✉

ot Property—Real estate developer, , 5'2", athletic, loves skiing, golf, -fishing and karate. Seeks slim, tite Jewish female, 25-35, for fun and venture. 3280 ✉

ay Female Success Story—Seeks ight, successful, athletic female, e 35-45. I am 34 years old, Wall Street e president, attractive, energetic, letic and driven. Let's get together to ake this success story complete. one/photo/note. 3277 ✉ ☎

andsome Businessman—38, Jewish, - visits NYC a lot. Seeks slim female, -36. Note/photo. 3283 ✉

uthern Belle—Funny, Jewish, intel- ent, pretty, fit, lovable, seeks same in venturous, creative professional man, -55. You won't be disappointed! 3256 ✉

Gay White Male—36, good-looking Italian - with European background and upbringing, well-educated, professional, successful, super-achiever, upscale, wide range of interests. Seeks to meet gay white male, 30-45, who is successful, professional, secure, stable (financially/emotionally), responsible. Send letter/phone number to: 3257 ✉

Israeli, Attractive Woman—35, 5'6", intelligent and professional, seeks a tall, romantic friend to enjoy conversations, movies, travel, ski. Photo/note. 3259 ✉ ☎

Fun, Fit, 47—Seeks lively player to share some passion. Smart, feminine, artistic, or any two okay. Prefers: low-fat - never deep-fried; StairMaster; small films; wood floors. Tall, job, handsome, with petite terrace. World-traveled for work but wishes it was with you. Does laugh, scuba, write, analyze. Good posture counts. Free juice or drink with photo, okay? 3295 ✉

Looking For You—Are you a woman who likes helping people, enjoys her career, has fun dancing, likes museums and being with friends, cares about Jewish values, and wants to develop a caring relationship? I am a Jewish man, 39, fit, who shares these passions. Let's talk. 3316 ✉

Very Pretty, Very Slim—Divorced Jewish female baby-boomer with a warm, friendly, outgoing personality (and lots of pizzazz), seeks professional male, 50s, who is fit, enjoys sports, dancing, dining, walks, and is looking for a first-class future. Photo/phone. 3279 ✉ ☎

Warm, Deep, Witty—Attractive health professional, very young 65, seeks truly pretty, petite, very youthful woman. Enjoy music, communication. Photo. 3330 ✉ ☎

Bright, Attractive Jewish Male—Successful professional (42, 5'11", 185) - is seeking a serious (and fun!) relationship with a warmhearted, introspective, bright, attractive Jewish woman who shares my desire for marriage and children. I enjoy movies, long walks, talking, music, food, biking and tennis, and can charm both senior citizens and kids alike! Photo/note please. 3332 ✉

Blue-Eyed Brunette—30, 5'3", 105 lbs, fit, feminine finance professional with beauty, brains and class - seeks dream guy: brainy, fun, fit, successful, tall, nonsmoking, dog-loving all-American jock with a sense of humor, for friendship, passion and shared adventures. Take a chance with this personal ad novice. Photo helps/detailed description a must. 3252 ✉ ☎

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The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350

Handsome Knicks Fan—Manhattanite and professional, 37 years old, 6'2", seeks attractive city lady, 25-41, for championship season and long-term dynasty. Photo and note. 3272 ✉

Attractive, Eligible Bachelor—31, financially self-sufficient, graduate education, Christian backgroud. Physically: 5'10", 165 lbs, blond. I never married - seeking same for permanent relationship. I would like to meet a woman who is fit and fun, 25-30 only. 3361 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking, Divorced Jewish Male—55, is seeking a woman for a lasting relationship. Enjoys travel, movies, theater. Photo a must. 3307 ✉

Just Finished—Landscape architecture degree and haven't had time to socialize. Would like to meet 50ish, successful, unpretentious male professional. Beach and golf a plus. 3344 ✉ ☎

Investment Advisor—Seeks quality cover gal type under 40. 3322 ✉

Handsome, Articulate Professional—PhD, 39, athletic, genuinely warm, Jewish, seeks slim, pretty, intellectually curious woman, 28-40. Photo please. 3321 ✉ ☎

Gay, Slim White Male—60, 5'11", 160, attractive, financially secure, seeks in-shape, 50-65, to share life's pleasures and commitment. Two is a better number than one, especially during the holidays. 3240 ✉

Forever—Sought with a 45-plus, beautiful Jewish "lady" of high intellect, culture, energy and compassion, by a 50-plus lawyer/publisher with music in his soul, a smile on his lips and love in his heart. Let's make everyday Valentine's Day. Literate note/photo (preferably of you). 3244 ✉

Pretty, Tall, Slim—Sensuous, classy, caring, curvaceous businesswoman, 50s. I enjoy outdoors, golf, music, theater, dancing, etc. Love city and country living. Seeking attractive Jewish business or professional man, 60-68. Let's have fun and a great relationship! 3261 ✉ ☎

Soft, Appealing—Tender-hearted Jewish widow - trim, petite, educated woman, seeks wonderful man, 60 plus. 3320 ✉ ☎

Tall, Blond, Loving—Kind woman, child psychologist, late 50s, Nassau County. I like walks, talks, the arts, nature, travel, good company. I seek a loving, intelligent man to share friendship, laughter, love and happiness. 3310 ✉

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Sensual Psychologist—45, seeks attractive, trim, sensual, sensitive, warm, very intelligent and well-educated man, 40-55, who seeks a relationship with very pretty, warm, trim, intense, playful and athletic woman. You are successful, but have time to laugh, play and enjoy sharing life's wonders. Slightly offbeat quality a plus. Overly obsessive men need not reply. Photo necessary for response. 3305 ✉

Health-Care Professional—33, 5'7", handsome, athletic, single white male, nonsmoker - likes blading in park, movies, art, classical music and dining out. Seeks female counterpart, 25-35, for lasting relationship. Recent photo. 3343 ✉ ☎

Part-Time Dad—6'2", fit, 185 lbs, 41, investment banker, seeks smart woman to laugh together. Phone/photo. 3329 ✉

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First 150 Women Only

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$25

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All pre-registered names will be at the door.

Passionate And Romantic—Handsome and trim male, 33, entertainment professional, loves to dance, seeks slim, pretty female with good heart. Photo. 3198 ✉ ☎

Jaclyn Smith Type—Young 44, 5'3", petite, vibrant, optimistic and happy to be me. Seeks man, 39-49, who has a zest for life and is ready, willing and able to commit to one sweet, sexy lady: me! Nonsmoker. Photo. 3317 ✉ ☎

Sparkling, Bright, Pretty, Witty—(212), Jewish widow seeks gem, 60 plus. 3328 ✉

Beautiful, Exotic Model—20s, 5'8", 125 lbs, advanced degree, exceptional figure, athletic, fun. Seeking accomplished white gentleman - CEO, etc...40 plus, for exciting moments. 3288 ✉

Neither You Nor I—Thought we'd ever place or answer a personal ad. But...here we are. I'm a complex woman seeking a man of the FDR era (the later years and beyond!), who is at the top of his field, fit, (com)passionate and funny. I'm an unusually attractive, athletic woman with eclectic interests and a vaguely subversive, iconoclastic bent; high achiever with professional recognition, who works hard and plays fair in both the city and Westchester. 3255 ✉

Successful Jewish Businessman—55, loves travel, theater, cruises, politics. Seeks petite woman, 35-45. Photo. 3341 ✉

Ready For Her—Financial services executive, 30s, is ready to share a life of fun and adventure with a very special lady. She is 25-35, petite, slender, attractive, intelligent and capable, with a Christian background, and desires a real change in her life. She enjoys travel, NYC, and always wants more from life. If you are her, contact me immediately. Recent photo/note/phone required. 3345 ✉

Gay Male Physician—Healthy, handsome, athletic (volleyball, tennis, ski), youthful 50, 5'10", 165. I'm sincere, strong and sensitive, responsible yet fun-loving. I enjoy all of NYC's cultural attractions, winters by a fireplace and summers on a beach. If you are 35-50, career-oriented, healthy, physically fit, romantic, and looking for a committed relationship, I would love to meet you. Note/phone/photo (preferred). 3293 ✉

Loves To Travel...—Affectionate, single, Jewish (nonreligious), successful white male, early 30s. Formerly greater than 300 lbs, currently less than 200 lbs. Seeking fit, down-to-earth woman with entrepreneurial spirit, 24-29, to explore life, alternatives, and everything NYC has to offer. Note/photo. 3290 ✉

For Rent With Option To Buy—Sincere, fun-loving male, 35, 5'7", into skiing, beach...seeks "nice" female. 3263 ✉ ☎

Self-Made White Male—Looking for successful, sexy woman, 25-35, to share life. Photo/note. 3315 ✉ ☎

Palm Beach-Bound Widow—Attractive, classy, desires sharing life's pleasures with mature gentleman. 3276 ✉

I'm Selfish—About my time and who I spend it with. High-energy female, smart, slim, pretty, funny. Seeks tall, accomplished, 48-plus male whose IQ is higher than his inseam, to share theater, dancing, the outdoors and romance. Pix. 3241 ✉

SEND
A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

For Spine-Tingling Adventure-
Handsome chiropractor, 28, seeks sensu
woman, 23-30, for intense relationshi
Photo a must. 3312 ✉

Be My Birthday Present—Jewish femal
34, professional, stunningly beautifu
lithesome, huge brown eyes, soft, lo
brown hair, Jewishly-oriented, loves kid
Seeks compassionate, educated, secur
sports-minded, nonsmoker, Jewish mal
30-54, to share outdoors, dancing, t
ocean, and is seeking a marriage partn
Photo a must. 2820 ✉ ☎

Longing For Your Embrace—Warn
hearted and pretty, single Jewish femal
33, slim, 5'4", shapely, profession
secure and enjoys various activities
seeks handsome, intelligent, sincere a
caring, professional, single Jewish mal
30s, nonsmoker, to cuddle with forev
Note/photo, please. Will exchange. 3287

I'll Share Everything—With a goo
looking, atypical woman who's 35-5
smart, humorous, adventurous, creativ
Interest in jazz, film, books, animals,
a plus. I'm mid 50s, sensual, funny,
and attractive, with heart, successful in t
visual arts. I have a lot to share. 3335 ✉

Man Of Substance—Professional, 5'
50s, fit, trim, with strong family valu
seeks very attractive, slim, bright woma
40-47, 5'3" plus. Note/photo. 3266 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Blue-Eyed Brunette—With
extraordinary sense of style and
successful business life - loves travelin
working out, the arts and good conve
sation, seeks a tall, handsome, drive
accomplished and ambitious, widowe
divorced Jewish business or professio
man, 40s, who is sophisticated, active,
compassionate, marriage and famil
minded, and likes sports and dog
Sense of humor a must. 3325 ✉ ☎

Charming And Handsome—Fit Christi
man, early 40s, seeks a kind, sensiti
fun-loving woman in her late 20s-3
who has a passion for living, to enjoy
that life has to offer...whether it is in N
San Francisco or Paris. I am a success
entrepreneur who is equally comfortable
Lincoln Center, Soho, the Garden and t
links at Pebble Beach. If you have simil
interests and would like to meet, drop
a note with photo please. 3226 ✉

A Rare Combination—Of intelligen
athleticism and awareness - very youth
guy, 6', fit, mid 50s, Master's, live (91
work (212), unpretentious, passiona
psychologically oriented. Enjoy theat
music, tennis, and especially insightf
open conversation. Seek similar lad
40 plus, for the real thing. 3267 ✉

eader And Writer—Jewish professional
an, 42, *creative, deep thinker, philoso-*
her, communicator...seeks woman of
ubstance, who can provide intellectual
timulation, comic relief and emotional
upport - which I will provide in return.
am passionate about people and life. I am
enuine, supportive, kind and generous,
nd looking for a companion to make the
oad of life a little smoother and more
n. 3260 ✉

nglish, Brown-Eyed Brunette—38,
5", 122 lbs, physically, emotionally,
nancially and spiritually in shape. I'm as
ensible as I am romantic, but have to
elieve that somewhere out there is an
ttractive Christian man who has also
chieved the foregoing, is under 45, has a
ense of humor, and is courageous enough
respond to a personal ad if his intuition
lls him to do so. Note/photo appreciated
and I'll gladly reciprocate. 3254 ✉ ☎

ery Handsome Professional Male—
hildless, Christian, white, single,
ducated, fit, personable, family/friends-
riented, enjoys laughter and contem-
orary/modern decor; looking for same in
feminine, gracious, slender female, 30s,
nder 5'5"/114 lbs, traditional, who's
eady to begin a family in NJ. (No drugs/
mokers.) Recent color photo, note, phone
ecessary for response. 3334 ✉

uality Woman Of Good Values—34,
mart, attractive, warm, physically and
motionally healthy, energetic, athletic,
dventurous *Christian professional,* who
ves sports (tennis, bicycling, softball,
asketball), ocean (sailing), mountains
skiing), *music, dancing, theater*...seeks
ale, 30-45, with similar interests, who
njoys laughter, life, a great time. 3268✉☎

ccustomed To Upscale Life Style—
ut unpretentious and down-to-earth.
odern gal, old-fashioned values. Petite,
ewish, attractive, energetic 61, full of
ife, working professional. Eclectic
nterests. Seeking fun and happiness.
onsmoker a must. 3311 ✉ ☎

lightly Shy, Very Pretty—Slender Jewish
runette, 5'6 1/2", 40s, with beautiful
mile. Eclectic interests include tennis,
ovies, opera, skiing, travel. Seeking
ensitive, warm, intelligent Jewish man,
ith sense of humor, integrity, good looks
nd compatible interests, for "happily ever
fter." Note/phone/photo, please. 3265✉

andsome Scientist—30, 5'11", physic-
lly fit, Jewish. Likes Bach, movies, sports,
e cream, adventures. Seeks an attractive
nd intelligent woman, 25-30, with a
arm personality. Photo/note. 3302 ✉

uccessful Educator—39, trying to
hange the world, seeks romantic idealist,
r balance. 3357 ✉

ard Of Hearing, Attractive—40, suc-
essful, financially independent, loves to
avel, ski in the West, beaches in summer,
g in Central Park, theater and movies.
ooking for commitment with a warm,
ecure man, 35 plus. Note/photo. 3297 ✉

ind, Gentle, Caring—Sane, fit,
npretentious physician/surgeon seeks
male counterpart who is fit, youthful,
telligent, worldly and energetic, 33-38,
share the finer things in life. Phone/
hoto, please. 3303 ✉

ivacious, Fun-Loving Redhead—48,
7", divorced, physically fit, owner of two
ast Side boutiques. If you have a great
ense of humor, are kind and successful
your life, let's get together for fun and
omance. Photo/phone. 3274 ✉ ☎

Longing For You—I don't know you, but *I need you: best friend, soul mate, lover* and wife. I know you are out there somewhere. Fun, witty, sophisticated, *successful, attractive Jewish attorney,* divorced, 38, 5'10", 165 - seeking elegant, slim, eye-catching, vivacious woman, 26-39, *to share the adventure of life.* Note and photo. 3284 ✉

Italian Man Seeks One Woman—If you are not Italian, that's okay...if you want an Italian man, and are a bright, secure, beautiful sexy woman who lives in Manhattan, is 37-48, knows the difference between Prada and Pravda, and is ready for a relationship. Note/photo. 3282 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Well-Bred Wasp—Bright, successful, sexy PhD/investor, seeks a wonderful man. Golden-haired, slender, mid 30s and leggy, with deep-blue eyes; prep school, Seven Sisters lady with unique background - charming, gracious and loving. Appreciates passion, romance and companionship. Voice or note or both. 3264 ✉ ☎

Head-Turning Cornell Grad (1973)—*Slender, natural blond,* 5'6", *great legs,* Reform Jewish, divorced (no children), athletic and tennis lover, Renaissance *woman - seeks tall, fun-loving, cultured* male, 45-55. 3326 ✉ ☎

Last Of The Bleeding-Heart Liberals—Attractive, single Jewish female, 38, slender, passionate, ethical, sensitive, seeks compassionate, warm, empathetic, attractive man, 27-45ish, monogamous, nonsmoker, ready for marriage/1998 baby Democrat. 3291 ✉

Intelligent, Pretty Woman—29, lawyer, native New Yorker, avid reader, film buff, liberal arts education, offbeat sense of humor. Call or write if you are a man with similar qualities or interests, who doesn't think liberal is a dirty word. 3286 ✉ ☎

Tall, Handsome, Successful—Divorced, white Christian male, 42, 6'3", well-built, masculine, nonsmoking, MBA, successful businessman, sense of humor. Enjoys working out, theater, movies, comedy, outdoors. Looking for college-educated, nonsmoking, very fit professional woman with positive attitude and sense of humor. Photo a must. 3289 ✉

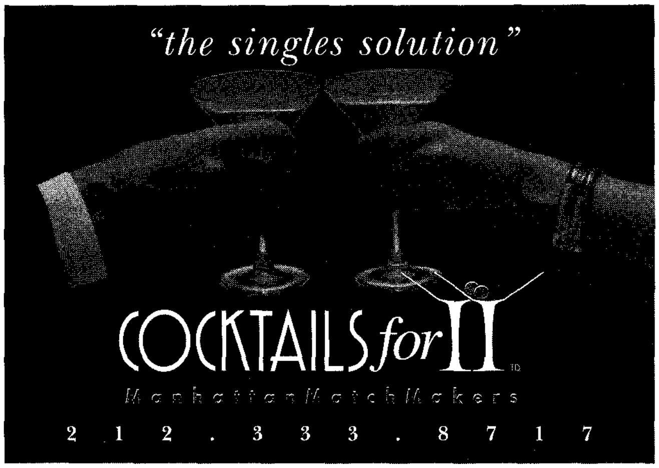
Beautiful, Adventurous, Energetic—Fun, blue-eyed blond, great shape, new to NY, successful and independent, seeking mid 30s-40s, handsome, successful, authentic man who is outgoing, fun, loving and generous. Love the beach, sunsets, cuddling, fireplaces, snowy nights, sunny days. Note/recent photo/phone. 3247 ✉

Very Attractive Brunette—Manhattanite, 40s, 5'5", Jewish (not religious), refined, well-educated, health-care professional - seeks caring, principled, well-educated professional male, late 40s-early 50s, with the ability to commit. Prefer nonsmoker. 3285 ✉

Single White Female—32, looking for normal, single white male, 29-36, without phobias, hang-ups or ex-wives. Pets okay. Photo please. 3248 ✉

Fore!—Adorable blond golfer looking for a successful, handsome, athletic Jewish birdie! Slim, sincere, witty, playful gal seeks guy, 36-46, 5'9" plus, to be lifetime pal! Note/photo/phone. 3271 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Slim, Fit Blond—44, quick-witted and sweet, seeks attractive, successful, bright, caring guy, 40s, who loves to laugh. Phone/note. 3300 ✉



Boca Bound?—Classy, pretty, slim, blond, Florida career gal, seeks 55-65, *happy mensch who enjoys life.* 3275 ✉

Fly Fishing Anyone?—Just give a good tug and you might be surprised at what you catch. I'm 39, 5'10", handsome and Jewish. If you're a gal who's willing to get her feet wet, I'm wading for you. Photo is appreciated. 3339 ✉ ☎

Let's "Du-et"!—Astonishingly nice, sensitive, attractive, accomplished, single, 53-year-young, classy Manhattan professional man, relishes partnering life's wonderful journey with one heck of a great lady, for our loving duration. A Kodak moment would be appreciated. 3313 ✉

Attractive, Youthful Widow—60s, financially secure, warm and outgoing profes*sional with joie de vivre - passionate music* lover and lover of the arts. Seeks mensch to share culture and romance in NYC, *the Berkshires and elsewhere.* 3327 ✉ ☎

Shapely, Smart, Slender—Sweet blond beauty. Varied interests include world travel, country club golf, dancing and life's finer things. Seeks companionship with handsome, fit gentleman, 48-60, with similar traits/interests. 3342 ✉ ☎

Jewish Male—31, professional, eclectic tastes, fit, laid-back, nonsmoker, seriously seeks same in Jewish female, 21-30. Note/photo. 3245 ✉ ☎

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Strictly Personals

Green-Eyed, Attractive Brunette—60ish, stylish, ultra-feminine widow, young at heart and in looks - seeks same in strong, confident, nonsmoking, sophisticated mensch who loves travel, opera, theater, movies, romance...and has a genuine passion for life. Note, photo and phone number. 3301 ✉

Young, Handsome Doctor—Seeks young, beautiful, educated lady. Photo a must. Doctor: POB 566, NY, NY 10009

Jeep Cherokee—House in the suburbs. All the right toys for successful couple. He: black male, well-educated, doctor. You: white or light-skinned black female, educated, 25-40, ready to settle down and make a home. 3298 ✉ ☎

Frankly Fabulous Female—Looks, brains, class, NY, Hamptons and Florida life style. Seeks home for her heart with qualified white male, 58-65. 3337 ✉ ☎

Single Jewish Male—41, business owner, no dependents, seeks kind, fun, romantic, buxom Jewish female, 25-39, to fall in love with. 3269 ✉ ☎

Physician/Entrepreneur—38-year-old Jewish male, 5'9", 180 lbs, handsome, muscular and ambitious, seeks Jewish female, 25-32, with graduate degree (MD, JD, DDS, MBA, etc.), who is attractive, slim and under 5'6", for romance. Note/photo, please. 3250 ✉ ☎

Wanted:—Man to share Sunday Times by slim, pretty blond, 48. 3318 ✉ ☎

LI Guy—With integrity and spirit, 41 5'7", 140, long brown/green. I lik dogs, kids, thin rock, light snow, heav wind and the smell of the bay. Seekin a woman who can pee in the woods.. someone young, fair and forgiving, wh lives what she believes in and wants t make a family. Photo. 3273 ✉

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ARY ANN MADDEN #865

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

BEA STOFF AND RICHARD BURTON

TATTERED ENSIGN AND LESLIE ANN DOWN

MACK A. AND LUISE RAINER

bove, au pair. Competitors are invited to oin two names (one fictional, one factual) to orm a single unhappy couple.

esults of Competition 862, in which you vere asked to win the Eastern Division of he American League, or, failing that, to proide a few aromatic lines from a Book bout Hollywood.

eport: Thank you for louche-ness suffiient to tickle the merchant ivories. Tho' ou sang in your chains like the sea. Major opics: Ambition, Production, Star Wars, areer Restlessness, the Second Story Conerence, and Dealing With Failure. Or, the tch, the pitch, the witch, the twitch, the witch, and the ditch. Plus: food at all of hese, uh, locations. (Kitsch.) Additionally, ersonal psychics, points, palimony, and asting recliners. You'll never do Hollyvood in this town again. And not a moment oo soon, you ask us.

irst Prizes of two-year subscriptions to ew *York* to:

riefly, he thought about Klein. Klein had ound him working the toilets, and Klein ad bought the food, paid the rent, picked he suit he wore when he got on Letterman. Vell, Klein would have to go.

A. Schulman, Sarasota, Fla.

walked down the long, crumbling pink cenent stairway of the Chateau Marmont, past he bungalow where John Belushi died, hrough a bower of decaying palms, to Sunet Boulevard. I didn't look back, but I knew he was watching.

John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.

unner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions o *New York* to:

ake away the porcelain laminate, the power oga, and the DreamWorks VP slot, and ark Shenkstein was just another short, sthmatic son of Hewlett High with orhotics in his Guccis. That was Mark's secret nd the source of his QI.

Lisa Schwarzbaum, N.Y.C.

here isn't much difference between buildng a character and designing a room. So afer I established my acting career, I moved n to the catalogue business. Of course, I till use the same hair and makeup people.

J. M. Tribelli, N.Y.C.

"Name?" the man at the reception desk asked, without looking up. "Zee," she replied. "Z?" said the man. "Yes. Just Zee. Z-E-E." A smile crossed her lips. Better just Zee, she thought. Like Cher.

Edwin R. Rapport, Cleveland Heights, Ohio

And Honorable Mention to:

Former wunderkind Bobby Meltzer gulped down the last of his Stoli. He needed a hit, and he needed it bad.

Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

Robert knew Katherine would sense betrayal. But their action-adventure pitch was foundering on seas of production overrun. Without glancing at her, he said, "It would also make a great kids' animation feature."

Allyn Freeman, N.Y.C.

"It's *Pulp Fiction* meets *Old Yeller* meets *Berlin Alexanderplatz* with a chaser of Wyler and a side order of mid-career Clive Donner. Like?"

Skip Brigham, Lincoln, Mass.
similarly: Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.

"Okay, Evan, I get the drift: You're hot to adapt Mansfield Park, right? We can talk about that, but first, hear me out . . ."

Bob Walser, Minneapolis, Minn.

"What do you mean, she only wrote six and they've all been filmed?" Billy Bob screamed. "Get her agent on the phone."

Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Before he took the long-dreaded call from Tokyo, Jim French paused. "I'm toast," he thought.

Eric J. Hyman, Fayetteville, N.C.

Having hired the director of *Ran* for a remake based on the American Civil War, Kevin Bury was stunned by the studio's demand for radical changes. "Can Akira do a chick flick?" he wondered.

Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

They minimized the role of the waitress. They cast a buxom blonde for the matronly aunt. The book Jack Harrison wrote was being defecated upon, and he wanted more than out. He wanted 20 percent of the net.

Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.
sp. ment.: Allen M. Fisher, N.Y.C.

Medoc had gone to Hollywood with the intention of sleeping her way to the top, only to realize she had, in fact, slept her way to the bottom.

Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.
sp. ment.: Don Wigal, N.Y.C.

When I first came to L.A., I promised myself that I would not change. Twenty years later, I haven't changed. Although now I smoke cigars, not cigarettes; people bring *me* coffee; and Sid Stein doesn't call me "Boy," he calls me boss.

Mark Andrew Mullaney, N.Y.C.

The day after arriving in Los Angeles, Julie visited Carole Lombard's vault at Forest Lawn. "I'll capture your laughing spirit," she silently vowed. "And find a Gable, too."

Vincent J. Paterno, Westfield, N.J.

As an L.A. swimming-pool technician, I've witnessed all manner of Tinseltown depravity. If fans of Greg Harrison, say, or Jo Anne Worley, were apprised of the truly repulsive objects I've had to fish out of their filter units . . .

Bob Walser, Minneapolis, Minn.

I can't name names and expect to work in Hollywood again. Put it this way: The first thing my roommate said when she got out of Betty Ford was, "Let me get this straight—I married *who* Fisher?!"

Carly Cady, North Hollywood, Calif.

Lunch? Maybe not. But she is still permitted to eat brunch, although her untouched single-egg Benedict serves only as the stubbing-out receptacle for the first of many Marlboro Lights.

Tippi Gibson-Nash, Dedham, Mass.

The Brown Derby, you say? Sure, I knew it. Back in '44, I was having lunch there, and someone said, "There's Jack Carson!" I stood in my booth and he waved at me. Only in Hollywood.

Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.

"I did palm it off as an original screenplay," he admitted to the jury, "never dreaming I'd get away with it—but not one of these 30-year-old geniuses had ever seen *Casablanca.*"

Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.

Steinbeck, Wilder, Huxley, Isherwood, Hellman, Odets, Parker, Sherwood, Port, O'Hara, Fitzgerald, and Faulkner; the list was long, the road to embitterment well-documented. His path was different—he was a concept writer.

Frank Klick, Muscoda, Wisc.

As Pam Campbell slipped silently out of the enormous bedroom, she paused to look at the man sleeping soundly. "You had your fun last night, you bastard," she thought. "Today, it's my turn."

Craig Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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COMPETITION

She knew that these daily visits to the soda fountain were only adding pounds to her figure, but if this was how Lana was discovered . . .

Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

All Paul needed was the star. Goldie would kill for it, but he needed a fresh face. Then he saw her. "Manny," he yelled, "get me Elizabeth Berkley."

Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

While Steven and Kate regaled the guests with a witty Harrison Ford anecdote, I saw the maid slip a screenplay into Dawn's purse.

Thomas Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

His wives all left him. His children despise him. His erstwhile industry buddies—and his agent—refuse to answer his calls. Even his Airedales shun him. Only his Oscar® remains loyal. Pettigrew tenderly opens the jar of metal polish.

Terry Kehoe, Wilmette, Ill.

Everybody in this town has a screenplay to peddle. Waitpersons. Parking valets. Osteopaths. Crystal healers. The bouncer at the Hard Rock. The fitter at Frederick's, Kato . . .

Sukey Gammon, Englewood, Fla.

JoJo slipped the parking-lot attendant a new $100 bill. "Kid, is this the biggest tip you ever got?" "No, sir." "Really! Who else gave you a hundred?" "You did sir, last week." JoJo laughed easily and slipped into her soft seat.

F. Coyne, Narbeth, Pa.
sp. ment.: John O'Byrne, Dublin, Ireland

"Don't let's ask for the moon, we have the stars. And I'm gonna tell you another reason—the moon don't give me 10 percent."

Carlton Carpenter, Warwick, N.Y.

As I drove down Cahuenga, I saw Sharon Stone standing on the corner, immobile, like a seagull in an oil slick. . . .

Jim Sipple, Lawrenceville, N.J.

"We need a little murder, or at least a divorce after dessert," sighs Sergio (formerly Sam), the owner and maître d' of the Beverly Hills not-so-hot spot Lambada. "My psychic tells me to change the name to Macarena. . . ."

Bettina Van Dyck, Englewood, N.J.

"And the Oscar goes to . . . Marlene Barrett, for *Raining in New York.*" Dr. Lucas Braxton watched as Marlene, radiant, stepped to the podium. Who would accept, he wondered— Darlene? Charlene? . . . or Jim?

Marjorie J. Levine, N.Y.C.

Hallidy stared at the beginning of what was to be the greatest adaptation in Hollywood history. He hadn't written a word in two months. He needed a drink.

David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 865, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by November 8. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the December 9 issue.

Greene *continued from page 92*

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC

dreary. A few movie posters could fix tha

But once the food arrives, we forget tl
gloom. The musk of black truffle tran
forms humble leek soup. Roasted quail ri
ing on a thick johnnycake ringed by a stu
ble of bacon and chopped mushrooms
an appetizer that could be dinner with
without a half-portion of macaroni or rav
oli—giant mushroom-plumped pillow
dotted with Smithfield ham and clots
roasted tomato in a mushroom broth.
whiff of lemon and rosemary perfumes tl
roast chicken, as juicy as it ought to be ar
served with escarole and roasted potatoe
Green-olive tapenade piled into grilled re
onion rings crowns the tuna, rare as r
quested. Two sauces, a salsa verde and
lemon emulsion, add complexity and a
extra zing. Still, the pork loin could be le
salty, though I love its bitter collard gree
and sensational spoon bread.

The waiter warns us that the chocolat
espresso ice-cream soda is more visu
than visceral. He's right, but the two litt
chocolate-ganache-filled cannoli with it a
thrill enough. In my never-ending quest f
sour-cherry pie, this crumble of pears ar
dried sour cherries will have to do. B
even better are wondrous chunks of app
and quince in a latticed pastry cu
with toasted-hazelnut ice cream.

A passion for film is what provok
Steve Kantor to flee his family's co
struction-supply business for an entr
level job in Hollywood. Back hom
his college mate, Henry Hershkowit
had abandoned law to apprentice at
film company in TriBeCa. When th
discovered their mutual obsession, tl
two created a film-production comp
ny. Given the challenge of getting
movie out of embryo, the Screeni
Room concept seemed like a cinch. Sti
they did much of the construction ther
selves, so they were glad to give Spange
thal free rein in the kitchen. "It wasn't ea
finding myself at Markham," he says. "O
owner wanted a fun place downtown. Tl
other wanted . . . I'm not sure what l
wanted. But I've taken something fro
everyone I've ever worked with. At Got
am Bar and Grill, everything was tall ar
very tasty. From Tom Valenti at Alison
Dominick, I learned more rustic flavor
Rick Laakkonen, now at the River Café,
an unsung hero. I learned from him, to
but I also learned restraint. And Cla
Wolf, who co-owned the Markham, real
knows what people like to eat. I hope
learned that, too."

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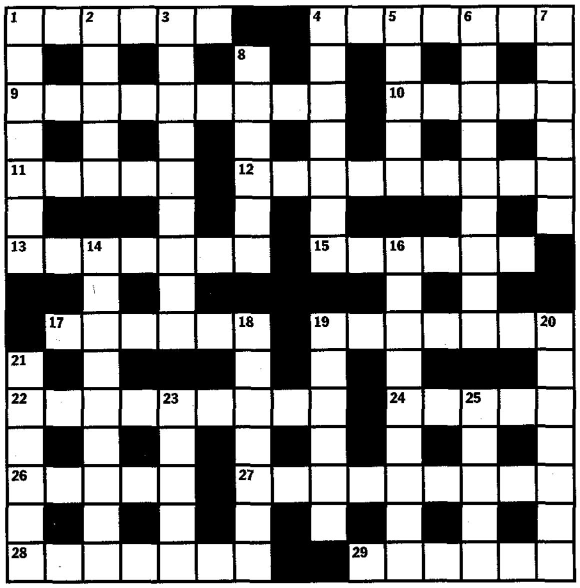
Disc., M.C., V.* ■

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 Caution about a fishhead in jug. (6)
4 Chop arm off; apply oil. (7)
9 Pointer in dwelling place with minimum latitude. (9)
0 Left port with cargo. (5)
1 Spirit regularly to go back in silence. (5)
2 Overpowering angstrom reading initially revised. (9)
3 State articles about beetle. (7)
5 Dwelling place receives silver tribute. (6)
7 Put down in each contestant. (6)
9 Weapon, note, in form. (7)
2 Finish off insect with sodium injection. (9)
4 Lights out for a beginner. (5)
6 A sap turning cool. (5)
7 Bring in drastic reduction. (9)
8 No way hard drink can be seen as medicine . . . (7)
9 . . . medicine needed at beginning of Dick Emery Show. (6)



DOWN
1 One among the 17s gets a game. (7)
2 Country rivers. (5)
3 Sweet gives Oliver rash. (9)
4 Fallen arch plugged with pitch causing congestion. (7)
5 Compiler's unfinished pine-fruit. (5)
6 Alter-ego called in with a flower . . . (9)
7 . . . otherwise call for Queen to keep hair on end. (6)
8 Profession Oriental hag is unsuited to. (6)
14 Is one louder when overcome by joy? (9)
16 Timekeeper perhaps provides memento mori with ends missing. (9)
18 Practicality of putting flower in the paper. (7)
19 Make one invade the island. (6)
20 Semi-silken and thoroughly shiny. (7)
21 Work hard to become head of State school. (6)
23 Come to a conclusion in Hell? No no! (5)
25 Musical note on one instrument and another. (5)

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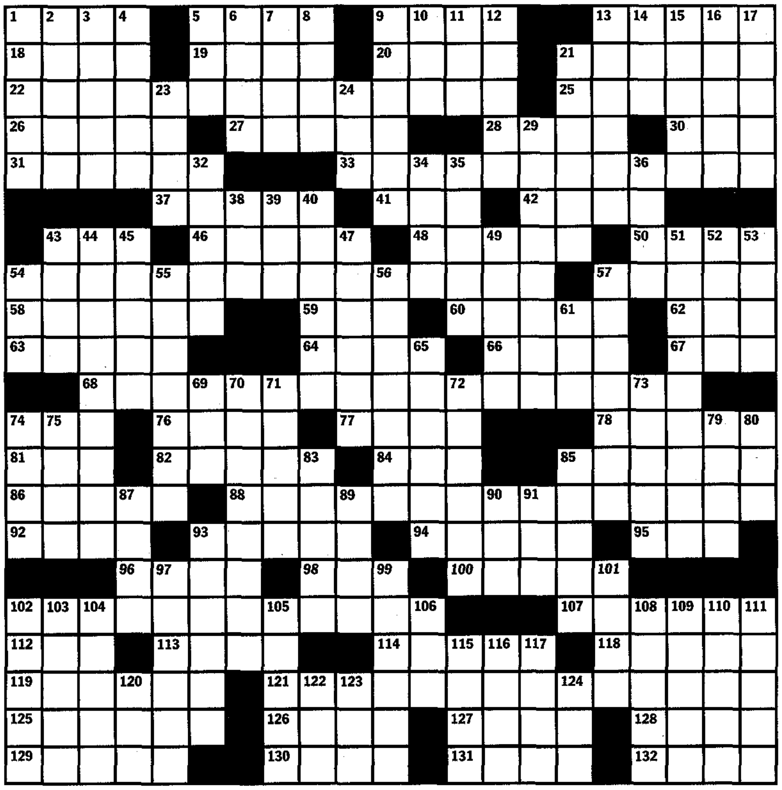
'Film Recital': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 *Folksinger Phil*
5 Zenith
9 Where Bountiful is
3 Prevailing weather, poetically
8 Male-student gp.
9 Fraudulent scheme
0 Western lily
1 Carbolic acid
2 Played in 1970
5 Crib noisemaker
6 Arab honcho: var.
7 Shor of restaurant fame
8 Black, to Keats
0 Tattered remnant
1 Gigi portrayer
3 Played in 1960
7 Belief
1 Small or chicken
2 "—— Yellow Ribbon Round . . ."
3 Downed dinner
6 Burning
8 Mowed again
0 —— facto
4 Played in 1938, 1951, and 1984
7 Main impact
8 "Tristram Shandy" author
9 Tax pro
0 Courtroom doings
2 Squirrel's tidbit
3 St. Petersburg's ballet company
4 Duo after tra
6 —— buco
7 "My turn!"
8 Played in 1978
4 Graduation headwear
6 Bangkok native
7 As busy as ——
8 Future reaper
1 Osaka waistband
2 Like a dirt road
4 Genetic chemical
5 "—— Stranger," 1955 movie
6 Actress Rene
8 Played in 1928
2 Take notice: abbr.
3 Plod through puddles
4 Entrance courtyards
5 Compass letters
96 Jai-——
98 *Finish'd*
100 Port of old Rome
102 Played in 1970
107 Nebraska Indians
112 Lawyers' org.
113 Star in the Lyra constellation
114 Foreword
118 Siskel's partner
119 Taunts
121 Played in 1945
125 Gentleman chaperon
126 Dubliner's land
127 Coiffure process, for short
128 Spanish stewpot
129 Govt. branches
130 *Antelopes' playmates*
131 Ginger cookie
132 Punted

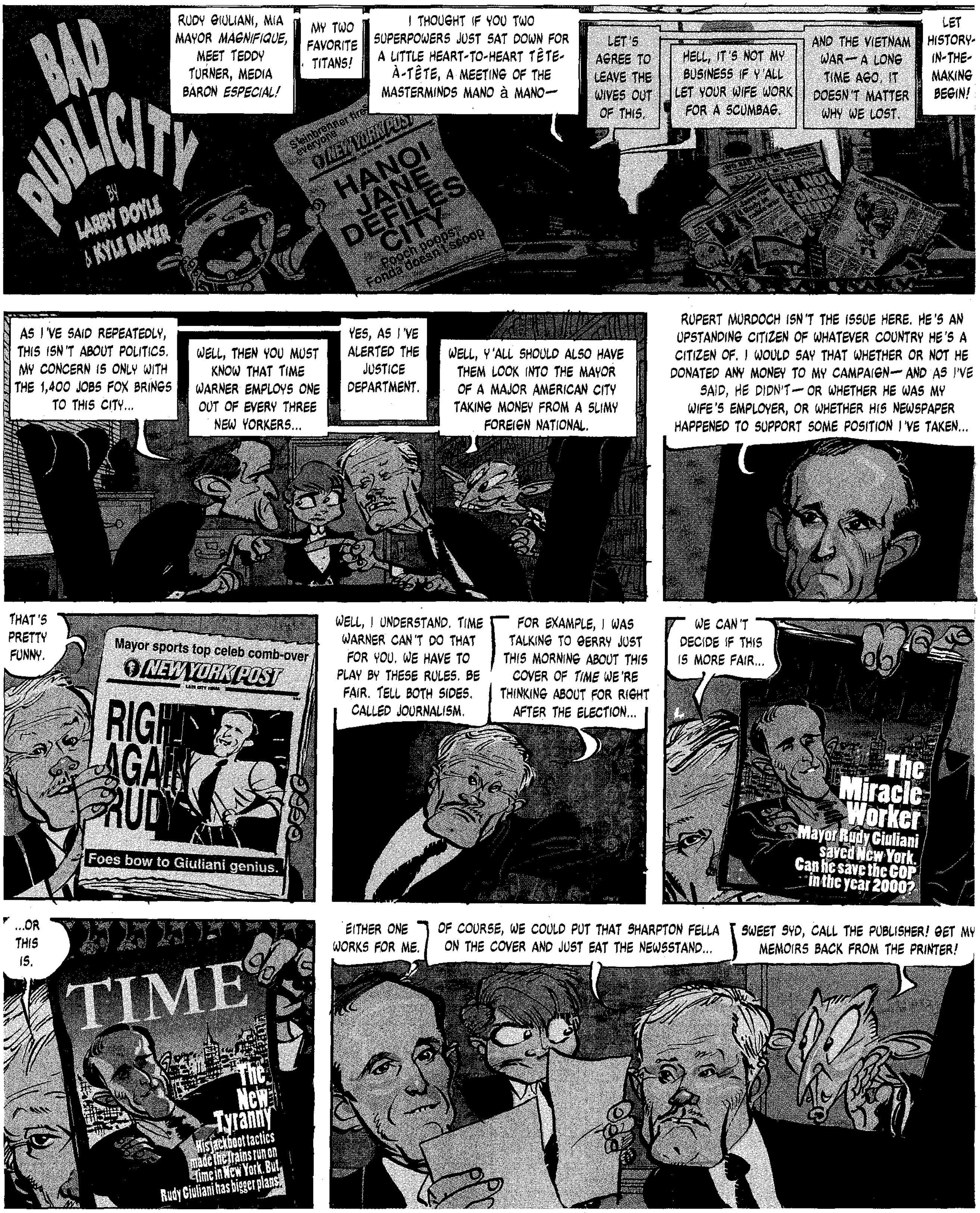
DOWN
1 Butchers' throwaways
2 Police concern
3 The prosperous
4 Pittsburgh product
5 Shout of discovery
6 Part of h.c.l.
7 Short-order dressing
8 Montreal baseballer
9 Exhausts the supply of
10 Slang for a sleuth
11 Era
12 Hydrant attachments
13 *Pocket money*
14 Net-touching serve
15 Pop-song lead-in
16 Back tooth
17 Gray's churchyard opus
21 Loss's opposite
23 Skater Heiden
24 Big Business monogram
29 Kind of food poisoning
32 Rub out
34 Myrna's "Thin Man" role
35 Put forth energy
36 Leo's lodging
38 Small salamander
39 Lower the lighting
40 *Consultant at Delphi*
43 Drama opening
44 Rehabilitation specialist
45 Swashbuckler Flynn
47 Spain, there
49 19th C. French landscape painter
51 Carthage-Rome conflicts
52 Comfy
53 Palindromic name
54 Pose a question
55 Artificial-fertilization method
56 Bullet diameter: var.
57 Fruit-tree flower
61 Coll. at Tempe
65 Committee's program
69 Weekday abbr.
70 Telling tales in school
71 Art print, familiarly
72 From —— foot
73 Greek vowels
74 Bil Baird's wife
75 Adjoin
79 Suffix for coal or opal
80 Cheer from the fans
83 "—— no?"
85 Mystery-writer Marsh
87 Stumbling block
89 Hot-day sigh
90 Apr. 15 addressee
91 Before wit or pick
93 Least dangerous
97 Sweethearts
99 L.L. Cool J, for one
101 Prayer conclusion
102 Fed to the full
103 More than plump
104 Anti-discrimination org.
105 Rowed
106 Jan.–Dec. periods
108 Head monk
109 Phone-call greeting
110 As —— (usually)
111 Lieu
115 Butterfingers' cry
116 Chez Eve
117 Pianist Hess
120 A.A. candidate
122 Put some speed on
123 Plural of is
124 Little devil

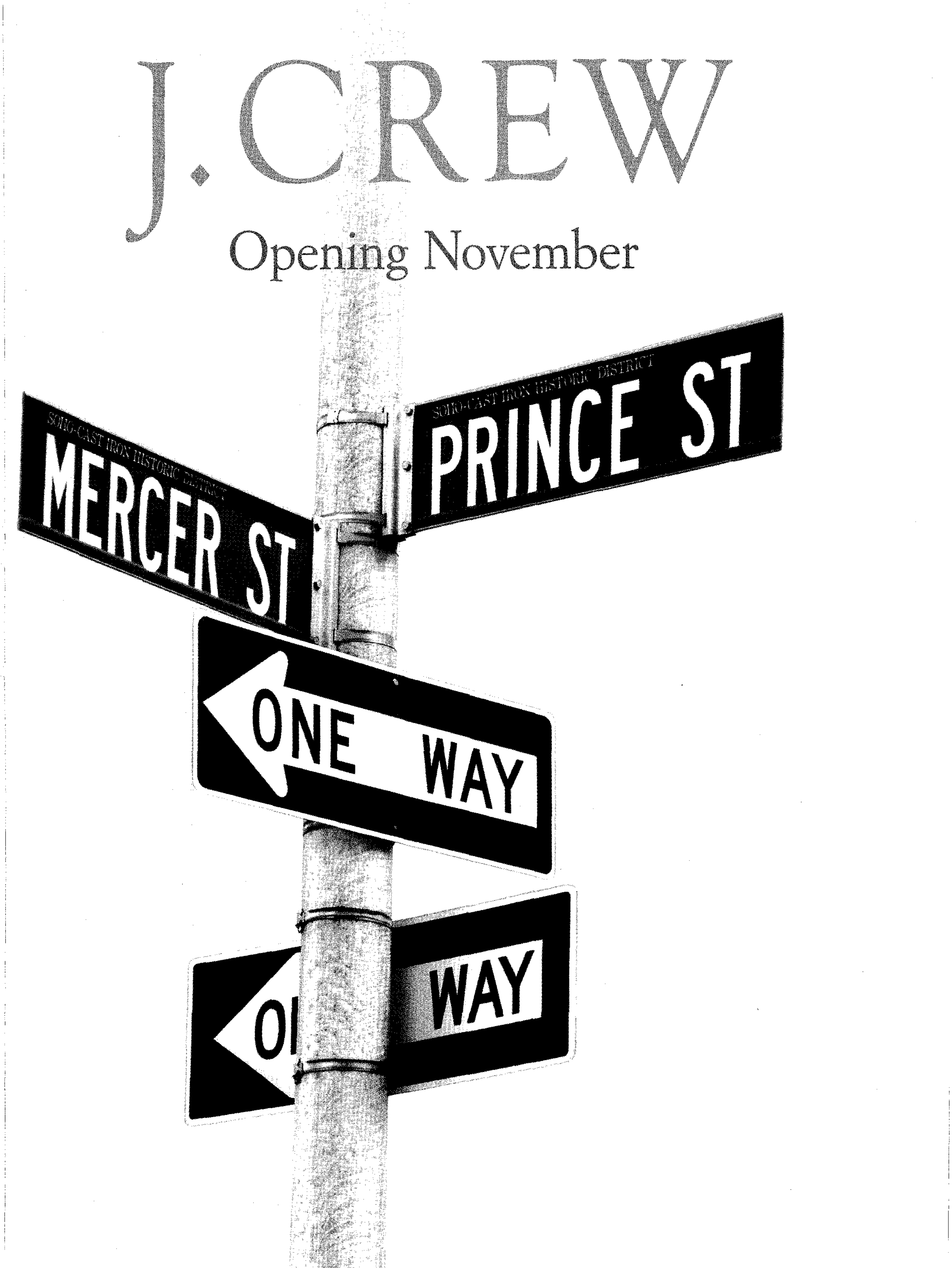


lutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 142.

TNT

Prodded by Sandy Flacco, Ted Turner and Rudy Giuliani try to resolve their differences.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
RUDY GIULIANI, MIA MAYOR *MAGNIFIQUE*, MEET TEDDY TURNER, MEDIA BARON *ESPECIAL!*
MY TWO FAVORITE TITANS!
I THOUGHT IF YOU TWO SUPERPOWERS JUST SAT DOWN FOR A LITTLE HEART-TO-HEART TÊTE-À-TÊTE, A MEETING OF THE MASTERMINDS MANO à MANO—
Steinbrenner fires everyone
NEW YORK POST
HANOI JANE DEFILES CITY
Pooch poops! Fonda doesn't scoop
LET'S AGREE TO LEAVE THE WIVES OUT OF THIS.
HELL, IT'S NOT MY BUSINESS IF Y'ALL LET YOUR WIFE WORK FOR A SCUMBAG.
AND THE VIETNAM WAR— A LONG TIME AGO. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHY WE LOST.
LET HISTORY-IN-THE-MAKING BEGIN!
AS I'VE SAID REPEATEDLY, THIS ISN'T ABOUT POLITICS. MY CONCERN IS ONLY WITH THE 1,400 JOBS FOX BRINGS TO THIS CITY...
WELL, THEN YOU MUST KNOW THAT TIME WARNER EMPLOYS ONE OUT OF EVERY THREE NEW YORKERS...
YES, AS I'VE ALERTED THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.
WELL, Y'ALL SHOULD ALSO HAVE THEM LOOK INTO THE MAYOR OF A MAJOR AMERICAN CITY TAKING MONEY FROM A SLIMY FOREIGN NATIONAL.
RUPERT MURDOCH ISN'T THE ISSUE HERE. HE'S AN UPSTANDING CITIZEN OF WHATEVER COUNTRY HE'S A CITIZEN OF. I WOULD SAY THAT WHETHER OR NOT HE DONATED ANY MONEY TO MY CAMPAIGN— AND AS I'VE SAID, HE DIDN'T— OR WHETHER HE WAS MY WIFE'S EMPLOYER, OR WHETHER HIS NEWSPAPER HAPPENED TO SUPPORT SOME POSITION I'VE TAKEN...
THAT'S PRETTY FUNNY.
Mayor sports top celeb comb-over
NEW YORK POST
RIGHT AGAIN RUDY
Foes bow to Giuliani genius.
WELL, I UNDERSTAND. TIME WARNER CAN'T DO THAT FOR YOU. WE HAVE TO PLAY BY THESE RULES. BE FAIR. TELL BOTH SIDES. CALLED JOURNALISM.
FOR EXAMPLE, I WAS TALKING TO GERRY JUST THIS MORNING ABOUT THIS COVER OF *TIME* WE'RE THINKING ABOUT FOR RIGHT AFTER THE ELECTION...
WE CAN'T DECIDE IF THIS IS MORE FAIR...
The Miracle Worker
Mayor Rudy Giuliani saved New York. Can he save the GOP in the year 2000?
...OR THIS IS.
TIME
The New Tyranny
His jackboot tactics made the trains run on time in New York. But Rudy Giuliani has bigger plans.
EITHER ONE WORKS FOR ME.
OF COURSE, WE COULD PUT THAT SHARPTON FELLA ON THE COVER AND JUST EAT THE NEWSSTAND...
SWEET SYD, CALL THE PUBLISHER! GET MY MEMOIRS BACK FROM THE PRINTER!


J.CREW
Opening November
SOHO-CAST IRON HISTORIC DISTRICT
MERCER ST
SOHO-CAST IRON HISTORIC DISTRICT
PRINCE ST
ONE WAY
WAY

PURE WELCOME.
SMIRNOFF
SMI